Brachy-Martyrologia:

OR,

A BREVIARY

Of all the greatest

PERSECUTIONS

Which have befallen the

Saints and People of God

From the Creation to our present Times;

PARAPHRAS'D,

By *Nicholas Billingsly*,

Of *Mert.* Col. *Oxon.*

Psal. 44. 22.

For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughters.

Nil crus sentit in nervo, cum animus est in cœlo. *Tertul.*

Naz. contra *Ar.* p. 113.

Εὖ γε, ὦ μάρτυρες· ὑμέτερος καὶ οὗτος ὁ ἆθλος ὑμεῖς νενικήκατε τὸν πολὺν πόλεμον εὖ οἶδα.

Ri: LONDON, Sneyde

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To the Right Worſhipful,

JEREMY MARTIN

Doctor of Phyſick in *Briſtol*,

All { Internal / External / Eternal } Happineſs.

Honoured Sir,

I Am not ignorant that we now live in as cenſorious an age as ever the Sun ſhin'd on; wherein there are not a few that will ſnap and ſnarle at the politeſt lines, and refined'ſt inventions whatſoever; (when perhaps the matter is too deep, for the ſhort line of their Judgements to ſound

the bottom of :) What hard meaſure then I am like to have, for ſuffering this my naked and incult Muſe to venture abroad on the open ſtage, I am not a little ſenſible of. But yet, becauſe private benefits, do often call for publick acknowledgements, I will not be aſhamed to let the world know, *I* am exceedingly engaged to you; nor could I be contented till I had made ſome part of amends for your received favours; Preſuming that your Heroick minde, ſweet nature, and generous diſpoſition, will reſpect more (*Artaxerxes*-like) the inward Affection, then the outward Action. Be pleas'd therefore, Noble Sir, to perſiſt ſtill in your wonted goodneſs, and favourably accept of that in the birth, which your encouragements furthered in the conception. The ſubject I confeſs is Divine (as treating of a

Buſh all in a flame, yet not conſum-
ed; enough to dazle our eyes with its aſtoniſhing glory) and therefore deſerves to be better handled, by a more Graphical Paraphraſt then my ſelf: And if my jangling toll in better ringers, I ſhall be glad of it; In the mean, I will let my green fruits ripen under the Sun-ſhine of your judicious Eye: and though my lines (like old Pewter) ſeem dull for want of ſcowring; yet may they receive a gloſs from your reſplendent Name. *Pythagoras* was of opinion, that two things (and they from above) made a man truly glorious; the one was, To conceive aright of things; the other was, To know how to be beneficial to others. Sweet Sir, I will not flatter you (for I am confident you do not deſire it, chuſing rather to be too modeſtly ſpoken of, then to be mounted on the wings of Popular

Ælian. Var Hiſt. l. 12. p. 343.

applause) but I dare say, you are endowed with both: You have affected to be acquainted with the natures of most (may I say all?) diseases; and have effected (God making your undertakings succesful) as rare cures as ever any, I will except none. I cannot stand to specifie them; this one shall serve for all: Your eminent skill in recovering Epileptical maladies, is sufficiently known to many. What shall I say of my self in particular? am not I bound to bless God, since first I had the happiness to be acquainted with you? Have not I great cause to admire (and, if I may so say, adore you for) your profound judgment, your excellent ability, and singular care, so oportunely exercised towards me your Patient, in the raising up of my infirm body, even then, when I had passed the sentence of death upon my self, and was thought,

thought, in the eyes of all, irrecoverable? I were unworthy to live, if I did not.

Theodoricus, an Archbiſhop of *Colen*, being demanded by *Sigiſmund* the Emperor, of the directeſt courſe to Happineſs; *Perform* (ſaid he) *when thou art well, what thou promiſedſt when thou waſt ſick.* This puts me in minde of a double engagement which I made in the time of my calamity; Firſt, to God Almighty, That I would endeavour, if he but pleaſed to ſpare me my life, to devote my ſelf wholly to his fear, and walk more obediently before him, then I had formerly done: Next to you, as the onely inſtrument in the hand of God, for the repairing of the ruinous walls of my fleſhly Tenement, I promiſed to agnize it, ſo long as I liv'd. I beſeech God, that theſe promiſes may be the prodromes of ſeconding per-

Æneas Syl. Com: lib. de geſtis Alphonſi.

for-

formances. I pray Sir, give me leave to tell you, you are the onely man living, whom I ſuperlatively honour, not onely for your learning and knowledge (though that were enough to convince me) but for your ineſtimable Vertues; as Temperance, Humility, &c. which are as ſo many ſparkling Ornaments, and Orient Pearls, to enrich and illuſtrate the very place you come in. To ſpeak nothing of your Piety, that onely will commend you in the eyes of God. I might ſay, and ſay truly, that you are ſuch a common good to your Country, that good men love you, and all men admire you: but I will not gild Gold; neither may I think that bright *Phæbus* beams can be the more increaſed by the preſenting of a ſilly Taper: nay, I am ſomewhat conſcious to my ſelf of eclipſing the great Luminary

of your ſerene worth, with the obumbration of a *Timanthæan* veil.

If I have herein offended, it is againſt my will; I am ſorry for it; and *I* hope your ingenuity will pardon me, laying the fault on the defects of my Youth, as being not over-burthened with *Ciceronian* Eloquence. But what though I cannot cloathe my minde in ſuch fine airy garments, nor adorn my Paper with ſuch Rhetorical jewels as others can? yet may *I* as deeply engrave you on the Marble Tablet of my fidelious breſt, as any, while *I* am,

Sir,

The eLeVenth Day of MarCh MDCLV.

Your Honours very humble, thankful, and much-obliged ſervant,

Nich: Billingſly.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

THey that cannot have leisure to take a full survey of Countries themselves, may yet see somewhat to their content, in the Geographical Maps and descriptions of others. Thou hast here presented to thy view, the Book of Martyrs in a little room; which is already extant, though in a larger extent. Now if the Tyrannie of thine affairs are so imperious, or the Weakness of thy purse so injurious, as to impede thy perusal of the History of the Church (which is absolutely the best (save one) in the Christian world,) either in the voluminous works of the laborious (now with God) Mr. Fox; or in the conciser Collections of that Reverend Divine and Famous Martyrologist (still with us) Mr. Clark (out of whose Garden I have gathered this Posie of flowers:) Thou may'st (if it please thee) accept of this Breviary, which will not cost much mony in the buying, and but a little time in the reading. Herein thou may'st see (though briefly, yet not obscurely) the goodness of God, in maintaining and preserving to himself throughout all Ages, a peculiar People, zealous of good works, notwithstanding all their confronting enemies whatsoever: and though boystrous gusts of Tem-

Temptation, have ever toſſed the Saints up and down, on the raging billowes of Perſecution; yet have they alwayes held up their heads above water: The more theſe Grapes have been preſſed, the more Wine have they yielded; Juniper burnt ſmells ſavouriest, ſo do they; Chamomile trod, growes faſteſt, ſo do they; pounded Spices ſmell ſweeteſt, ſo do they. Affliction is Gods furnace; the Saints are Gold put into it, not to be conſumed, but to return more glorious. That ſaying, Veritas premi poteſt, opprimi nunqam, Truth may be blam'd, but never ſham'd, herein is verifi'd. Though Antiochus commanded the Book of Gods Law to be burnt in the fire, and cut in pieces, making it death for any man to keep it by him: Though Dioclesian cauſed them to be burned in the ſtreets, and made the Churches and houſes of God even with the ground (as Euſeb. Lib. 8. Cap. 4. hath it) the more it hath been ſuppreſſed, the more it hath ſpread and encreaſed, to the ſpiritual edification of the houſe of God, whereof Jeſus Chriſt is the Corner-Stone. Hierom in his Epiſtle to Cormatius, reports, That in an whole years ſpace, there paſſed not one day (the Calends of January excepted) wherein five thouſand Chriſtians were not made away with. And——But I will not detain thee (Gentle Reader) in my Porch like a ſtranger, leſt I be thought churliſh. Well then, in a few words (for I will not now ſtand to

ſtrain

ſtrain complements with thee) I have made no great preparation for thee: And if thou wilt be pleaſed to accept of ſuch poor entertainment as my Muſe is able to afford thee, ſhe gives thee an invitation, Come in, fall to, eat freely with a good will, and thou art heartily welcome: But if thy dainty palate be ſo nice, as to make thee hanker after the moſt exquiſit diſhes and coſtli'ſt viands that can be got for love or mony; I tell thee truly (friend) I han't it for thee, thou had'ſt beſt go where ſuch is to be had; and that is all the harm I wiſh thee; and ſo I bid thee

Farewel.

In

In Amici ſui chariſſimi

NICHOLAI BILLINGSLY Brachy-hagio-Martyrologiam *Diſtichon Panegyricum.*

Hîc magnum in parvo; veterũ Monumenta virorũ,
Et Mortem & Mores (candide Lector) habes.

IT skills no leſs large Tomes t'Epitomize,
Then at the firſt the ſame for to deviſe.
'Twas *Homers* praiſe his Iliads to indite,
Anothers in a Nut-ſhell them to write.
Like worth belongs to thee, & to thy book;
Wherein (as in an Optick) if we look,
We may at once more briefly far behold,
What *Fox*, and others, have at large us told,
Touching ſuch Martyrs as did live and die
I'th'faith of Chriſt; whoſe ſacred memory
Thou do'ſt receive, that they on earth again
May live with us, we'n heaven with them (may raign.
God grant us this; and ſo to make an end,
Thou them, I thee, cannot too much com-mend.

Aug. 11. 1656.

T. C. de Offringe Cleric

Deo Opt. Max.

Great God, who graſp'ſt in thine eternal fiſts
The world, & boundeſt with appointed liſts
The ſwag'ring billowes; thou who haſt enroll'd
Thy Marble Gallery with ſtuds of Gold,
Whoſe throne the face-veild Seraphims on high
Advance above the Porph'ry-Arched skie;
Who all things did'ſt, and do'ſt, and wilt fulfill,
According to the counſel of thy will:
O ſhew thy power in thy ſervant weak,
Rouze my dull Muſe, enable her to ſpeak
Divinely of thy Saints, that in this ſtory
The World (as in a glaſs) may ſee thy glory.
Finiſh this work, this work in thee begun,
And make it live, when I am dead and gon.
Thoſe looſer Poets who begin betimes
To pleaſe vain fancies with laſcivious Rhimes,
Thinking thereby to eternize their name,
What do they leave but Monuments of ſhame?
Their works ſhall rot; while ſuch as have a ſure
Foundation, ſhall eternally endure.
Let no man deck with Apollinean *Bayes*
My browes; thine be the Glory, thine the Praiſe.

THE PERSECUTIONS Mentioned in the Old Testament.

SECT. I.

The Perſecution of the Church in the firſt Ages of the World, and ſo forward till Chriſt's Incarnation.

Adam being left unto his own free-will,
Satan the Primo-genitor of ill,
Maligning his ſo proſperous eſtate,
Did exerciſe his Diabolick hate,
Under the hood of friendſhip, to o'rethrow
Both root, and branch at one peſtiferous blow.
With large-pretending promiſes, his ſuit
He varniſh'd thus; if the forbidden fruit
But kiſs their lips, they ſhould more clearly ſee, Gen. 3. 5.
And full as wiſe as their Creator be.
Thus Satan's Engines play'd, till in concluſion
He took the Fort, by his ſo ſmooth deluſion.

Poor man made ſhipwrack of his Innocence,
Thwarting his God-requir'd Obedience:
Thus *Adam* fell, and by his hapleſs fall,
Hath loſt his happineſs, his God and all,
For ever; Ah! he cannot any more
Enjoy thoſe bleſſings he enjoy'd before
In his firſt ſtate; and all that he can win,
Is death, Death is the VVages due to ſin.
But what of that? yet hath it pleas'd the High'ſt
To give eternal life through Jeſus Chriſt
Our bleſſed Lord: whoever do believe
In him alone, are certain to receive
A glorious Crown: O ſee what God hath done,
To ſave poor ſinners, he hath ſent his Son,
His onely Son, who willingly came down,
To bear the croſs, that we might wear the Crown.
Strange condeſcention! the great God above
Is pleaſ'd t'embrace us in the armes of love.
O greundleſs depths! O love beyond degree!
The guiltleſs dies, to ſet the guilty free!
Nor ceas'd the malice of the black-brow'd Prince
Of the Low-Countries, hell; for ever ſince
Mans forfeiture of his heav'n-granted leaſe,
He hath been active to moleſt the Peace
Of Chriſt-confiding Saints, and like a Lyon
Hath ſeiz'd on thoſe who bear good will to *Sion*:
Amongſt the wheat, he ſows ſeditious tares;
And ſetteth men together by the ears.
Nay more unnatural then that, one brother
He inſtigates to perſecute another:
Gen. 4. 8. VVitneſs nefandous *Cain*, whoſe brothers bloud
To heaven for vengeance cry'd, and cry'd aloud:
Gen. 9. 22. Did not curs'd *Ham* his naked Father mock,
(A graceleſs branch, ſprung from a righteous ſtock.)

Did

Did not the Sodomites deride Juſt *Lot*? Gen.19.9.
And ſpurious *Iſhm'el Iſaac*, did he not? Gen.21.9.
Jacob rough *Eſau* hates; young *Joſeph's* ſold Gen.27.
To Iſhma'litiſh Merchants; and behold 41.
Oppreſſed *Iſr'el*, how their ſhoulder grones Gen.37.4.
Beneath their maſſy loads, hard hearted ones! Exo.1.11,
And muſt the new-born Males be ſtifled by &c.
The Mid-wives? O unheard-of cruelty! Exo.1.15,
And if theſe fail, may they not live a while? 16.
No; drown'd they muſt be in ſeptemfluous Nile. Exo.1.22.
Breaſt-hardned *Phar'oh*, what did *Moſes* do Exo.2.15.
VVorthy thy wrath? and may not *Iſr'el* go Exo.2.14.
From thy enſlaving hands, but bear the print
Thy ſcourges leave? O heart wall'd round with flint!
Years not a few the *Iſra'lites* were drudges Iudg.3.8.
Unto th'Idolatrous and ſelf-law'd Judges;
Compel'd to leave their homes, and hide themſelves Judg.6.3,
In dens and caves, from perſecuting Elves: 4.
And when Gods bounty fertiliz'd their land, 1 ſam.13.
All was deſtroyed by the *Midian* band: 6,7.
The *Philiſtins* thirty four thouſand ſlay Judg.6.2.
Of them, and carryed Gods Ark away; Judg.10.8.
A Smith in *Iſrael* could not be found Judg.13.1.
To fit their inſtruments to till the ground, 1 ſam.4.2.
The land was ſo enſlav'd; they rather choſe, 10,11.
Then ſtarve, to be behoiding to their foes. 1 ſam.13.
VVith his keen javelin, ſpirit-haunted *Saul* vers.19.20.
Aſſay'd to ſtick up *David* 'gainſt the wall. 1 ſam.19
Prophetick *David*, with a patient ear, &c.
Did *Shimei's* railing accuſations bear. 2 ſam 16.
Egyptian *Shiſhak* prov'd *Jerus'lems* rod, 5,6,
And took the treaſures from the houſe of God. 1 King.14
And (which is ſtrange) good *Aſa's* ſpirit riſen 25,26.
Againſt Gods Prophet, caſts him into priſon. 2 Chr.16.
10.

2 Chro.18. *Ahab* hates *Micah*. In *Jehoſaphat*
25,26. His reign, the Church of God was ſtormed at.
2 Chron. *Elijah*, was deſpis'd by *Jezabel*,
20.23. By whom ſo many holy Prophets fell.
1 King.19. *Eliſha* ſuffers; in *Jehorams* reign
2. *Judah's* oppreſs'd. Good *Zechariah's* ſlain
1 King.18. By *Joaſh*, for's reproof. *Iſrael's* King
13. Thouſands of *Judah* ſlew, did thouſands bring
2 King.6. Into captivity. Poor *Judah* pines
31. By th'*Edomites*, *Aſſyrians*, *Philiſtines*.
2 Chro.21. The Prophet *Eſay* by *Manaſſes* Law,
16,17. Was ſawn in ſunder with a wooden ſaw.
2 Chro.24. And *Jeremiah* after ſlandrous mocks,
21. VVas beaten ſore, and put into the ſtocks.
2 Chro.28. Then was he (liberty deny'd him) flung
8. Into the myry dungeon, where he clung;
2 Chro.28. At laſt drag'd thence, into th'*Egyptian* land
17,18,20. He needs muſt go, the Captains him command:
Joſephus. And his Thren-odes. thoſe pious Elegies,
Jer.18.18. Lament the falling Churches miſeries.
Jer.20.2. *Nebuchadnezzar* in a rage doth throw
Jer.37.15. *Shadrach*, and *Meſhech*, and *Abednego*
Jer.38.6. Into the furnace hot: By wicked men
Jer.43.6,7. *Daniel* is caſt into the Lyons Den.
Proud *Haman* perſecutes poor *Mordecay*,
Dan.3.23. And a decree procures, that in one day
Gods people ſhould be killed murth'rouſly.
Dan.6.26. The Jews returning from captivity,
Eſther.3. *Judah's* diſturb'd and oppoſition's found (ground:
13. When they would raiſe Gods Temple from the
Ezra 4.4. Build it they do: though men and devils conjoyne
Neh.6.2. They't Powers, they cannot fruſtrate Gods deſigne.
verſ.6,&c.

SECT.

SECT. II.

The Perſecution of the Church from Nehemiah *to* Antiochus *his time; and alſo under* Antiochus Epiphanes, *before the nativity of Chriſt, about 168 years.*

ELiaſhib the High-Prieſt being dead,
Judas his ſon ſucceeded in his ſtead;
And *John* the next, who in the Temple ſlew
Jeſus which ſought to wrong him of his due.
No ſooner had *Bagoſes* heard the News,
But with a potent force, he kept the Jews,
(The Jews inclos'd within *Jerus'lems* walls)
Till ſev'n years ended, under ſlaviſh thralls;
Compelling them to lay down fifty Drachmes
For ev'ry Lamb that fed their dayly flames.
Jaddus (*John* dead) ſucceeded, who b'ing told,
Of *Alexander's* acts, and how he would
Come ſhortly, he in's Prieſtly robes aray'd,
For Gods direction and protection pray'd.
The King fell down, the Jews did in a ring
Encircle him, and ſaid, God ſave the King.
He check'd, reply'd, I do not (that were odd)
Adore the High-Prieſt, but the High-Prieſts God.
Then leave to live after their Ancient orders
He grants the Hebrews, and deſerts their borders.
Antiochus Epiphanes did go
Unto *Jeruſalem*: nor friend nor foe
Eſcap'd his fury; he the Temple ſpoil'd
Of all her Ornaments, and it defil'd:

Yea, he inhibited the godly Jews
Thoſe daily ſacrifices they did uſe;
And having made their goodly ſtructures void,
He led ſome captive, many he deſtroy'd,
Forc'd others to forſake God, and adore
Thoſe Idols he himſelf fell down before:
But they that minded not his menacings,
VVere whip'd and maim'd, had cruel torturings;
Some crucifi'd; they hang'd the female ſex,
And hung young Children at their parents necks.
VVhat books of Sacred VVrit they found, the ſame
VVere caſt into the all-devouring flame.
Upon a Sabbath day theſe merc'leſs ſlaves
Did ſtifle thouſands hid in unclos'd caves.
And now *Mathias* pious and devout,
Led forth the Chriſtians 'gainſt this impious rout,
Deſtroy'd their Altars; Providence did bleſs
All his endeavours with deſir'd ſucceſs.
His ſons, *Mathias*, *Judas*, and the reſt
Did ſcowre their country, and their foes ſuppreſt.

SECT. III.

The Martyrdom of the Maccabees, *under the ſame* Antiochus.

Onias acts with a religious care
His High-prieſts office, and may therefore fear
Degrading; nay, *Antiochus* is bent
To turn him out: the moving Argument
Drawn from the Juſtneſs of *Onias* cauſe,
Subjects *Onias* to th'Imperious Laws

Of

Of wilfull Tyranny, by whose compunction,
This good man leaves his Sacerdotal function,
For one that least deserved it; no other
Might take it up, but his false-hearted brother:
VVho now but *Jason*! *Jason* is the man
Must drive on the design; *Jason* began
To force the people to renounce the true
And old Religion, to embrace a new;
T'abjure their Temples, to extruct them baths:
To quit their beaten and accustom'd pathes,
For prosecution of more choice delights,
And abrogate their ceremonial Rites;
To drink in Greekish customes, and betimes
Train up their striplings to unlawful crimes.
But mark th'event, a sin-provoked God
Doth flame in fury, making them a rod
(Whose Laws were studiously observ'd,) to scourge
Those Mimick emulators, who would urge
So good a God; their friends become their foes,
T'inflict on them innumerable woes.
For an edict is forthwith by the King
Set forth, and sealed with his Royal Ring;
The sence is this, *Whoever of the Jews,*
Or Hierosolymitanes, refuse
To offer up a Sacrifice unto
The gods, he without any more ado
(Besides those beatings he was like to feel)
Should have his members Racked on a wheel.
Antiochus perceiving this Edict
VVas little prevalent, although so strict,
So rigorous, but that a many chose
Rather to die, then their Religion lose;
He took th'advantage of an em'nent place,
And summoning the Jews, his graceless Grace

Caus'd ſacrific'd ſwines fleſh be given about
To ev'ry man. Amongſt the mixed rout
Stood *Eleazar* honot'd for his age,
Reverend, Pious, Vertuous and ſage,
In whom the graces all in one combin'd ;
Indeed he had an heaven-enamel'd mind :
To whom *Antiochus* doth break the chains
Of ſilence thus: Old man, avoid thoſe pains
VVait on the obſtinate, for once b'advis'd
By me, and eat what here is ſacrific'd :
Cheriſh thy rev'rend age, and do not ſcorne
The beneſit of life: what though th'art born
A Jew? yet eat: no wiſe man will refuſe
That meat which nature hath ordain'd for uſe :
VVhy ſhould this beaſt be more abominable
Then other beaſts ? canſt tell ? ſure th'art not able :
VVhy was it made, if not to be injoy'd ?
And gifts unus'd, what are thoſe gifts but voy'd ?
Admit your Laws are juſt, yet may coaction
Excuſe thee; 'tis no voluntary action.
To whom this *Neſtor* (whoſe undaunted breſt
VVas flam'd with zeal) an anſwer thus expreſt :
We, O *Antiochus*, love not vain ſhows
But true Religion; nor Racks, nor blows, (chains,
Nor breſt all gor'd with darts, hands worn with
Nor eaſe exchanged for a thouſand pains ;
Famine nor ſword, nor all, ſhould make us ſmother
Our lov'd Religion, to embrace another :
Know then Proud King, I nothing weigh thy threats,
As to profane my lips with profane meats :
I'le joy to ſuffer for a righteous cauſe,
Rather then violate thoſe Heav'n-made Laws ;
'Tis but a death at moſt, if I fulfil not
Thy wills and diſobey my God I will not :

Urge

Urge me no more, for do it I will never ;
This I reſolve, and will herein perſever.
Expoſe me to the ravenous Lyons paw,
Yet I'le not make a rupture in the Law ;
Rip up my Entrails, do ; and when that's done,
Fling, fling m'into an hate-light Dungeon :
Pluck out theſe eyes with Pinſers ; let the flame
Burn me to cinders, I'll be ſtill the ſame.
Think not that I'll recant becauſe I'm old
And feeble, no ; torments ſhall make me bold :
I am content to ſuffer for my God,
And patiently ſuſtain his chaſtning rod :
The zeal I bear is not a zeal that founds
It's happineſs on ſuch unſtable grounds,
As once to move me or to make me totter ;
No, Tyrant, were thy fury ten times hotter.
I'le laugh death in the face, when I lay down
This life, to take up an immortal Crown.
Bleſt I ſhall be, although by thee accurſt ;
Tyrant I challenge thee, do, do thy worſt.
With that the ſoldiers hale him to the place
Of torment, ſtrip him, whip him, and do lace
His back with ſtripes, till bloody ſtreams out-guſh,
And in the face of the tormentor bluſh :
While he was under the afflicter's hand,
One ſtood, and cry'd, Obey the Kings command :
But patiently this worthy man endur'd
A world of wounds, too dang'rous to be cur'd :
And darting up his venerable eyes,
He knew for whom he was a ſacrifice ;
In whom he did believe: then caſts a look
On his afflicted ſelf, and ſees a brook,
A bubbling brook, with uncontrouled tides,
Crimſon their paſſage from his mangled ſides:

And

And when his sufferance over-flow'd the banks
Of torment, he admir'd, gave God the thanks.
They loathsome liquor int' his nostrils pouring,
Did then commit him to the flames devouring:
Yet when his nat'ral life began to fail
And his approaching death would take no bail;
Having his wasting eyes on Heaven laid,
His dying breath breath'd forth these words, & said,
Thou O my God art he who bringest down
To th'grave, giv'st life, and with that life a Crown;
Behold (dear Lord) I'm swallow'd by deaths jaws,
For the strict keeping of thine own-made Laws.
Sweet Father hear me; O be pleas'd to keep
Thy bosome-Nation, suffer not thy Sheep,
To be devour'd by Wolves, that are too bold
To worry them, or scare them from their fold:
O let my death conclude all miserie,
And grant in dying I may live to thee.
Now I am found in thee, can I be lost?
He ceas'd, and ceasing yeilded up the Ghost.

The Kings displeasure waxing now more strong,
Sent for sev'n Hebrew children, who being young,
He thought them weak, unable pains to bear,
He therefore either by entreats, or fear,
Presum'd he should induce them to abjure
Their Law, and eat what by their Law's impure.
The crafty Tyrant ambushing his guile,
Beholdeth them with a dissembling smile,
And thus reveal'd himself: Admir'd young men,
I wish your good, O do not madly then
Shun my Behests; prevent the torments due
Unto the refractory, not to you;
As for my part, I desire nothing more
Then to advance you, and increase your store:

Contemn

Contemn your ſuperſtitious vanities,
And come along our tracts, if you be wiſe:
Tis no ſuch crime if you your Law fulfil not.
If you neglect ours (as I hope you will not)
With ling'ring deaths I'll ſtudy to torment you;
You may it may be then too late repent you.
Am I a King? and ſhall contempt accrue
To me a King, from ſuch low worms as you? (Racks,
Bring forth thoſe Wheels Rods, Cauldrons, Hooks &
Grid-irons, Cages; here's not all, here lacks;
Let's ſee the Engines to torment the hands,
Gauntlets, Auls, Bellowes, Braſs-pots, Frying-pans.
Obey, young men; if I enforce a fact
Not good, 'tis not your voluntary act,
You do not ſin; be prudent then, I ſay,
Not actively but paſſively obey.
The zeal-inflam'd young men do vilify
His threats, intreats, retorting this reply,
Speak Tyrant, ſay, ſay, why art thou ſo bent
To perſecute us that are innocent?
We will obſerve, for all afflictions rod,
What *Moſes* taught us from the mouth of God;
Know, we deteſt your ſenſe-deluding ſhows,
Nor will we be ſeduc'd by words or blows:
No Tyrant, no, do thou the beſt you can
To do thy worſt, we will fear God, not man:
Our cauſe is God's, and death is our deſire;
Heaven is our portion, yours eternal fire.
Th'enraged Tyrant after one another
Lop'd off theſe hopeful ſprouts: the eldeſt brother,
Named *Maorbabeus*, firſt was ſtretched out
Upon a Rack, and beaten round about
His naked ribs, with a Bulls-pizle, till
His wearyed tormentors had their fill

Of

Of long continued ſtrokes, and did deſire
Rather to leave, then he did them require:
Nor was this all; freſh tort'rers have extended
Him on a wheel, weights at his heels appended:
While yet his ſinews and his entrails brake,
He call'd on God, then to the Tyrant ſpake:
Blood-guilty wretch, who labor'ſt to diſthrone
Gods Majeſty it ſelf; know, I am one
Am for the cauſe of God a ſufferer,
And no witch, nor inhuman murtherer.
When the afflicter with compaſſion ſway'd,
Bid him ſubmit unto the King, he ſaid,
Accurſed miniſters of Tyranny,
Your wheels as yet, are not ſo ſharp, that I
Should thereby be enforced to abjure
Heaven, wherein is my foundation ſure.
See, tyrant, ſee. how reſolute I am;
Winde off my fleſh with pinſers, do, and cram
Young Vultures with the bits before mine eyes:
Put, put me to the worſt of cruelties:
Roſt (if you pleaſe) by a ſoft fire my fleſh,
And if that will not ſerve, invent a freſh:
Inflict, inflict, till there cannot be found
A place, whereon t'inflict another wound.
So ſaid, thus rack'd, into a fire he's thrown,
And now his waſting bowels ſtared on
The Tyrants face; yet with an unmov'd breſt
He to his brethren thus himſelf expreſt:
Beloved brethren, learn by my example
To ſcorn the worlds alluring baits, and trample
All torments under foot; obey God rather
Then this proud Tyrant: God's a gracious father;
And when him pleaſes, with a ſmile or frown,
Can raiſe the humble, ſtrike the lofty down.

This torment's not enough to end his pain,
For he is ſnatch'd out of the fire and flame
Alive; his tongue was plucked out, and then
His life he ended in a frying pan:
And now his ſoul enjoy'd what he deſir'd,
His friends rejoyced, and his foes admir'd.
Then was the ſecond brother, *Aber* call'd,
Who with the tort'ring Engines unappal'd,
Refus'd to eat, chains did his hands reſtrain:
His skin (the garment of his fleſh) was ſlain
From head to knees; the tort'rer did deveſt
His intrails peeping from his unglaz'd breſt,
Too grievous to behold; and him at laſt
Unto a famine-pined Leopard caſt:
The beaſt (though truculent) did onely ſmell,
And went her way, forgetting to be fell,
Nor was ſh'injurious to him in the leaſt.
The Kings diſpleaſure but the more increas'd,
And *Aber* grown more conſtant by his pain,
Thus, thus his dying voice did loudly ſtrain:
How ſweet! How pleaſant is this death to me!
Yea 'tis moſt welcome, for I'm ſure to be
Rewarded by my God; the croſs I bear
On earth, in heav'n a glorious Crown to wear;
I thank my God, that I am more content
To ſuffer, Tyrant, then thou to torment.
And yet is not this miſery of mine
In ſuff'ring, ſo exorbitant as thine
Is by inflicting; keeping of the Laws
Thus aggravates my pains, and thou the cauſe
Shalt by the juſtice of the Holy One
Be baniſhed from thy uſurped throne,
And be reſerved for thoſe horrid chains
Of utter darkneſs, and eternal pains.

He

He said no more; his soul forsook his breſt,
To take poſſeſſion of aye-laſting reſt. (quell'd,
Machir the third for's brought, who was not
But angrily their counſel thus repel'd:
One Father us begat; one Mother bore us;
* Eleazer. One * Maſter taught us, who is gone before us:
Protract no time, for I am not ſo weak
To yield; I come to ſuffer, not to ſpeak:
What care I though I drink the brim-fild boul
Of thy diſpleaſure? twill not hurt my ſoul.
A Globe was brought, his woes muſt b'aggravated,
And bound thereon; his bones were diſlocated;
They ſlaid his face; and while a crimſon river
Flow'd from him, thus he did himſelf deliver:
O Tyrant, we, what we endure, endure
For the pure love of God: thou ſhalt be ſure
To rove in Sulph'ry flames, and be tormented
Eternally, unpity'd, unlamented.
His tongue b'ing taken out, this good young man
Departed in a red-hot Frying-pan.
Judas is next, whom neither menacing
Nor flattries, could induce t'obey the King:
Your fire (ſaid he) ſhall me attract more near
Gods holy Law, and to my brethren dear:
I tell thee Tyrant, thou ſhalt be acurs'd,
And true believers bleſt: thou that art nurs'd
By cruelty it ſelf: I bid thee try me,
And ſee if God will not alſo ſtand by me.
Hereat the Tyrant in a hot diſpleaſure
Haſtily left his chair t'afflict by leaſure;
He charg'd his tongue to be cut out, in brief;
T'whom *Judas* thus; Our God is not ſo deaf
As you imagine; his attentive ear
Hears the dumb language of his ſervants pray'r:

He

He hears the heart, not voice; our thoughts he ſees
A diſtance off; diſtongue me if you pleaſe:
Divide me limb from limb, do Tyrant, do,
But know, thou ſhalt not long ſcape Scot-free ſo.
He's tongueleſs, and with ropes ends beaten ſore,
Which he with much admired patience bore:
At laſt upon the Rack his life was ſpent,
And to his brethren (gone before) he went.
Then *Achas* the fifth brother unaffraid
To hug grim death, diſclos'd his lips, and ſaid,
Tyrant, behold, I come for to prevent
Thy ſending for; and know that I am bent
To die couragiouſly, my mind is ſteady;
Thou art to helliſh flames condem'd already,
By my dear bretherens effuſed gore,
And I the fifth ſhall make thy grief the more.
What is't that we have done? what other cauſe
Canſt thou alleage, but this, We keep Gods Laws?
And therefore in the midſt of torturing
We joy. O 'tis an honourable thing! (wrongs,
Though each part ſuffer, heaven will right our
And fill your mouths with howlings, ours with ſongs.
Then was he in a brazen morter pounded,
Nayth'leſs he ſaid, Thoſe favours are unbounded
With which thou crown'ſt us (though againſt thy wil)
We pleaſe our God, rage thou, and rage thy fill:
If thou ſhouldſt pity me, I ſhould be ſorry;
Death's but the prologue to immortal glory.
So ſaid, he made a ſtop, and ſtopping dy'd.
Now the ſixth brother *Areth* muſt be try'd,
Honour and dolour's put unto his choice;
But grieving at it, with a conſtant voice
He ſhot forth this reply: I weigh not either;
As we like brethren liv'd, wee'll die together

In

In Gods fear; and the time which in exhorting
Thou haſt a mind to ſpend, ſpend in extorquing.
His down-ward head unto a pillar ty'd,
Antiochus roſts him by a ſoft fires ſide;
And that the heat might enter to the quick,
And multiply his paines, ſharp Auls muſt prick
His tender fleſh; about his face and head
Much blood like froth appear'd; yet thus he ſaid,
O Noble fight! O honourable warre!
Glad grief! O pious! and O impious jarre!
My bretheren are gone, and I ally'd
To them in blood, would not that death divide
Our love-united ſouls: invent, invent
More horrid pains, indeavour to torment
This fleſh with greater torments; ſtudy, ſtudy
New wayes t'afflict me, more ſevere, more bloody:
I thank my God, theſe are o'recome already;
Let thouſands worſer come, I will be ſteady.
We young men have bin conqu'rours of thy power;
Thy fire is cold, nor can thy rage devour
Our faith-fenc'd ſouls; we have a greater joying
In ſuffering, then thou haſt in deſtroying:
As God is juſt, ſo will he right our wrongs.
Theſe words ſcarce out, a pair of heated tongs
Eradicate his tongue; then being caſt
Into the Frying-pan, he breath'd his laſt.
And now the youngeſt brother's onely left,
Jacob; who coming forth, compaſſion cleft
The Tyrants heart, who took aſide the child
By th'hand and ſpake, and as he ſpake, he ſmil'd:
Thy bretheren may teach thee to expect
The worſt of ills, if thou my will neglect:
Thou ſhalt, if thou wilt of thy ſelf be free,
A Ruler, Gen'ral, and my Counc'ller be.

This not prevail'd, he thus the mother dons;
O worthy woman, where are now thy ſons?
Yet thou haſt one, turn him, leſt thou be reft
Of him likewiſe, and ſo be childleſs left.
The mother bowing to the king, beſpake
Her child in Hebrew; Pity, for Chriſt's ſake,
And chear thy woful mother: O deſpiſe
Theſe pains, and be a willing ſacrifice,
As were thy bretheren; that in the day
Of grace, in heaven receive you all I may.
Unbound, he forthwith to the torments ran,
And with a ſerene countenance began;
Blood-waſting wretch, what doſt thou but adde fuel,
To make hell hotter, by perſiſting cruel? (thee
Worm that thou art, who crown'd thee? who gave
Thoſe Purple robes thou weareſt? was't not he
Whom thou in us doſt perſecute? but die
Thou muſt at laſt, for all thou perk'ſt ſo high:
I crave no favour at thy hands, but will
Follow my brethren, and be conſtant ſtill.
Torments enſue: through mouth and noſe he bled;
His mothers kinde hand held his fainting head:
His arms cut off, *Lord take my ſoul*, he cry'd;
Diſtongu'd, he ran into the fire, and dy'd.
Now *Salomona* (all her children dead)
Enflam'd with zeal, came to be Martyred;
Herein excell'd them all, in that ſh'endur'd
Sev'n painful deaths, before her own's procur'd,
She tearleſs could abide to ſee them ſpurn'd,
And rack'd, and torn, and beat, and flaid, and burn'd:
And kowing well, death cutteth off our dayes
By Fluxes, Agues, and a thouſand wayes;
That pains were momentary, ſhe exhorted
Them thus in Hebrew, ere they were extorted:

Most choyce fruits of my womb, let's hasten hence,
And fear not, heaven will be our recompence:
Shall's bear what *Eleazar* undergon?
You know good *Abram* sacrific'd his son:
Remember *Daniel*, in the Lyons den;
And cast your eyes on the three childeren.
The restless Tyrant caus'd her to be stripp'd,
Then hang'd up by the hands, and soundly whipp'd,
Her paps pull'd off: she while her body fryes,
Lifts up her hands and eyes, and prayes, and dyes.

SECT. IV.

The Persecution of the Church from Christs time to our present age; and first of those mentioned in the New-Testament.

HEROD *the Great* having intellegence
That there was born unto the Jews a Prince
At *Bethleem*; a band of men he sent,
To do full execution as they went,
On smiling babes, throughout *Judea's* land:
(Supposing *Jesus* might not scape his hand;)
Snatch'd from the breast, the pretty little ones
Were toss't on Pikes, and dash'd against the stones.
The Tyrant, after this, distracted grew,
And's wife, his children, and familiars slew.
With sickness struck, he knew not where to turn,
What course to take; for a slow fire did burn
His inward parts: his * canine appetite
Was unsuffic'd; his lungs corrupted quite;

* *Bulimia.*

His

His bowels rot; his ſecrets putrify'd;
Conſum'd with wormes, he miſerably dy'd.
Herod the Leſs inceſtuouſly wedded;
John Baptiſt for his plain reproof beheaded. Mat.14.10
Peter and *John* reſtor'd a man born lame, Act.4.1,
Preach'd Chriſt, and were impriſon'd for the ſame. 17.
The High-prieſts and the Sadduces up-riſen Act.5. 18,
Againſt th' Apoſtles, caſt them into priſon: 19.
But in the night, an Angel of the Lord
Op'ning the doors, their liberties reſtor'd:
They on the morrow, for divulging Chriſt, verſ.26,27
Re-apprehended were, beaten, diſmiſt. verſ.40.
Falſe witneſſes ſuborned, holy *Steven* Act.6.11.
Did through a Stony-volley go to heaven. Cha.7.58.
A gen'ral perſecution breaking out
At *Solyma*, the Saints diſperſe about
The *Judean* and the *Samarian* borders:
A perſecuting *Saul* the Church diſorders.
The Jewiſh fury, new-converted *Saul*
Scapes by a basket let down o'r the wall. Act.9.23.
James is beheaded: while *Agrippa* ſtorms Act.12.2.
Againſt the Church, he was devour'd by worms.
Peter enlarged by an Angel was:
Soſthenes, *Silas*, *Paul*, and *Barnabas*
Were beaten, whipp'd, and forced ſeveral times
To leave their Country, and ſeek other climes.
Paul's ſton'd at *Lyſtra*, and for dead he lay; Act.14.
But God reviv'd him; he took *Derbe*-way: 19.
Much he endur'd abroad, and much at home,
And in the end was Martyred at *Rome*.
James, *Jeſus* brother, from a Pin'cle caſt,
Recov'ring on his knees, thus ſpake his laſt:
Father (thee on my bended knees I woo)
Forgive them; for, they know not what they do.

A Camels knees were ſaid to be more ſoft
Then his, by reaſon that he kneel'd ſo oft.)
Veſpaſian did to him the Jews ſubject;
Titus Jeruſ'lem and the Temple ſack'd.
Andrew and *Philip's* crucifi'd: rough blows
Kill *Barthol'mew*; *Thomas* a dart o'rethrows.
Mathew's thruſt through: *Simon Zelotes* dead
Upon the croſs. *Mathias* loſt his head:
And *Judas* (brother unto *James*) not miſt
A murth'rous ſtroke: *Mark* the Evangeliſt
Went up to heaven in a fi'ry Car:
One of the Deacons named *Nicanor*,
Did with two thouſand Chriſtians lay down
This life, to take up an immortal crown.

THE

THE Perſecution of the Church Under the Heathen ROMAN Emperours.

SECT. V.

The firſt Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti, 67.

Domitius Nero, while in ſheets of fire
The Roman City caper'd, ſang t'his Lire
The incendiums of *Troy*, and from a Tow'r
Feaſted his eyes, to ſee the flames devour
Thoſe goodly ſtructures, and high Tow'rs of ſtate,
Which ſtartled the beholders eyes of late:
The *Circus* fell, the pondrous beams and ſtones,
Cruſhing to pieces many thouſand ones;
The fire burns others, and the flame and ſmoak
Nine dayes continu'd, a great number choak.
Thus *Nero* on himſelf an *Odium* brought;
And to excuſe himſelf, transfer'd the fault
Upon the harmleſs Chriſtians: it was they
Had done it out of malice; no delay
Detards his haſty feet from ſhedding bloud:
VVhere e're he comes, he makes a crimſon floud

Flow down the streets: in wild-beasts skins he wraps
Christians, and throws them to dogs worr'ing chaps.
In paper stiffened with molten wax,
He packs up some; and puts on others backs
A searcloth-coat, and bolt upright them bound
To axle-trees, first pitched in the ground,
Then at the botom fir'd: these constant flames
Afforded light to *Nero's* nightly games
Kept in his garden: other some he takes,
And goars in length upon erected stakes.
This persecution through th'whole Empire spred;
So that the Cities were repleniſhed
With slaught'red carkases; the old, the young,
And naked women, altogether flung.
Such was his rage, a Christians loathed name
He strove t'extirpate whereſoe're he came.
At four years end, this direful blast expires
In *Paul* and *Peter*, two bright-shining fires.
Peter (as he desir'd) was crucifi'd
With his head downward; so a Martyr dy'd.
And *Paul*, his faith's confession having spoke,
Yielded his neck unto the fatal stroke.

SECT. VI.

The ſecond Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno 96.

Domitian his brother *Titus* ſlaies,
And doth the ſecond perſecution raiſe:
(For whilſt *Veſpaſian* and his ſon remain'd,
The Church with golden links of Peace was chain'd)
He ſlew the Roman Nobles; and decreed
The extirpation of *David's* ſeed.
John, the belov'd Diſciple, boyl'd in oyl,
Unhurt, was baniſh'd into *Patmos* Iſle. *Anno 97*
One *Simeon* Biſhop of *Jeruſalem*, dy'd
Upon the croſs: a number more beſide
Of Chriſtians he impoveriſh'd, and ſent
Them out, to lead their lives in baniſhment.
The Roman Senate paſſed this decree,
That Chriſtians ſhould not have their libertie
When brought before the Judgment-ſeat, unleſs
They deviate from their Religiouſneſs.
The Heatheniſh Idolaters deviſe
Againſt the Saints abominabile lies,
And envious ſlanders; That they were ſeditious,
Inceſtuous, rebellious, and pernicious
Unto the Empire; none could them importune,
By any means, to ſwear by *Caſars* fortune.
If famine, plague, or war amongſt them came,
The Chriſtians were the Authors of the ſame.
And look what accuſations they related,
Domitian was the more exaſperated;

And us'd what e're mans wicked wit invents;
Stripes, Rackings, Scourgings, and Impriſonments,
Deep dungeons, Stoning, Strangling, the Gridiron,
Gibbet, and Gallows, red-hot plates t'environ
The tendreſt parts; the teeth of ſalvage bears;
The horns of Buls, and ſticking up on ſpears, *&c.*
Thus kill'd, a lawful burial was deny'd them:
Pil'd up, and tear-throat dogs were left beſide them.
Though Chriſtians ſufferings were very ſore,
Yet ſtill the Church encreaſed more and more,
In the Apoſtles doctrine deeply grounded,
And with the blood of Martyr'd Saints ſurrounded.
Good *Timothy*, Religious from his youth,
Was ſtoned, as a witneſs to the truth,
By thoſe that worſhipped *Diana* bright:
One *Dionyſius* th' *Areopagite*
VVas ſlain at *Paris* by a treach'rous villan.
Protaſius and *Gervaſius* fell at *Millain.*

SECT. VII.

The third Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti 108.

Domitian being by his ſervants ſlain,
Nerva ſucceeded; in whoſe gracious reign
(VVhich was but thirteen months) the Saints enjoy'd
A peaceful ſeaſon, and were not deſtroy'd.
Trajan, next him, the Roman crown put on;
He 'twas rais'd the third Perſecution,

VVorſe

VVorſe then the former were; which did incite
An * heatheniſh Philoſopher to write
I'th' Chriſtians behalf, to *Trajan* ſhewing,
That whereas many thouſands in his viewing
VVere killed; yet, contraire the Roman Laws
None did, which might ſuch Perſecution cauſe;
Saving that every morn by break of day,
They to a God call'd *Chriſt* did ſing and pray:
In other things they were to be commended.
Trajan returns this anſwer: he intended
To ſearch them out no more; but if they were
Brought and convicted, them he would not ſpare.
Sentence confus'd! he them as harmleſs tenders,
And yet would have them puniſh'd as offenders.
The rage was by this act a little curb'd:
Yet ill-diſpoſed men the Peace diſturb'd;
Eſpecially, if new commotions flam'd
Amongſt them, then the Chriſtians muſt be blam'd.
Trajan commands the lineage of *David*,
Which could be found, ſhould by no means be ſaved
He *Phocas*, *Pontus* Biſhop, caſt in's wrath,
Firſt int'a lime-kiln, next a ſcalding bath.
Ignatius, and many thouſands more
Expoſed to the wild beaſts to devour:
Nor did in *Adrian's* reign this fury ſlake,
Ten thouſand ſufferd for the Lord Chriſt's ſake.
In *Ararath* thouſands were crucifi'd,
Crowned with thorns, and thruſt into the ſide
VVith needle-pointed darts, in imitation
Of Chriſt, our bleſſed Lord and Saviours paſſion.
Fauſtinus, *Zenon*, and *Euſtachius*,
Dy'd for the truth. VVhen *Calocerius*
Saw how the Saints did bear afflictions rod,
He cry'd out, Truly, great's the Chriſtians God:

* *Plinius ſecundus.*

Tertullian.

Vere Magnus Deus Chriſtianorum.

For

For which he apprehended, did become
Partaker likewiſe of their Martyrdom.
Symphoriſſa, a fair and vertuous dame,
Hang'd up by th'hair, was ſcourged for Chriſts name,
And then made faſt unto a pondrous ſtone,
Into the boſom of a river thrown:
Seven ſons ſhe had, all ſtak'd, rack'd, and at laſt
Thruſt thorough, were into a deep pit caſt.
Adrian b'ing come to *Athens*, ſacrific'd
After the Greekiſh manner; authoriz'd
Any that would, to perſecute, abuſe
VVhoever in contempt ſhould it refuſe.
Quadratus, an Athenian Biſhop, hence
Did out of zeal i'th' Chriſtians defence
Write learned Tractates: *Serenus* did do
The like; and famous *Ariſtides* too;
Declaring that 'twas neither right nor reaſon
That bare opinion ſhould b'accounted treaſon
In harmleſs perſons; and no other fault
Should bring their lives in danger, at th'aſſault
Of th'hair-brain'd rabble; th' Emperour hereat
Grew milde, and pity'd their afflicted ſtate.
After him *Antonius Pius* ſwaid
And he this perſecuting ſtorm allaid.
Gods word's fulfill'd, the wicked's rod ſhall not
Pſa.125.3. Alwayes remain upon the righteous lot.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

The fourth Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti 162.

NOw *Antoninus Verus*, *Pius* ſon,
(Who dead) rais'd the third perſecution.
Germanicus, *Pionius*, *Metrodore*,
Polycarp, *Carpus*, and a number more
In *Aſia* burn'd. *Felicitas* at *Rome*,
With her ſeven children ſuffered Martyrdome.
Scourg'd was her eldeſt Son; and after, preſt
To death with leaden weights, attain'd true reſt.
The two next had their brains knockt out with mauls:
The 4th thrown headlong down a prec'pice, ſprawls
With his broke neck: The three that do remain,
Muſt loſe their heads. In fine, the Mother's ſlain.
Concordus ſuffered; who in diſgrace,
Did ſpirt out ſpittle in the Idols face.
In *France* the Chriſtians underwent all wrongs;
As Scourgings, ſtonings, and the ſpatt'ring tongues
Of railing *Rabſhakeh's*: at home, abroad,
Their backs muſt tolerate afflictions load:
Yet well they knew, that griefs were tranſitory,
If but compared to eternal glory.
Sanchis the Biſhop of *Vienna*, ſtood
Unmov'd, under ſuch pains, as fleſh and blood
Could not endure to bear: no torments could
Prevail to make him to let go his hold.
When he was ask'd, where he was born and bred;
He, *I'm a Chriſtian*, onely anſwered:

And

And when another did demand his name,
Urging it much, his anſwer was the ſame:
A third enquir'd, whether he were a man,
Or bond, or free; *I am a Chriſtian*,
He ſtill reply'd: no torments could divorce
His conſtant lips from uſing that diſcourſe.
When there were plates of candent Braſs apply'd
I'his tendreſt parts: O how did he abide
That ſcorching heat! nor was he ſeen to ſhrink,
As did his body: while his tort'rers think,
With new ſupplies to force his recantation,
He quite contrary to their expectation,
VVas ſo reſtor'd, that what he did endure
Theſe latter times, did prove his Sov'raign cure.
At laſt plac'd in a red-hot iron chair,
His ſpir't (with others) vaniſh'd into Air.
Thus were the holy Saints, from morn to night,
A ſpectacle unto the people's ſight.
Biblides in the midſt of pains ſpake thus,
Ah! how ſhould we (as you report of us)
VVe Chriſtians, think you, of our babes make food?
VVhen we not taint our lips with beſtial blood.
Attalus frying, thus Your ſelves do eat
Mans fleſh: and as for us, we loath ſuch meat.
B'ing asked what he call'd their God by name;
He anſwer'd, Man's and his was not the ſame.
Then let your God, if that a God he be
So powerfull (ſaid they) come ſet you free.
Pont'cus a youth of fourteen years of age,
Perpaſs'd the utmoſt of the ſo-mens rage.
VVilde beaſts are put to *Blandina*, but they;
More merciful then men, would go their way.
VVhipped ſhe is, then broyl'd and thrown on ground
For Buls to tear: from every gaping wound

Blood

Blood guſhes forth, and runneth out afreſh
From th'urſtopp'd chinks of her bemangled fleſh.
She felt no paine, by reaſon ſhe was fill'd
VVith ſpir'tual joy: ſhe at the laſt was kill'd.
The bodies of the Saints were made a mock,
A ſcorn, a by-word, and a laughing-ſtock
I'th' open ſtreets, till thrice two Suns were down,
Then burn'd their aſhes in the river thrown.
Th' Apoſtatized Chriſtians, which came
Unto their tryals, did confeſs their ſhame
By down-caſt looks, and ſorrow-boding faces;
The Gentiles pulveriz'd them with diſgraces,
As perſons too degenerous, addicted
To vice, deſerving what ſhould be inflicted:
But they which conſtant to the laſt remain'd,
VVent with a cheerful brow, and entertain'd
An obvious death; and, as it were combin'd
Their glorious rayes, and like to *Phœbus* ſhin'd.
So have I ſeen a fair and comly Bride,
Richly attir'd, with what a decent pride
She quits her conclave, or interior room,
And ſteps to meet with her returning Groom,
Who drawing neer, about her neck doth fall,
And ſeals his favours on her lips withall.
Faith as an ornament the ſoul endows;
Chriſt is the Bridegroom, and the Church the Spouſe
Prepares to meet him, and direct her paces,
That he may hug her with entwin'd embraces.
They meet; Chriſt & his following Spouſe do clamber
Up by ſteep ſtaires; heaven is the Bridal Chamber:
Where, with Unknown delights, they are poſſeſt
Of ſweet repoſes, and eternal reſt.
Marcus Aurelius, and *Antonius* go
To war againſt the *Quades* the *Vandals* too:

Their

Their Army by innum'rous foes beſet,
Were ſo put to't, the ſouldiers could not get
The leaſt of water, their thirſt to allay:
VVith that, a Chriſtian Legion fell to pray,
(VVithdrawing from the reſt) the heav'n disburſt
Abundant ſhow'rs; the Romans quench'd their thirſt;
Againſt their enemies, ſuch lightnings flaſh'd,
As made them fly diſcomfited and daſh'd.
The Emp'rour pleas'd hereat, commands that none
Kill Chriſtians more, whoſe God ſuch things had done:
And his (which was not long in force) decree
Burn'd the accuſers, ſet th'accuſed free.

SECT. IX.

The fifth Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti 205.

WHen Peace-maintaining *Pertinax* was dead,
Severe *Severus* reigned in his ſtead;
By envious rumors, and through falſe ſuggeſtion,
The Chriſtians lives were dayly brought in queſtion.
The King commands; his willing Subjects ſtrive
To bring't about, that none be left alive.
In Sun-burnt *Affrick*, *Cappadocia*,
In *Carthage* and in *Alexandria*.
So that the number ſlain was numberleſs;
Amongſt whom *Plutarch*, and *Leonides*,
Origen's father, with whom *Origen*
His ſon had dy'd, had not his mother bin
An hinderance, in that ſhe did convey,
The night before, his ſhirt and cloaths away;

Hereat

Hereat, he not for fear of Martyrdome,
But ſhaming to be ſeen, remain'd at home.
Tertullian, *Irenæus*, *Andoclus*,
Urbanus, *Satyrus*, *Secundulus*,
Perpetua, *Felicitas*, and *Rhais*,
Did by untimely deaths conclude their dayes.
Caſpodius, a Divine, drag'd up and down
The ſtreets; at laſt was into *Tyber* thrown.
Cecilia Idolatry contemn'd,
And therefore by the Judge muſt be condemn'd;
The Sergeants minding how ſhe did behave her,
How fair ſhe was; ſollicite her, to favour
Her ſelf, and not to caſt her ſelf away;
She was but young, and many a merry day
Might live to ſee: but ſhe diſcreetly ſent
Such gracious words, as caus'd them to relent,
And unto that religion yield their hearts
'Gainſt which they threw their perſecuting darts.
Which, when perceiv'd, leav gain'd, ſhe runs her home
And for *Urbanus* ſends: *Urbanus* come,
He grounds them in the faith ſo highly priz'd;
Four hundred do believe and are baptiz'd.
This holy Martyr afterwards was ſhut
Twice twelve hours in a Bath; at laſt they cut
Her head off from her ſhoulders: thus ſhe ended
Her dayes, and up into the clouds aſcended.
Agapetus, of fifteen years of age,
VVas ſcourg'd, then hang'd up by the feet: in rage
He ſcalded was; unto the wild beaſts toſt;
But they not hurting him, his head he loſt.
Pamachius, a Roman Senator,
VVith's wife, his children, and neer fourty more,
All in one day beheaded were; their pates
Fixed on high, over the City gates,

As

As Bug-bears to affright and scare the rest
From Christianity, which it profest.
Potamiena, (boyling Pitch being pour'd
Upon her naked flesh) the flames devour'd.
And *Zepherinus*; after him *Urbanus*,
Both Roman Bishops; good *Valerianus*,
Tybartius too, two Noble men of *Rome*,
For their Religion suffer'd Martyrdome.
'Gainst *Narciss*, three false witnesses suborn'd;
Th'one lost his eyes, the fire a second burn'd;
The third lay languishing: thus we may see
Th'accusers suffer, the accus'd go free.
Antiochus fell down, and having cry'd,
His bowels burn'd within him, sadly dy'd.

SECT. X.

The sixth Primitive Persecution, which began Anno Christi 237.

MAximinus (*Severus* dead and gon)
Stirr'd up the twice-third Persecution:
Dissiv'd the Teachers, Leaders, and the best;
By this means thinking to seduce the rest.
Thousands were Martyred, whose names are lost
With *Or'gen's* * book, in which they were engrost.
About this time *Natalius*, a Priest,
(Who much had suffer'd for the cause of Christ,)
Seduced was by *Asclepiodot*
And *Theodore*, who promis'd to allot

* *De Martyrio.*

A hundered and fifty ſilver Crowns
To him each month, if he would but renownce
The Chriſtian God, and give to theirs reſpect:
He did, and was a biſhop of their ſect:
But God (whoſe mercy would not have him loſt,
Who had ſo much endur'd, ſo oft been croſs'd)
Admoniſhed him by a viſion plain,
T'adjoyn himſelf to the true Church again:
Which the good man, b'ing for the preſent blinded
With gain and honour (as he ought) not minded.
He the night after b'ing by Angels ſcourg'd,
Did put on ſackeloth in the morn, and purg'd
His ſoul with tears: with doleful lamentation,
He runs in haſt to th'Chriſtian congregation:
Of all loves, and for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake,
Humbly entreating them, once more to take
Him into their ſociety, and quire.
Accordingly they granted his deſire.
Horſe-torn *Hippol'tus* dy'd: the Martyred
By ſixties in a pit were buried.

SECT. XI.

The ſeventh Primitive Perſecution, which began
Anno Chriſti 250.

Decius, that cruel Emperour, begun
The ſeventh bloody perſecution:
Of which *Nicepb'rus* thus; Can any tell
The ſands? they may the Martyr'd ſaints as well.
Fabian, that kept a Biſhoprick at *Rome*,
And the Kings treaſures, ſuffred Martyrdom.

Babilas dy'd in prison; and a train
Of forty Virgins were in *Antioch* slain.
The Alexandrian Christians are bereft
Of all their goods; yea, they have nothing left:
Yet they rejoyce, and are therewith content,
Knowing their substance is more permanent.
When *Apollinea's* teeth had dash'd out bin,
A fire was made; they threat to throw her in:
She paus'd a while, (refusing to be turn'd)
And gave a leap into the fire, and burn'd.
Julian, *Epimachus*, and *Alexander*,
The flame consum'd: many (poor souls) did wander
In the deserted deserts; others lives
Lay open, to the raging cut-throat's knives.
A certain Minister with pains oppress,
And fearing death, desir'd to be releas'd:
A young man, then, too glorious to behold
Quid faciam vobis? pati timetis, exire nolitis
For mortal eyes, appearing, did unfold
His angry lips: What would you have me do?
You dare not bear, and out you will not go.
Because chast *Theodora* did refuse
To sacrifice, they sent her to the stews;
Where lust-enflam'd young men for entrance press'd:
But *Didymus* slip'd in before the rest,
Having the habit of a souldier on,
He chang'd for hers; and she in his is gon.
Didymus stayes behind: b'ing found a man,
He soon profes's'd he was a Christian;
Confessing th'whole state of the matter; so
He was condemn'd, and must to torment go:
Which *Theodora* having understood;
To save the shedding of innocuous blood,
Comes to the Judge, and said, I bear the guilt;
And lo I'm here, condemn me if thou wilt:

As

As for that man, I pray let him go free,
Let not your fury light on him, but me.
She was not heard; both for their lives were try'd,
Condemned both, Beheaded both, both dy'd.
No torments that the Prætor could deviſe,
Could force *Nicetas* t'offer ſacrifice:
He therefore him into a garden brought,
With all variety of pleaſures fraught:
There laid him down upon a bed of Down,
(A ſilken net ſoftly upon him ſtrown,)
Among the Lillies, and the fragrant Roſes,
Neer murm'ring ſtreams inviting ſweet repoſes;
To the ſweet whiſtling of the leaves mov'd by
A gentle gale, he left him: preſently
In comes a Strumpet gariſhly, attir'd,
And in a wanton dialect, deſir'd
The non-denial of her earneſt ſute,
To uſe her body lowly proſtitute.
Nicetas, (fearing he ſhould be by folly
Conqu'red, and led to do what was unholy,)
Bites off his tongue, and with a certain grace,
He ſpits it out into her whoriſh face;
So by this ſmarting wound he did prevent
Sins ſting, and conſequently puniſhment.
Nichomacus moſt ſenſible of pain,
I am no Chriſtian, cry'd; ſo was not ſlain:
He had no ſooner put his hand to evil,
But was poſſeſſed with an unclean devil,
And thrown with violence upon the ground,
Bit off his tongue, and died of the wound.
Many Apoſtates were poſſeſs'd, and ſome
Suddenly ſtruck, (were ever after) dumb.
Though ſome thus fell away, others ſtood faſt,
Remaining glorious Martyrs to the laſt.

But *Decius* not long securely slept:
For conquer'd by the *Goths*, with's horse he leapt
Into a whirlpool, and therein was drown'd;
Nor was his body ever after found.
Yea, God throughout the Roman Empire spred
A ten-years plague, t'avenge the blood was shed.
Brotherly love the Christians shew'd t'each other,
By visiting, relieving one another:
But the Idolaters fled from, neglected,
Cast out, not succour'd, those that were infected:
Shift onely for themselves, go where they will,
This spreading punishment pursu'd them still.
Gallus succeeding (*Decius* being dead)
This persecution continued:
The weight of his displeasure fell most heavy
Upon the shoulders of the Tribe of *Levi*.
He banish'd *Cyprian*, and more Divines,
Condemned others to the Metal-Mines:
T'whom *Cyprian* wrote letters cons'latory
Shewing, affliction is the Saints true glory;
Deep wounds and scars are to a Christian brest
As Ornaments to bring them in request
With God himself; to multiply their fame,
And not as markes of stigmatized shame.
And though the naked Mines afford no beds,
Can they want ease that lay in Christ their heads?
What if their aking bones lie o'th'cold floor?
Is't pain to lie with Christ? say they are poor,
Yet are they rich in faith: suppose their hands
Be manacled, put ease coacted bands
Hold their worn feet: Can he be said to be
Fetter'd with chains, whom the Lord Christ doth free?
He lies ty'd in the stocks, thereby whose feet
To run a heav'nly race become more fleet.

Nor

Nor can a Chriſtian be bound ſo faſt,
But his life's crown, adds wings unto his haſt.
They have no clothes, cold weather to reſiſt:
Can he be naked who hath put on Chriſt?
Do they want bread? Chriſt is the bread of life,
That commeth down from heaven, in him is rife:
Man by the word which doth from God proceed,
Is ſaid to live, and not alone by bread.
What matter is't though you deformed ſeem?
You ſhall be honour'd, and of great eſteem:
Your God will turn your miſerable dayes
To peace; your mournings into ſongs of praiſe:
You ſail through troublous Seas, to be poſſeſt
Of heaven, the haven of eternal reſt.
And do not grieve, becauſe you are forbid
To ſerve the Lord, (as formerly you did)
In your Parochial places, God's enclin'd
T'accept th' endeavours of a willing minde:
The dayly ſacrifices you impart,
God loves; a broken and a contrite heart
His ſoul takes pleaſure in: he doth regard,
His ſervants tears, and will at laſt reward
Fidelious breſts, which do confeſs his name:
Promis'd he hath, and will perform the ſame.

SECT. XII.

The eighth Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti 259.

Valerian next adds fuel to the fire,
And blows the flames of perſecution higher;
By an Egyptian Sorcerer beguil'd,
He now is cruel, who before was milde.
The Chriſtians are baniſhed his Court,
Where lately he allow'd them to reſort;
Nor was this all; young men, maids, husbands, wives,
All ſorts, and ranks, muſt loſe (dear hearts!) their lives.
Three hundred ſouls, then by the Preſident
Of *Carthage* were into a lime-kiln ſent.
Three Virgins firſt had Vinegar and gall (and all
Forc'd down their throats; then ſcourg'd, then rack'd
Beſmeared were with lime: then broil'd, then caſt
To wild beaſts, and beheaded at the laſt.
When *Cyprian* long had born afflictions yoke,
His neck ſubmitted to the fatal ſtroke.
Sixtus a Biſhop of the City *Rome*,
And his ſix Deacons, ſuffer'd Martyrdome.
Laurence the ſeventh, as along he went
With *Sixtus* going to his puniſhment,
Complain'd he might not (ſeeing he had rather
Suffer then live) die with his Rev'rend father.
Sixtus reply'd, before three dayes were out
He ſhould come after: go and give about
I'th'interim thy treaſures to the poor:
Th'obſerving Judge ſuppoſing he had ſtore

Of wealth crock'd up, commanded him to bring
All that he had: For to effect which thing,
Laurence crav'd three dayes reſpit; in which ſtock
Of time, he gath'red a poor Chriſtian flock
Into a ring; the fourth day doth afford
New light, and he muſt now make good his word.
Being enforc'd by a ſeverer charge,
Couragious *Laurence* doth his arms enlarge
Over the needy throng, and ſaid, Theſe be
The precious Jewels of the Church: ſee, ſee,
Here treaſure is indeed; here Chriſt doth dwell.
But Oh! what tongue ſufficiently can tell
The raving fury which the Tyrant acted;
How he did ſtamp, did ſtare like one diſtracted?
His eyes did ſparkle, his gnaſh'd teeth ſtruck fire,
And's mouth all in a foam, thus wreak'd his ire:
Kindle the fire; Faggots on Faggots fling:
What, doth the villain thus delude the King?
Away, away with him; whip beat him ſore;
Jeſteth the Traitor with the Emperour?
Pinch him with red-hot tongs; let candent plates
Engird the Raskals loyns; heat, heat the grates;
And when y'have bound the Rebell hand and foot;
On with him, roſt him, broil him: look you do't,
On pain of our diſpleaſure; toſs him, turn him;
I charge you, do not leave him till you burn him,
And that to cindars too: each man fulfill
His office quick, and execute my will.
Revenge findes nimble hands; the tort'rers lay
Him on a ſoft Down-bed; I will not ſay,
A fi'ry iron one: God made it ſo,
That it afforded *Laurence* eaſe, not woe.
Valerians heart burns, *Laurence* fleſh doth roſt;
'Tis doubtful whether was tormented moſt.

Then *Laurence* thus :
Tyrant, this ſide's enough : turn up the reſt ;
Or roſt or raw, try which thou likeſt beſt.

SECT. XIII.

The ninth Primitive Perſecution, which began Anno Chriſti 278.

CLaudius, and after him *Quintilian*, (reign)
(Both which but one and thrice three years did
Maintain'd the Churches Peace : while they endur'd,
The Saints were happy, and their lives ſecur'd.
Aurelian, nat'rally ſevere and cruel,
Succeeds ; his rage fomented by the fuel
Of miſ-informing ſiniſter ſuggeſtions,
Prov'd Tyrannous ; his Nephew's life he queſtions ;
And queſtioning, abrepts : then he begun
To ſtir up the ninth perſecution.
But thus it happ'ned : while he went about
To ſeal the Edict that was iſſuing out,
There did a Thunder-bolt ſo neer him fall,
That he was kill'd, 'twas the conſent of all.
The Emp'rour ſtrake with ſuch aſtoniſhment,
Gave over his Tyrannical intent.
He after ſix years reign was murthered :
And the Church forty four years flouriſhed
Under a various Emp'rour. O what peace (creaſe
Doth crown the Chriſtians brows ! what large in-
Of honpur doth betide them ! they reſort
Unto the Court, who lately were a ſport

T'in-

T'insulting foes: and they that were a prey,
Are prais'd and priz'd: who now more great then they?
While thus the Christians bath'd themselves in quiet,
Their natures drew them to excessive riot,
T'indulge to idleness, to scold, and brawl
For very trifles, or nothing at all;
With railing words bespatt'ring one another,
Moving sedition against each other:
Bishops with Bishops; and the vulgar train
Do with the vulgar altricate for gain:
Thus, thus their sins encreased ev'ry day,
Till Gods wrath came, where sin chalk'd out the way:
And now the Christians enemies abound,
Laying their Churches level with the ground;
Burn sacred Writs, i'th'open market-places;
Pursue their Priests, and load them with disgraces:
Slanders and contumelious opprobries,
Abhor'd their Doctrine, and their words despise.

SECT. XIV.

The tenth Primitive Persecution, which began Anno Christi 308.

TWo Tyrants, *Diocletian* in the West
And *Maximinian* in the East, distress'd
The Saints of God: the foe-men overcome,
They instituted solemn games at *Rome*,
As glad memorials of their b'ing victorious:
Nay *Diocletian* was so vain-glorious,
He needs would be a god, and be ador'd
By ev'ry bended-knee, as supream Lord:

Nor

Nor did he ſtick to ſay, that he was brother
Unto the Sun and Moon, as was no other.
His ſhoes adorn'd with gold and Precious ſtones,
The people kneeling on their marrow-bones
He bid to kiſs his feet, (O height of pride!)
He perſecution rais'd; at Eaſter tide
Places of Divine worſhip he o'eturn'd;
And in contempt the Sacred Scripture burn'd,
Some Elders of the Church were torn in ſunder;
The reſt variety of deaths went under.
Sylvanus Biſhop, with him thirty nine,
Ended their ſorrowes in a Mettle-Mine.
The Tyrian Chriſtians (none this fury ſpares)
VVere caſt to Lyons, Leopards, and Bears
Kept hungry for that purpoſe: male-content,
The beaſts not touched them; their claws were bent
At other preyes; they vehemently rage (ſtage,
'Gainſt thoſe which brought the Chriſtians on the
And ſeiz'd on them; who though they thought they
Out of harms way, became the wild beaſts food. (ſtood
And afterwards, theſe holy Martyrs ſlain,
VVere ſoon commitied to the foaming main.
The Syrian Paſtors lay in priſon chain'd;
Zenobius a Phyſician, Brick-bats brain'd.
Yea good *Serena Diocleſians* wife,
Was for religions ſake depriv'd of life.
The Martyrs blood ran like a flowing tide,
Such an innumerable number dy'd.
Upon a Chriſtmas-day *Maximinus* fir'd
A Church whereto the Chriſtians retir'd,
To celebrate that joyful day, wherein
Jeſus was born to ſave them from their ſin.
He alſo did a Phrygian City burn,
And all th'inhabitants which would not turn.

Forty

Forty young Gentlemen of good repute,
Confeſs'd their faith, and boldly did refute
Falſe wayes: their names up to the Marſhal gave,
Who ſeeing them ſo gallantly behave
Themſelves, admir'd, and ſtood in a quandary,
What courſe to take; his anxious thoughts did vary:
Reſolved, he try'd what fair words would do;
Proff'ring them money, and preferment too:
They anſwer'd thus; We nothing do deſire,
But Chriſt alone; the wheel, the croſs, the fire,
Are eaſie pains. His eyes the Marſhal caſts
Upon a pond expos'd to northern blaſts;
Bids them be ſtripp'd unto their naked skin;
'Twas winter-weather, yet they muſt go in,
There ſtay all night. We put not off our cloaths,
Say they, but our old man, which God ſo loaths.
The pond receiv'd them, and the nipping froſt
Stiffened their members; breath not fully loſt
When day appear'd unto the wakened world,
They were took out, and burn'd; their aſhes hurl'd
Into the gliding ſtreams.———

In *France*, in *Colen*, *Italy*, and *Spain*,
Were many millions of Chriſtians ſlain,
As witneſſed unto the truth: in *Trevers*
The brookes of blood diſcolour'd ample Rivers.
This perſecution run along, and came
Into our *Britain*, where the Chriſtians flame.
Beſides the kindes of deaths, the torments were
So great, that they unutterable are; (lings,
As whippings, ſcourgings, rackings, hackings, mang-
Hangings, bangings, prickings, kicklings, ſtranglings,
Smoakings, choakings, roſtings, ſcorchings, ſpoylings,
Cuttings, gutings, flayings, fryings, broylings:

Some

Some manded to the mines, others were quarter'd;
In brief, there were ſeventeen thouſand Martyr'd
In one months ſpace; yet ſtill the Chriſtians joy'd,
And ſtill encreas'd, the more they were deſtroy'd.
Galerius invading *Antioch*,
Romanus runs, and tells the Chriſtian flock,
That wolves, which would devour them up, were neer:
But therewithal, exhorts them not to fear
The greateſt perils, but that young and old
Would be couragious, reſolute and bold,
To hazard life and limb, for to maintain
God's cauſe and theirs. With that, an armed train
Pour'd in upon them; but the Chriſtian throng
Arm'd with the ſtaffe of faith, were too too ſtrong
For them to grapple with then: ſpeedy word
Was ſent their Captain, that no power of ſword
Could e're prevail; it was in vain to ſtrive
Againſt the ſtream *Romanus* yet alive.
The ireful Captain, in a fume, commands
Romanus be deliver'd to his hands.
Romanus comes; thus did the Captain ſay,
And art thou then the Author of this fray?
Art thou the cauſe why thus ſo many fall?
By *Jove* I ſwear that anſwer for them all
Thou ſhalt; and that e're thee and I do part,
I'll make thee undergo the ſelf-ſame ſmart
Thou do'ſt encourage others to abide.
Galerius ceas'd: *Romanus* thus reply'd;
Tyrant, I hug, and willingly embrace
Thy ſentence; know, I count it no diſgrace
To be for my dear breth'ren ſacrific'd,
By worſt of torments, that can be devis'd.
Galerius raging at this anſwer ſtout,
Commands his men to truſs him, and draw out

His

His bowels. Th'executioners defer
Such horrid deeds, and say, Not so good Sir,
He is of noble Parents, and his breath
May not be stop'd by an ignoble death.
Scourge him then soundly, let your yerking lashes,
Weighty with leaden knobs, cut wounds, and gashes.
To whom *Romanus* used this expression;
Not my descent, but Christian-like profession
Nobilitateth me; be not therefore
More favourable, but inflict the more:
Your Idol-worship I detest, despise,
And all your superstitious fooleries.
With that his sides, his naked sides, were lanc'd
T'his bones; yet still this blessed Saint advanc'd
The living God, and Christ, whom he hath sent:
Then were his teeth struck out, for this intent
He might not speak so audibly: his face
Was buffeted, his cheeks were slic'd; nor was
This all; nails tear his eyelids: from his chin
They pluck'd his beard, and with his beard the skin:
Yet this meek Martyr said, I give to thee
O Captain, thanks, for opening wide to me
So many mouths, whereby to shew the power
Of God, and Jesus Christ my Saviour:
Look Tyrant look, upon my various wound;
So many mouths have I, Gods praise to sound.
The Captain wond'ring at his constancy,
Ceased to exercise more cruelty:
Yet menaced to burn him, and did say
Thy cruc'fi'd Christ is but of yesterday,
The Gentiles gods of longer standing are.
Romanus takes occasion to declare
Th'eternity of Christ: of seven year old
Give me a childe (said he) what he'll unfold

Listen

Liſten unto: From out the gazing throng
A pretty boy is pick'd: *Romanus* tongue
Beſpeaks him thus; My Lamb, ought we not rather
To worſhip Chriſt, and in this Chriſt one Father,
Then a plurality of Deities?
Speak, 'tis a good boy, ſpeak: the Child replies,
There needs muſt be but one God we conceive;
That there are more, we children can't believe.
Th'amazed Captain ſaid, Young villain, where,
And of whom learn'dſt thou this? my mother dear,
He anſwer'd, taught it me; this from her breaſt
I ſuck'd in with my milk, that I muſt reſt
My faith in Chriſt alone, and in no other.
In comes rejoycingly the ſent-for mother;
The child's hors'd up and ſcourg'd, the ſtanders by,
With wat'ry eyes behold this cruelty;
While the glad mother, a tear-leſs Spectator
Chides her ſweet babe, for asking for cold water:
After that cup ſhe chargeth him to thirſt
The babes drank of, which were in *Bethlem* nurs'd:
Upon my bleſſing, *Iſaac* record,
Proff'ring his neck unto his father's ſword.
Then did the barbarous tormentor pull
The hair, the skin, and all, from the childs ſcull.
The mother cryes, This pain will ſoon be gon;
Suffer, my child, my ſweet-fac'd child, anon
Thou'lt paſs to him, who will adorn thy head
With an eternal crown, a crown indeed!
Thus doth the mother chear the child: the child
Takes heart to graſs, and in his pains he ſmil'd.
The Tyrant ſeeing how the Child ſtood faſt,
Himſelf ſubdu'd, commands him to be caſt
Into a ſtinking Dungeon, whilſt that pain
Unto *Romanus* was renew'd again.

Romanus is drag'd forth, to have a freſh
Supply of ſtripes, on his bemangled fleſh.
Diſcovering the bare bones, a ſecond ſmart
Augmenteth each already-wounded part.
Nor was this yet enough; cut, prick'd, and pounc'd
He ſuddenly muſt be; then was denounc'd
A final ſentence 'gainſt him, and the child;
Both muſt be burn'd, their torments were too milde;
The tort'rers did too favourably deal.
Romanus boldly ſaid, I do appeal
From this ungodly ſentence of thine own,
To Chriſt his righteous Tribunal Throne,
Who is an upright Judge; not that I fear
Thy merc'leſs handling; no, I more can bear
Then thou canſt lay upon me; but that I
May ſhew thy judgments to be cruelty,
The childe's demanded of his mother; ſhe,
Embracing it, deliver'd it to be
Bereav'd of life; and when the fatal ſtroke
Was given, Farewel, ſweet child, Farewel, ſhe ſpoke:

All praiſe O Lord, with heart and word,
Unto thy name we vender:
The Saints that dye, are in thine eye
Moſt precious, dear, and tender.

The childs head's off, the mother tender-hearted
Enwrap'd it in her lap, and ſo departed.
Romanus then into the fire is flung:
A ſtorm extinguiſh'd it; and now his tongue
Muſt take a farewel of his head; his neck
Becomes the ſubject of a halters check.
One *Gordius* having liv'd a certain time
In deſerts, counted it at laſt a crime

Not

Not to endure; he therefore when a game
Was celebrated unto *Mars*, forth came,
And up in a conſpicuous place b'ing got,
He ſaid, I'm found of thoſe that ſought me not:
Then apprehended, he his faith confeſſes;
And in the midſt of torment this expreſſes:
God's my adjutor, Ah! why ſhould I than
Fear in the leaſt the Tyranny of man?
Nothing ſhall me diſmay, that can fall out;
Thou Lord art with me, fencing me about
With Bullwarks of thy love; thy favour ſtill
Surrounds me: Ah! how can I then fear ill?
Theſe torments are but light, which I endure;
Let heavier come. Tormentors, pray procure
Subſtantialler then theſe; theſe are too ſmall:
Gibbits? and racks? as good have none at all.
VVhen foul means could not ſhake his faith in Chriſt,
He was by ſpecious promiſes entic'd:
But *Gordius* ſaid, I do expect in heaven
Greater preferments, then on earth are given.
Now for this good man going to be burn'd,
How many tender-hearted perſons mourn'd!
To whom he thus; Let not your brimfill'd-eyes
Weep ſhowres for me, but for God's enemies;
VVho make a fire for us, But in concluſion,
Purchaſe a greater to their own confuſion:
O weep for them, or none; good people curb
Thoſe gliding ſtreams, and do not thus diſturb
My calmed minde: for truely I could bear
A thouſand deaths for Chriſt, and never fear.
Some pity'd him, while others, ſtanding by,
Perſwade him to deny Chriſt verbally,
And to himſelf reſerve his conſcience.
My tongue, ſaid he, will under no pretence

Deny its donor: unto righteouſneſs
Our hearts believe, but 'tis our tongues confeſs
Unto ſalvation; O let me excite
You all to ſuffer for a cauſe ſo right:
Good folks, fulfill a dying mans deſire.
So ſaid, he ceas'd, and leap'd into the fire.
One *Menas*, an Egyptian born and bred,
Leaving his temporal ſubſiſtence, led
A ſolitary life, in deſert places;
Where he might wholly exerciſe his graces,
In faſting, prayer, meditation, fit
And dil'gent reading of the ſacred Writ.
At laſt return'd to *Cotis*, when the croud
Were at their paſtimes, he proclaim'd aloud
Himſelf to be a Chriſtian: then ſurpriz'd,
His faith in God more boldly he agniz'd.
Torments enſu'd; no torments could revoke
His minde, but thus he confidently ſpoke:
In my minde, nothing comparable is
To the enjoyment of eternal bliſs:
Nay, all the world, if put into one ſcale,
Is lighter then one ſoul: VVho can prevail,
To diſunite us from the love of Chriſt?
Can tribulation? anguiſh? he's the high'ſt;
To him will I look up; he bids me fear not
Thoſe that can kill me bodily, but are not
Able to hurt the ſoul: but fear him who
Hath pow'r to ſlay the ſoul and body too,
And fling them into hell. Having receiv'd
The final ſentence, up to heaven he heav'd
His eyes, hands, heart, and ſaid: O Lord my maker,
Thanks be to thee, in that I am partaker
Of Chriſt his precious blood: thou haſt not let
My foes devour me, but haſt beſet

My heav'n-fix'd ſoul with ſuch true conſtancy,
That in the faith I liv'd, for that I die.
The lift up axe, upon his neck falls down,
And ſo he loſt his head, but found a Crown.
In *Portugal* a Noble Virgin nam'd
Eulalia, of twelve years old, enflam'd
With holy zeal, moſt earneſtly deſir'd
To ſuffer death, and heartily requir'd
The bleſt aſſiſtance of Gods willing arm,
And faith all her corruptions to charm:
Her godly Parents, fearing ſhe ſhould come
T'untimely death, did keep her cloſe at home;
But ſhe (not brooking long delay) by night
Stole out of doors, by that time it was light
She came into the City, and appearing
Before the Judge, ſpake boldly in his hearing:
What, no Shame in you? will you ſtill be bent
To ſhoot your arrowes at the innocent?
Never have done (becauſe no power controuls)
To break their bodies, and afflict their ſouls?
Are you deſirous what I am to know?
I am a Chriſtian, and an open foe
Unto your diabolick ſacrifices:
As for your Idols, them my ſoul deſpiſes:
I do aknowledge, with my voice and heart,
Th'all-powerfull God: Hangman, in ev'ry part
Come cut and mangle me, dishead me, burn me;
What ever thou canſt do, ſhall never turn me.
Alas! alas! my fleſh is too too weak,
And may be conquer'd; thou maiſt eas'ly break
This brittle Casket: but my inward minde
A jewel is which thou ſhalt never finde.
Then thus the angry Judge; Here Hangman, take her,
Drag her out by the hair, to torments; make her

Be

Be ſenſible of what our Gods can do,
And we: But yet before thou undergo
A miſerable end, O ſturdy girle,
I'de fain have thee recant; life is a pearl
Too precious to loſe: call but to minde
Thy Noble Birth, and be not ſo unkinde
To thine own ſelf as to neglect thy fortune;
Methinks the gliſt'ring Bride-bed ſhould importune
Thee to preſerve thy life: bar not thine ears,
But be entreated by thy Parents tears,
Not to contemn th'Aurora of thy time;
The flower of thy youth is in its prime,
And wilt thou ſlight it now? well, if thou wilt,
Know, that to make thee anſwer for thy guilt,
Engines are ready; if thoul't not be turn'd,
Thou ſhalt beheaded be, or rack'd, or burn'd:
What a ſmall matter is't, not worth this ſtrife,
To ſtrew incenſe? yet that ſhall ſave thy life.
Eulalia not reply'd, but ſpurn'd abroad
The incenſe heaps, and did with ſpittle load
The tyrants face: the Hangman having retch'd her;
With wilde-beaſts talons to the hard bones ſcratch'd
But ſhe ceas'd not to praiſe the Lord, and prize (her.
Th'attainment of theſe ſublime dignities.
VVith th'iron grate her mangled body 's gor'd;
Her breſts, with flaming torches are devour'd;
Her long hair ſet on fire: ſhe opened wide
Her mouth, and ſucked in the flame, and di'd.
The Judge told *Agnes*, if ſhe did refuſe
To ſacrifice, there was a common ſtews,
And in ſhe ſhould: the chaſt religious maid
Unto the flock'd-laſcivious youngſters ſaid,
Chriſt will not ſuffer this (I tell you true)
This ſpotleſs ſoul to be defil'd by you

By you baſe ſlaves to luſt; then was ſhe plac'd
Naked i'th'ſtreet, and publickly diſgrac'd:
Amongſt the reſt, one ſcoffing at her ſhame,
A flame like to a flaſh of lightning came
And ſtruck out both his eyes; he falling down,
Did wallow in the dirt, while ſhe did crown
Her ſoul in praiſing God: the Judge ſends word
To th'executioner to ſheath his ſword
In her warm bowels; *Agnes* maketh haſt
To meet with him; ſhe cannot run ſo faſt.
O this (ſaid ſhe) this, this is he whom I
Am taken with: I long, I long to die:
My breſt ſtands fair; thruſt ſouldier, if thou wilt,
Thy glitt'ring rapier up unto the hilt.
Dear Father open wide the gates of heaven
To entertain my ſoul: her life's bereaven.

SECT. XV.

The Perſecution of the Chriſtians in Perſia, *under* Sapores, *about the ſame time.*

AND now the Perſian Magicians bring
In accuſations, to *Sapores* King,
Againſt the Chriſtians, for their adhering
To *Conſtantine the Great*, (a crime paſt cleering.)
The King incens'd herewith, with taxes, fines,
Oppreſs'd them ſore, and killed their Divines:
Simeon their Prieſt was into priſon ſent,
For ſlighting Idol-gods; and as he went,
Uſthazares (a Chriſtian of late,
Since fall'n away) who at the Court-gate ſate,

Eſpying

Eſpying him led by, obeyſance did him:
But *Simeon* for Apoſtatizing chid him.
The conſcious Eunuch ſuddenly let fall
A briny ſhowre; his coſtly garments all
Laid by, he mourn'd, and with dejected face,
Deplored thus his lamentable caſe:
Ah me! with what a brazen brow ſhall I
Look upon God, ſee'ng *Simeon* doth deny
His kinde ſalute? He to the King muſt go,
Who gently ask'd him why he mourned ſo?
If in my Palace thou want'ſt any thing
Speak man, and by the honour of a King
It ſhall be thine: that tolerable were;
But Ah! who can a wounded ſpirit bear?
'Tis this (ſaid he) that acerbates my woe;
I live, who ſhould have dyed long agoe;
This Sun I ſee, to which I ſeem'd to bow
Thereby denying Chriſt, to pleaſure you;
I'll take a ſolemn vow, for to adore
The great Creator, not the Creature more.
The King adjudged him to loſe his head;
And at his death, at his requeſt 'twas ſpread,
Here's one that ſuffers not for any treaſon,
But for religion, and no other reaſon.
The Chriſtians which diſheartened had bin
By his Apoſtacy, he ſought to win
By his profeſſion and example too,
To take new courage, and to undergo
The like if need requir'd. Good *Simeon*
Rejoyc'd, and prais'd the Lord for what was don.
When the next Sun had rais'd them from their beds,
He and a hundred more all loſt their heads.
The King decreed, no mercy ſhould be us'd
To them which to adore the Sun refus'd.

The sword rang'd over all the Persian bounds;
Devour'd whole Cities, and unpeopled towns.
In brief, in all, during *Sapore's* reign
Were more then sixteen thousand Christians slain.

SECT. XVI.

The Churches Persecution under Julian *the Apostata*, Anno Christi 365.

NO sooner was *Constantius* deceas'd,
Julian his nephew, of the West and East
Is made sole Emperour: he from his youth
Was well instructed in religion's truth:
His good behaviour and ingenious parts,
Made him a Load-stone to attract all hearts.
In brief, he had (what's difficult to finde)
The rare endowments of a vertuous minde.
But he Apostatiz'd: Satan his tutor,
Learn'd him to be the Churches persecutor:
He op'd the Idol-*Fanes*, lock'd up before;
And when the Christian faith grew more and more
By torments, he was pityful and mild,
And by his gifts and flatteries beguil'd
The weaker sort, who avarous of gain,
VVere drawn aside: he also did ordain,
That none professing Christianitie,
Master of any Art should dare to be,
Or any Officer: he did suborn
Jesters, to load them with contempt and scorn:

Himself

Himſelf put none to death; yet did the crew
Of Heathenish Idolaters imbrew (ſtones,
Their hands in Chriſtian gore, brain'd them with
And tore the fleſh from off their naked bones;
Drench'd ſome in ſcalding water; ſome were ſtripp'd
Stark naked; others had their bellies rip'd
And ſtuff'd with barly, for the greedy ſwine
To champ upon; while ſome with famine pine.
Some ſmear'd with honey up againſt the Sun,
In baskets hung, for VVaſps to feed upon.
The children neither ſpar'd father nor mother,
Nor parents child'ren; no nor brother brother.
The fleſh-deprived bones of ſome were mix'd
VVith aſſes bones: here hangs on crucifix'd,
And there's one drag'd about the ſtreets; a third
Is taken captive like a twiglim'd bird.
VVhen *Julian* ſacrific'd to *Fortune*, one
Maris, Biſhop of blind-ey'd *Chalcedon*,
Sharply rebuk'd him, call'd him impious man,
Apoſtate, Atheiſt: to whom *Julian*
Retorts, Blind fool, thy God of *Galilee*
VVill not reſtore thy ſight, and make thee ſee.
Maris reply'd, I am not ſo unkinde,
As not to thank my God which made me blinde,
Leſt that mine eyes, (turn'd from a better ſight,)
Upon thy ſo ungracious face ſhould light.
Cyrillus, Deacon in *Hierapolis*,
Demoliſhed the Gentiles Images;
He's took, his belly's rip'd, his liver drawn
Out of his body, with their teeth is gnawn.
A little track of time b'ing wheel'd about,
Their tongues were rotted, and their teeth fell out
Of their looſe ſockets; their blind eyes no more
Beheld the objects they beheld before.

While of *Apollo's Delphick* Oracle
Julian enquir'd, a flaſh of lightning fell
From the collided clouds, which overturn'd
The Temple, and *Apollo's* Image burn'd.
The Chriſtians made complaint to *Julian*, that
The fines were more then they were ſeſſed at:
He ſcoff'd them thus; You ought to undergo
All wrongs: does not your God command you ſo?
Ath'naſius ſaid, This perſecution
Beati Pauperes. Is but a little cloud, 'twill ſoon be gon,

SECT. XVII.

The Churches Perſecution under the Arrian *Hereticks, which began* An. Chriſti 339.

GReat *Conſtantine*, a while before he dy'd,
Amongſt his ſons did equally divide
His Empire; to the rule he did aſſigne
Conſtantius, *Conſtans*, and *Conſtantine*:
Conſtantius, that governed the Eaſt,
Was ſoon ſeduced by an Arrian prieſt;
Who him inform'd, that *Athanaſius*
Return from exile was pernicious
Unto the publick good: incenſed then,
The Emp'rour ſent five thouſand armed men
To cut him ſhort: the Church was round beſet,
Yet he from them mirac'louſly did get;
Though many Arrians caſt their eyes about
For this intent, t'indigitate him out;
Not much unlike a ſheep ordain'd for ſlaughter:
Nor could this good man live in quiet after,

In baniſhment till he was forc'd to hide
In a deep pit, where he no light eſpide
For twice three years; and at laſt by a maid
That us'd to bring him food, he was betraid:
But God's directing ſpirit did befriend him;
He ſcap'd, before they came to apprehend him.
Thirty Egyptian Biſhops ſlain; twice ſeven
Were baniſhed; ſome in their way took heaven.
In *Alexandria* (the Arrians urg'd)
Twice twenty Orthodox Divines were ſcourg'd.
The Emperour, at his approaching death,
Griev'd for his changing of the *Nicene* faith.
Valens held on theſe damnable deſigns
'Gainſt Chriſtians; fourſcore eminent Divines
He ſhip'd, and fir'd; ſo they reſign'd their breath,
By patient ſuffering of a double death.
Many he cauſed to be cruſh'd to ſhivers;
Some to be drown'd i'th' Sea, others in rivers;
Some in the deſarts wandred up and down,
Cloathed in ſheeps-skins, pityed by none:
While other-ſome, (ſo put unto their ſhifts,)
Lurked in dens and hollow rocky clifts.
At laſt this Tyrant from the *Goths* did fly,
Who fir'd a village o're his head, whereby
He miſerably dy'd: unto his name
Leaving behind a monument of ſhame.

SECT.

SECT. XVIII.

The Perſecution by the Donatiſts, Anno Chriſti 410.

THe Donatiſts, and Circumcellions,
In Sun-burnt *Affrick*, rais'd rebellions:
The Orthodox, innumerable wrongs
Lay under; Biſhops loſt their hands and tongues:
And others, that remain'd ſincere and ſound,
This barbrous outrage either hang'd or drown'd;
Their goods are plunder'd, and their houſes turn'd
To heaps of cinders, and their Fanes are burn'd.
The ſacred Scriptures are by flames devour'd;
Wives are defil'd, and Virgins are deflour'd.
Where ever theſe profane Schiſmaticks came,
They holy things profan'd; nor was't a ſhame
Counted amongſt them, but a grace, to feed
Their mungrell currs with Sacramental bread.
But God's juſt judgements did not long forbear:
The Dogs run mad, and their own Maſters tear.
Theſe furious perſons, caſt into the ſtocks
The godly Chriſtians, and the Orthodox:
All *Affrick* o're, they empty out their gall,
Deſtroying many, and affrighting all.

SECT.

SECT. XIX.

The Perſecution of the Church in Affrick, *by the* Arrian Vandales, Anno Chriſti 427.

THe *Vandales*, under *Genſerick's* command
Remov'd their Quarters from th' *Iberian* land,
And march'd to *Affrick*: as along they went,
Cut down the ſhrubs, which yeilded aliment
To the diſperſed Saints; what e're they found
Unruin'd, they laid level with the ground.
The Min'ſters ſinking underneath their loads,
Are pricked forward with ſharp-pointed goads.
Some had (until they crack'd again) their legs
Wreſted with bow-ſtrings: greaſe and oily dregs,
Salt-water, ſtinking mire, and Vinegar,
Into the mouths of others forced are.
The Reverend gray hairs, from them obtain'd
No mercy: as for infants, they were brain'd,
Or torn in pieces from the fundament.
The Carthaginian Senators were ſent
To wander in exile; without reſpect
To ſex, or age, the Roman City's ſack'd.
Upon Aſcention-day, a Chriſtian train
Meeting at Church, were by theſe her'ticks ſlain.
There was a Noble man, nam'd *Saturus*,
The Tyran: ſeeing him, beſpake him thus:
Y' had beſt to execute my juſt commands,
Or you ſhall forfeit elſe, your houſe and lands;
Your wife ſhall marry one that drives the plow;
Your children ſhall be ſold: nor did this bow

The

The good mans faith; his wife hearing her doom
Was to be marry'd to a ſcurvy groom,
Runs to her husband, doth her fine clothes tear,
And rends from off her head her curious hair;
Her brood of children hanging at her heels,
A ſuckling in her arms, then down ſhe kneels,
And ſaid (my deareſt) Oh ſome pity take
On thy poor wife: O for the Lord Chriſt's ſake
Let not thy bantlings under ſlav'ry tire,
Nor me be linked to a filthy Squire.
Be rul'd, ſweet heart, if by conſtraint th'art brought
To act amiſs, thine will not be the fault.
He thus; Thou ſpeakeſt like a fooliſh wife,
Acting the Devils part; thy husbands life
If thou didſt dearly tender, as thou ſhouldſt,
Entice him ſo to ſin, thou never wouldſt;
Which will procure a ſecond death to me,
Worſe then the firſt; I am reſolv'd to be
Obedient therefore to my Gods commands,
And quite forſake wife, children, houſe, and lands,
To b'his Diſciple. Scarce theſe words were out,
He was deſpoil'd of all, and ſent about
The Country begging. *Genſerick* being dead,
Hunrick ſucceeded in his fathers ſtead.
Well nigh five thouſand that did Chriſt profeſs,
He baniſhed into the wilderneſs:
He made his Courtiers dig the earth for corn,
And brought the women into publick ſcorn.
Mothers their little children followed,
Right glad that Martyrs they had born and bred.
One leading by the hand her little Son,
Haſting t'oretake them, ſaid, Run Sirrah, run;
Seeſt how the Saints do trudge along? how faſt
They make unto their crown? haſt, ſirrah, haſt.

She's thus rebuk'd: How now? why do you go
So ſpeedy? woman, whither haſte you ſo?
She thus reply'd; Good folks pray pray for me,
I go to exile with this child you ſee,
For fear the enemies corrupt his youth,
And ſo miſlead him from the wayes of truth.
As the Saints went along to baniſhment,
Multitudes follow'd, and with one conſent
Flinging their children down, did this expreſs;
And muſt we then be wedded to diſtreſs?
While you haſte to your crown, what will become
Of us (poor wretches as we are) at home?
VVhat Miniſters have we (you gon) to feed
Our hungry ſouls with ſacramental bread?
VVho ſhall baptize our infants? tell us who
Inſtruct us? w'nave a greater minde to go
Then ſtay behinde: but Ah! our feeble ſtrength
VVill not hold out ſo great a journeys length.
Now they that went, and could not mend their paces,
Were dragged by the Moors, through rugged places;
Their fleſh all rent and torn; they that were ſtronger
Came to the wilderneſs, to kill their hunger,
And barely are allow'd; the Scorpions crawll
About them, but do them not hurt at all
VVith their lethif'rous ſtings: thus God did pleaſe
After affliction to ſend them eaſe.
Hunrick ſends Mandates throughout *Affrica*,
That all the Biſhops ſhould by ſuch a day
At *Carthage* meet, on purpoſe by diſpute
To prop their faith; and if they could confute
The Arrian Biſhops: now the time drew near,
And they according to command appear.
Diſpute began; The Orthodox thought beſt
To cull out ſome, to anſwer for the reſt.

The

The Arrians plac'd themſelves on ſublime thrones ;
Theſe ſtood o'th' ground, and ſaid, Inequall ones
Are too unfit to hold an argument,
No, no, it is by general conſent,
That Diſputants the controverſie rear
On equal termes, until the truth be clear.
An hundred ſtrokes, on ev'ry one were laid
For this bold ſpeech ; whereat *Eugenius* ſaid,
The Lord in mercy look upon our woes,
And mark our ſufferings under raging foes.
The Arrian Biſhops moved to propound
What they intended, at the firſt, gave ground,
Declining the diſpute : the Orth'dox then
A Declaration of their faith, did pen,
And did it with this proteſtation ſhow:
What our belief is, if you long to know,
Here 'tis : the Arrians ſtormed at this thing,
Gave them foul words, accus'd them to the King ;
He all of them out of the City turn'd ;
Who them reliev'd, muſt by his Law be burn'd.
The Biſhops which i'th' open fields did ly,
Beſpake the Tyrant as he paſſed by :
What evil have we done ? we fain would know
The reaſon why we are afflicted ſo ;
If we be called to diſpute, we crave
Why are we thus deſpoil'd of all we have ?
Why muſt we live on dunghils, in diſtreſs,
Afflicted, houſleſs, cold, and comfortleſs ?
He bids, and over them his horſmen ride ;
Many are bruiſed ſore, then they deny'd,
B'ing urg'd, unto an oath to put their hands ;
And ſaid, Our God contrarily commands :
Nor are we mad-men, or ſuch fools, as that
We ſhould ſubſcribe, before we know to what.

This

This was the tenour of the oath then read:
You all ſhall ſwear, that when the King is dead
Hildrick ſhall reign, and that no man ſhall ſend
Letters beyond the ſeas. The King your friend,
Upon your taking it, will you reſtore
Unto the Churches you were at before.
They that did not, and alſo they that did
Were all enſlaved, and to preach forbid.
What doleful outcries! what heart-rending grones
Were throughout *Affrick* caus'd by bloody ones!
With cudgels, either ſex and age was bang'd:
Here, ſome they burned; there they others hang'd.
Women, and naked gentlewomen were
Openly tortur'd, all their bodies bare.
Fair *Dionyſia* bolder the reſt,
Thus the conceptions of her mind expreſt:
Afflict your fill, God's favour I have got;
Onely my woman-hood diſcloſe you not. (her,
Theſe words ſcarce out, they more enraged ſtrip'd
Expos'd her to all eyes, and ſoundly whip'd her,
Untill the blood flow'd down: that which you broach,
Satanick ſlaves (ſaid ſhe) for my reproach,
Is my beſt garland. Then ſhe wiſely chear'd
Her young and onely ſon, who perſever'd
Patient in all his pains, till he diſburſt
His ſpirit unto him that gave it firſt.
Hunrick b'ing dead, ſucceeding *Gundabund*
Twice ſix years tyranniz'd: mild *Thraſamund*
And *Ild'rick* ruled well. But in concluſion,
Bell'zarius brought the *Vandals* to confuſion,
After they ninety years had been a rod
To ſcourge the Saints and *Iſrael* of God.

THE

THE Perſecution of the Church Under the PAPACY.

SECT. XX.

The Perſecution of the Waldenſes, *which began* Anno Chriſti 1160.

WHen the black cloak of Popery was hurl'd
Upon the ſhoulders of the chriſtian world,
The ſaints ſtill labour'd to diſpel away
Thoſe ſhades Cimmerian, and reveal the day
With truth's bright luſtre; and withall deveſt
The Roman glory. One among the reſt,
A learn'd and godly man at *Lions*, whoſe name
Was *Peter Valdo*, much oppos'd the ſame;
Declaring plainly Tranſubſtantiation
To be no better then an Innovation:
He mov'd the cred'lous people to embrace
The precious offers of the means of grace.
They which unto his Doctrine gave reſpect,
From him were called the *Waldenſian* Sect:

Which

Which like a Snow-ball rowling down a hill,
Decreaſed nothing, but increaſed ſtill.
Though ev'ry day and hour the Martyrs bleed,
Yet is the Martyrs blood the Churches ſeed.
This her'ſy in a thouſand Citys ſwarms,
Maintaining ſeventy thouſand men of arms:
Nor could the popiſh Canons, Conſtitutions,
Curſes, Decrees, alter their reſolutions:
To ſuffer wrong, in body, goods, or name,
For Chriſt his ſake, was counted not a ſhame.
Valdo yet ſtill proceeds (nor can he hope
Long life) to publiſh to the world, the Pope
Is Antichriſt; the Maſs abominable;
The Hoſt an Idol; Purgator'a fable.
Pope *Innocent* the third, did authorize *Anno* 1198
Monkiſh Inquiſitors for to ſurprize
Theſe Her'ticks (as he call'd them) by proceſs,
That ſo the ſec'lar power might them ſuppreſs,
Is any rich, the inquis'tors had a trick
To make him poor, Oh he's an Heretick,
Let him have ſuch a death; no power controul'd
Or curb'd them in; but what they would, they would.
If any, water, or a pad of ſtraw,
Gave to the Saints, he was condemn'd by law.
If any advocate, afraid to plead
His kinſmans cauſe an Action indeed!
And if an Heir, his father that way leans,
And that's enough to rob him of his means.
Nay, for to keep the people in more aw,
They priſoners do in their proceſſions draw
Triumphantly; injoyning them to vex
And ſcourge themſelves; with ropes about their necks,
A torch in either hand, others along
Muſt paſs, to terrify the gazing throng.

Beſides all theſe, they have a thouſand Querks;
They ſend out ſome to fight againſt the Turks
And Infidels; (no need to ſeek for heires)
Their houſes, goods, and chattels, all are theirs.
At their return, if any ask'd their wives
VVho lay with them? They 'ndangered their lives.
The foes confeſs'd, they had not wherewithall
To build up priſons for th' accuſed all:
And yet for all this perſecution, there
Anno Above eight hundred thouſand Chriſtians were.
1260. The faith encreas'd, and with a proſp'rous gale
Clim'd o're the Alps, came to *Pragela's* vale;
From thence the people bordered upon
St. *Martin*, *Piedmont*, *La Peronſe Angrogne*.
Wander there did innumerable flocks
Upon the craggy cliffs, and algid rocks.
Above three thouſand being hid in caves,
VVere ſtifled by theſe marble-hearted ſlaves.
The poor *Waldenſes* by their pray'rs and tears
Oft mov'd the Lord to free them from their fears.
Two horſemen flying, cry'd, They come, they come;
Another while, the beating of a drum
Cauſed their foes retreat: which ſtones, and ſlings,
They thouſands kill'd at ſeveral skirmiſhings.
Thus God for his deſpiſed Saints did fight,
A handful putting num'rous foes to flight.
But when the godleſs party overcame,
They did commit their captives to the flame,
Or hang'd them up, or cut them out in quarters;
All which diſcourag'd not the glorious Martyrs.
Through the induſtrious *Waldenſes* toil,
Abundant ſtore of Corn, and VVine, and Oil,
Enrich'd *Calabria*; And God did bleſs
Their pains in *Provence*, with the like ſucceſs.

At laſt when freely they the Goſpels worth
Began to publiſh, Pope *Pius* the fourth
Diſturbing them, they left behinde their goods,
With wives and children flying into th'woods;
But were purſu'd; ſome ſlain and others wounded,
Some famine-pined ſouls in caves were found dead,
And they that were of St. *Xiſt* and *la Garde*,
Were rack'd, ſtrip'd, whip'd, nor old nor young was
Panza ſlays eighty, and ſtakes up their joynts (ſpar'd
For thirty miles together; he appoints
A quarter to each ſtake. *Merindol* Town
Was razed by *Opede*, and batter'd down.
The *Cabrierians* brought into a field,
Were hack'd to pieces 'cauſe they would not yield,
And in a barn repleniſhed with ſtraw
Women were fir'd. *Opede* himſelf did draw
Young Infants from their mothers rip'd-up bellies;
His men kill'd them of *Aix* and *Marſeilles*:
Some two and two, together bound, they ſlew
And boots of ſcalding oil (O cruel!) drew
On others legs. But heav'n at laſt decreed
A woful end, to that accurs'd *Opede*.
The *Waldenſes*, which into *Albi* came,
Of *Albigenſes* thence receiv'd the name.
Pope *Alexander* the third, his wrath did ſmoke
When they ſhook off his Antichriſtian yoke;
He them condemn'd as Her'ticks, yet they ſpred,
And many potent Towns inhabited:
Nay many Lords, and Earls, did with them ſide,
Againſt the Pope, and conſtantly deny'd
The Romiſh faith, and reſolutely ſpake
Their willingneſs to ſuffer for Chriſts ſake.
Beziers was ſtormed by the Pilgrim train,
And in it ſixty thouſand perſons ſlain.

The Legat saies, Souldiers kill old and young,
For why? God knoweth those to him belong.
The Catholicks besieg'd and batter'd down
On the inhab'tants heads *Carcasson* Town.
When *Baron* Castle was surpriz'd, th' enclos'd
Of th' *Albigenses* were disey'd, disnos'd,
Then sent to *Cab'ret* with an one-ey'd guide.
Yet still like gold that's in a furnace tri'd,
The Saints appear'd; their sparkling zeal like fire
Blown by afflictions bellows, blaz'd the higher.
Now *Luther* rose, the Antichristian terror,
And those that were seduc'd, reduc'd from error.

SECT. XXI.

The Persecution of the Church of God in Bohemia, *which began* Anno Christi 894.

Borivojus, Duke of *Bohemia*,
Entring the confines of *Moravia*,
By a strange providence was Christianiz'd,
And with him thirty *Pal'tines* were baptiz'd.
At his return, he raised from the ground
Churches, and Schools; and all the Country round
Flock'd thither: many of the Noble race,
As well as Commons, did the Truth embrace.
Malicious Satan env'ing the progress
The Gospel made, 'gainst those that it profess
Rais'd persecution up: *Borivojus*
Is sent into exile. *Sanguineous*
Drahomira the Christian temples locks,
Forbidding Ministers to tend their flocks;

And

And in the silent night, three hundred lives
Pay'd tribute to the bloody cut-throats knives.
But Gods just Judgement, *Drahomira* follow'd,
The opening earth, her and her Carr up swallow'd.
The Popish party having got the day,
Did all the obvious Bohemians slay.
At *Custenburge* four Thousand souls were thrown
Into the Metal-Mines; O hearts of stone!
The Priests cry out, Blow out, good people, blow
These sparks, before into a flame they grow:
Water is us'd; the more they did endeavour
To drown the Saints, they flamed more then ever:
Many are scourg'd, some sent into exile.
Two German Merchants brought unto the pile,
Exceedingly encourag'd one another:
One sayes, Since Christ hath suffered (dear brother)
For wretched us, let's do the same likewise
For him; and such a high-bred favour prize,
That we are counted worthy so to die
For his sweet sake: the other did reply,
The joy that in my Marriage-day I found,
Was small to this; O this doth more abound!
Both cry'd aloud, (the Faggots set on fire)
Blest Christ, thou in thy torments didst desire
Thine en'mies peace; the like we also crave:
Forgive the King; let not the Clergy have
Thy scalding vengeance; O forbear to plague
The poor misled inhabitants of *Prague*:
O be thou pleas'd to let them Scot-free go:
For Ah! poor souls, they know not what they do;
Their hands are full of blood: they pray'd and wept;
And wept and pray'd, till in the Lord they slept.
On Noble-men intolerable Fines
Were laid; two hundred eminent Divines

Are exil'd; ſome are burned; others brain'd;
Some ſhot to death; with blood the earth's deſtain'd.
The Martyrs one by one, that were in hold,
Are called forth; who reſolutely bold
Haſt to their ſufferings, with as great content,
As if they had unto a banquet went.
When one was called for, he thus expreſt
Himſelf, in taking leave of all the reſt:
Farewel, dear friends, Farewel; the Lord ſupport
Your ſpirits, that you may maintain the fort
Againſt the common foe; and make you ſtout,
And reſolute to keep all batt'ry out;
That what you lately with your mouths profeſt,
You may by your ſo glorious death atteſt.
Behold, I lead the way, that I may ſee
My Saviours glory; you will follow me
To the fruition of my fathers ſight.
O how my ſoul is raviſh'd with delight!
This very hour all ſorrow bids, adieu
To my glad heart: O now my joyes renew:
Tranſcendent joyes! heaven and eternity
Is mine, is mine. Then did the reſt reply,
God go along with you: O heaven we pray
Aſſiſt thy ſervant, in his thorn-pav'd way.
O may the willing Angells come to meet
Thy obvious body, and direct thy feet
Into thine, and our Fathers Manſion:
Go, go, dear brother go; and we anon
Shall follow after, and be all receiv'd
To bliſs through Chriſt in whom we have believ'd.
Farewel, farewel; let equal joyes betide
To us that follow, and to you our guide.
First the Lord *Schlick*, a man as wiſe as grave,
Condemned to be quarter'd, did behave

Himſelf

Himself most gallantly, and said, My doom
Me pleaseth well, what care I for a Tombe?
A Sepulchre is but an easie loss;
Fear death? not I: welcom my crown, my cross:
Let, let these limbs be scatter'd here and there;
I have Gods favour, and I do not fear
The worst that foes can do: see how the Sun
Displaies his shining beams. Jesuites be gon,
And build not Castles in the empty air,
For I dare die for Christ; I that I dare.
Be pleas'd, blest Jesus, thorough deaths dark night,
To Manu-duct me to eternal light;
Eternal light! O what a happy sound
That word reports! my soul, at a rebound
Catch heaven, catch heaven: no sooner had he spoke,
But he submitted to the fatal stroke:
His right hand, and his head (lop'd off his shoulders)
Are hung on high, to terrify beholders.
The Lord *Wenceslaus*, seventy years old,
B'ing next, was asked, why he was so bold
In *Fred'ricks* cause: he said, My conscience run
Along with me; and what is done, is done.
My God, lo here I am, dispose of me,
Thine aged servant, as best pleaseth thee:
O send that grim-look'd messenger, that staies
For none, to end these miserable dayes;
May I not see the ruines that do wait
Upon our sinking, our declining State.
Behold this Book; my Paradise was never
So cordial as now: Judges, persever
In sucking Christian blood; but know, Gods ire
Shall smoak you for't. Up starts a cowled Fryer,
And said, Your Judgement errs. With this reply,
He answer'd him, I on the truth rely,

And not on bare opinion; Chriſt's the Way,
The Truth, the Life; in him I cannot ſtray.
Then ſtroaking his prolixed beard, he ſaid,
My gray hairs honour ſerves you: having pray'd,
And giv'n his ſoul to Chriſt his Saviour,
His cut-off head was fixed on the Tower.
Lord *Harant* next was call'd, who bravely ſaid,
I've travell'd far, and many journeys made
Through barb'rous countries and eſcaped dangers
By ſea and land; yet was my life by ſtrangers
Surrepted not: b'ing ſafe returned home,
My friends and Country-men my foes become:
For whom I, and my Grandſires have let fall
And waſted our eſtates, our lives and all.
Forgive them father; I O Lord have grounded
My faith in thee; let me not be confounded.
Then on the Scaffold, thus: O Lord, I give
My ſpir't into thine hands; in hope to live
By Chriſt his death, according to thy word:
And ſo he yielded to the murth'rous ſword.
Sir *Caſpar Kaplitz*, eighty ſix years old,
Said to the Miniſter, Behold behold
Me a decrepit wretch, whoſe frequent pray'rs
Have beg'd deliverance from this vale of tears;
But all in vaine: for to be gaz'd upon
By the worlds eyes I'm kept; God's will be done,
Not mine; my death to mortal eyes may ſeem
Diſgraceful, but 'tis rich in Gods eſteem.
Oh Lord my God, my trembling feet ſupport,
For fear my ſudden fall occaſion ſport
To my obſerving foes. The Miniſter
(Perceiving that the executioner
Could not perform his office as he meant,
His crookedneſs b'ing an impediment)

Beſpake him thus; My Noble Lord, as you
Commended have your ſoul to Chriſt, ſo now
Advance your hoary head to God: he try'd
What he could do: his head ſtruck off, he dy'd.
Then the Lord *Otto*, a judicious man,
Having receiv'd the ſentence, thus began:
And do you then, O *Ceſar*, ſtill think good
For to ſtabilitate your throne with blood?
Can God be pleas'd with this? ſay Tyrant ſay:
How will you anſwer't at that dreadful day?
Kill this my body; do, let my blood fill
Your veins; diſperſe my members where you will;
Yet this is my belief, My loving father
Will be ſo pleas'd as them together gather,
And cloath them with their skin; theſe very eyes
Shall ſee my Lord, where e're my body lies:
Theſe ears ſhall hear him; and this very tongue
Ring peals of joy; his praiſes ſhall be ſung
By this ſame heart of mine. I muſt confeſs,
I was perplex'd at firſt; but now, I bleſs
My God, I finde a change: I was not troubled
So much, but now my joyes are more redoubled;
I fear not death; now death hath loſt her ſting:
To die with joy O 'tis a pious thing!
Am not I ſure, Chriſt and his Angels will
Guide me to heaven, where I ſhall drink my fill
Of thoſe Celeſtial cups, thoſe cups of pleaſure,
And meaſure drinking, though not drink by meaſure?
Shall then this death have power to divide
My ſoul from him? the heavens open wide:
See where my finger points. The ſtanders by
Beheld eye-dazeling corruſcancy.
After a ſilent prayer made, he ſpake,
Lord ſave thy ſervant; Oh ſome pity take:

I am thy creature; O let me inherit
Chriſt-purchas'd glory: Lord receive my ſpirit.
Next, *Dionyſius Zervius* (that ſtorm'd
Againſt the ſaints; but) when he was inform'd
Of Goſpel-truths, how Chriſt procured reſt
For thoſe believ'd, he forthwith ſmote his breſt,
And fetch'd a ſigh, while tears ran down; did cry,
This is my faith, and in this faith I'll die:
Through Chriſt alone, I can acceptance finde,
Yet God will not deſpiſe my contrite minde;
Upon theſe knees, theſe bended knees, I call
For mercy; mercy, Lord: although I fall,
Help me to riſe in thee: My foes controul
May hurt my body, but not hurt my ſoul.
An aged man b'ing brought, both theſe commended
Their ſouls unto the Lord; ſo their lives ended.
Next was the Lord of *Rugenice* arraign'd;
Who ſaid, I have a greater priv'ledge gain'd,
Then if the King had ſpar'd me, and augmented
My reſtor'd ſubſtance; and am more contented.
God is our witneſs, that we onely ſought
Religions Liberty; for that we fought:
Who, though w'are worſted, and muſt end our days,
The Lord is righteous in all his ways.
His Truth we muſt defend, (as he ſees good)
Not by our naked Swords, but by our Blood.
What is the cauſe, my God? O tell me why,
So ſoon as others do, I may not die?
For ah! thou knowſt, thou knowſt that I reſign
My ſelf unto thee, and am wholly thine.
Put not thy ſervant off with long delay,
But take me hence: ſweet Jeſu come away.
The Sheriff came for him; he rejoycing ſaid,
Bleſſed be God: then towards him he made.

Upon

Upon the Scaffold, he himself did chear
With that of Christ, *Father, I will that where*
I am, thy servants may there also be,
That they may my heaven-given glory see:
I haste to lose this life, so transitory,
That I may be with Christ and see his glory.
Climbe up my soul, climbe up to be embrac'd
In Christ his arms: and so he breath'd his last.
Valentine Cockan spake to this effect,
Upon the Scaffold: Gracious Lord, direct
My feeble steps; O let deaths valley be
A Pasport to the clearer view of thee;
For why? thy word hath bin my hidden treasure;
O what satiety of joy and pleasure
Take residence with thee! there's nothing can
Afford my soul more satisfaction than
Thy self's fruition: Lord, my spirit flies
Into thy Courts: so having said, he dies.
Next, *Toby Steffick's* brought, a man whose heart
Walk'd upright with his God; though like a cart
Pres'd with afflictions sheaves, to heaven he heav'd
His wasted eyes, and said, I have receiv'd
From the beginning of my life till now,
Good things of God, and shall not I then bow
My will to his, but his chastisements shun?
I will not; no, God's holy will be done.
Can I, poor dust and ashes, have the face
To plead with God? I chearfully embrace
Thy pleasure, Lord; I come to bear the cross;
O be thou pleas'd to purge away my dross:
Calcine my soul; obliterate my sins;
And make me pure against that day begins.
He pray'd; and having drunke the lethal cup,
His spirit into heaven ascended up.

Doctor

Doctor *Joſſenius* after him was Martyr'd,
His tongue cut out, head off, his body quarter'd
And fix'd on ſtakes. *Chriſtopher Chober*, thus
(Citing the ſaying of *Ignatius*)
Chears his co-ſufferers, We are Gods corn,
Sown in the Churches field, and muſt be torn
By beaſts, to fit us for our Maſters uſe:
But here's our comfort, one a bloody ſluce
The Church is founded, and hath been augmented
By blood, nor ſhall the opened vein be ſtented.
The blow muſt now be fetch'd; his ſoul he gave
To heav'n, his body to the gaping grave.
Then being call'd to execution;
I come, ſaid he; a pious reſolution
Takes up my heart; I'm not aſham'd, nor ſory
To ſuffer theſe (nay worſe things) for his glory;
I have, I have, by my heav'n-borrow'd force
Fought faith's good fight, and finiſhed my courſe.
Then praying, Father, in thy hands I leave
My ſpir't; he did a Martyrs crown receive.
John Shultis, while he on the Scaffold ſtood,
Said thus, Leave off this melancholy mood,
Dejected ſoul: O be not ſo caſt down:
Hope thou in God; though for a time he frown,
Yet will he ſmile again, and thou ſhalt yet
Praiſe him, though Nature do receive her debt.
The righteous are among the dead enrold
By fools, whenas they reſt: Behold! behold!
I come ſweet Jeſus: O ſome pity take
Upon thy creature, for thy promiſe ſake.
Caſt me not off, my miſery condole;
My ſins O pardon, and receive my ſoul:
Make no long tarriance; come, Lord Jeſus, come:
And ſo he underwent his Martyrdome.

Next *Maximilian Hoſtialeck*,
(Whom Learning, Worth, and Piety did deck:)
After the ſentence paſt, one asked him
The reaſon why he look'd ſo dull, ſo grim,
And ſadder then the reſt: To tell the truth,
The ſins (ſaid he) I acted in my youth
Come now afreſh into my minde: for though
I know that no remainder can o'rethrow
Them which with Jeſus Chriſt have made a cloſe;
Yet know I, that the Lord his Juſtice ſhowes
As well as mercy, on thoſe are his own.
Summon'd to death, he ſaid, Lord, from thy throne
Look on me, O illuminate mine eyes,
Leſt death o'recome me, and mine enemies
Inſulting ſay, We have prevail'd. O Lord,
(Be pleaſed to make good thy promis'd word)
Let me whoſe eyes have thy ſalvation ſeen
Depart in Peace: an Ax did paſs between
His head and neck. Then four more Chriſtian brothers
They hanged one by one, and begger'd others.
Nor might they have the ben'fit of the Laws:
When ſome did plead the Juſtneſs of their cauſe,
The Judges ſcoff'd them, thus; Although you ha'nt
Sins that are actual, yet you do not want
Th'orig'nal ſin of Hereſie, and ſtore;
You can't exempted be from death therefore.
The Saints deprived of their livelyhoods
In towns and villages, retir'd to th'woods.
The Parent his encloyſtred child bemoans,
But cannot help it. Oh! the griefs and groanes
Of marriagable maids! what ſad farewels
Take parting friends, when into Monkiſh cells
Fore'd are their neer'ſt relations! Great mens ſons,
Fryers muſt tutour, and their daughters Nuns.

Wives

Wives from their husbands, husbands from their wives
Part with wet eyes: ſome thouſands loſt their lives;
Others were ſtripp'd in froſty ſnowy weather;
While ſome impriſon'd lay, and ſtarv'd together.
The Maſs-prieſts are the men that muſt be heard,
And rude men, if Apoſtates, were preferr'd.
Bol'ſlavia the principalleſt ſeat
The brethren had (two hundred years compleat)
Was ſeized on; her Miniſters turn'd out,
And crafty Friers to pervert the rout
Plac'd in their rooms: but when this would not do,
They muſt into a ſtinking dungeon go.
The Cities *Bidſove*, *Tuſta*, *Zaticum*,
Litom'ric, *Rokizan*, *Radecium*,
Dux Martin, all were brought to deſolation,
Under a fair pretence of reformation.
Some Citizens were into exile ſent;
Some into voluntary exile went.
The Maj'r and ſixteen hundred perſons more,
At *Prachatice*, lay weltring in their gore.
They threw Religion down, where ere they come,
And ſet up ſuperſtition in the room.
As for the Bible, Chriſtians were forc'd from it,
Wiblia (the *Bohemian* word) is vomit;
Nor was there (O moſt dámnable deſigne!)
A toleration giv'n to Books divine.
The mouths of ſome are gagg'd, the Hoſt they do
Thruſt down their throats, whether they will or no.
Others t'auricular confeſſion forc'd;
And many were from all they had divorc'd.
To tell how they the women-kinde did uſe,
Is not ſo proper for a modeſt Muſe.

SECT.

SECT. XXII.

The Churches Perſecution in Spain, *which began* Anno Chriſti 1540.

A Spaniſh Factor *Francis Roman* nam'd,
Hearing at *Breme* a Sermon, was ſ'enflam'd
And wrought upon, that in a little ſpace
He grew in knowledge, and encreas'd in grace.
Upon a time when he return'd agen,
He labour'd to convince his country-men
Of blind-fold ign'rance; for the wayes they trod
Were diſſonant unto the word of God.
But they reproachfully deſpis'd, contemn'd
His words, and him unto the fire condemn'd.
Then with a paper-Mitre on his head,
Painted with ugly Demons, was he led
To execution: and by the way
Being urg'd to bow unto a croſs, ſaid, Nay,
The Chriſtians are not wont to worſhip wood:
So having ſaid, he was the fire's food.
How many honeſt-hearted perſons caſt
Into infectious dungeons, breath'd their laſt!
The pris'ners cloath'd with red-croſs'd Sambitoes,
Were at *Validolid* plac'd all in rowes. *Anno 1550.*
The inquiſition was firſt invented
By the *Domin'can* Friers; who attented
The extirpation of the Chriſtian race,
By death, or ignominious diſgrace.
One while they ſtrive with flatt'ries to enſnare
The doubting Chriſtian e're he be aware:

And

And if they ſee that fair means will not do,
They exerciſe compulſion. O who!
Who is there able to demonſtrate fully
The kinde of torments that were us'd? the pully
Hang'd on the Gibbit, holds the hands or thumbs
Of the poor wretch; then the Strappado comes,
And rends his weight-diſtended joynts aſunder.
Some in the Trough are tortur'd; ſome are under
Cruel impriſonments, where is not any
Light but what enters the Key-hole or crany.
Some are injoyn'd to run unto the racks,
With yellow Sambenitoes on their backs:
Their tongues in a cleft-ſtick, have not the ſcope
To empty out their mindes; and while a rope
Encompaſſeth their necks, coacting bands
Preſs hard behinde them their united hands.
Thus, thus poor Creatures, in a piteous plight,
Are led to ſuffer in the peoples ſight.
Anno *Burton* and *Burgate*, *Burgeſs*, *Hooker*, *Baker*,
1560. Engliſh-men born, were each of them partaker
Of Martyrdom at *Cadiz*; and aſcended
To happineſs, which never ſhall be ended.

SECT. XXIII.

The Churches Perſecution in Italy, *which began* Anno Chriſti 1546.

Enneas, by his Parents ſent to *Rome*
For educations ſake; at laſt become
An able Scholar through the grace of God,
In Chriſt his School, the wayes the Romans trod
Renouncing quite: for which he's apprehended,
And clapt up; yet he conſtantly defended
The Chriſtian faith: he with his life might go,
If he would but put on the Sambito;
Which he refus'd; nor any badge would wear
Save that of Jeſus Chriſt; which was, to ſpare
No blood to ſeal up what he had profeſt:
So being burn'd, he in the Lord did reſt.
The Maj'r and Biſhop of St. *Angelo*
Long arguing the caſe, which of the two
Should, at his proper coſt, procure ſome wood,
For *Galeacius* burning; while they ſtood
Demurring, he bade them no more debate,
It ſhould be fetch'd out of his own eſtate.
John Mollius, a Roman, did Chriſt own:
If he but named him, ſalt tears ran down
On his wet cheeks: he preach'd where e're he came
The word of truth, until he fed the flame.
One *Francis Gamba*, born in *Lombardy*,
Went to the ſlaughter with alacrity.
Algerius, a fine young man, acquaints,
By way of writing, the afflicted Saints,

How much his joy in priſon did abound,
And how he Honey in a Lion found:
Exhorting them to patience; in the end
Writes, *From a delectable Orchard pen'd*;
He's burned. Pope *Pius* the fourth diſſlives
At *Naples*, many Nobles, with their wives.
The City *Venice* after twelve years peace,
Was by the Pope diſturb'd, to the encreaſe
Of Martyr'd Saints; who unto ſtones were bound,
And in the bottom of the Ocean drown'd.

An Engliſhman Martyred in Portugal.

One *William Gardiner*, whom *Briſtol* bore,
In *Portugal* the Martyrs Garland wore.

SECT. XXIV.

The Perſecution of the Church in Germany, *which began* Anno Chriſti 1523.

WHen *Luther*, with his fellow-labourers,
Converted many Germans, unto wars
The Pope his Highneſs ſtir'd up *Charles* the fift
'Gainſt Proteſtants: to further this his drift,
Two hundred thouſand crowns, and at a boot
Five hundred horſe, and twice ſix thouſand foot,
He ſent with ſpeed; the Prot'ſtant Princes hence,
Rais'd alſo Armies for their own defence:
And now the Emp'rour for no other reaſon,
Proclaim'd them guilty of no leſs then treaſon.

Both

Both parties are engag'd; but the ſucceſs
Is left to God, who doth not alwayes bleſs
The better cauſe with Victory, nor ſhield
His Saints from wrong; the Chriſtians loſt the field.
Then perſecution roſe in ſev'ral places;
Author'ty arm'd with rig'rous Laws, outfaces
Candid ſimplicity: 'tis ſad to tell
The barb'rous outrage to the Saints befel. (turn'd;
Some rack'd; from place to place ſome toſs'd and
Some driven into woods and caves; ſome burn'd.
† About this time, the Boors in arms did riſe, *† Anabaptiſts firſt Riſing.*
And rob'd the Abbeys, and Monaſteries;
They, after they had entertained him
By Mr. *Spencer*, ſtrip'd him to the skin;
Who weeping, ſaid, This violence will i'th' end
Bring miſchiefe on your heads: you do pretend
The Goſpel; but alas! how quite contraire
Unto the Goſpel-rules, your walkings are!
They jeer'd him for his pains; at laſt he's bound
Both hands and feet, and in the river drown'd.
His gaping wounds let out a Crimſon flood,
Which on the ſurface of the water ſtood.
When *Wolfgang Scueb* was asked if his woe
He would have be abridg'd, he anſwer'd, No;
God, which hath hitherto upheld my head,
Will not forſake me in my greateſt need;
No, no, he will not: 'tis a happy flame
Which lights to heaven, thrice bleſſed be his name.
George Carpenter b'ing caſt into the fire,
Fulfill'd his Chriſtian brethrens deſire,
In giving them a ſigne of his true faith,
Cry'd, *Jeſus, Jeſus* till he loſt his breath.
One *Leonard Keyſer* alſo at the ſtake,
Said, I'm thine, ſave me Lord, for thy Truths ſake:

His willing ſpir't impatient of the flame
Went up to heaven, whence at firſt it came.
A cruel Biſhop in *Hungaria*, took
A godly miniſter, (who could not brook
Erroneous wayes) and Hares, Geeſe, Hens, he tide
His naked body with on ev'ry ſide:
Being by ſet-on dogs, and bloody hounds,
All rent and torn, he died of his wounds.
But God is Juſt: the Biſhop that ſo acted
His cruel part, did forthwith fall diſtracted:
His hair by handfulls from his head did rend,
And raving, made a miſerable end.

SECT. XXV.

The Perſecution of the Church in the Low-Countries.

THere was in *Holland* a religious Dame,
Called *Wendelmuta*, ſhe for Chriſt's name
Was ſent to priſon, where ſhe muſt be kept
Till the next Seſſions; her kinde kindred wept
And ſaid thus, Ah! why doſt thou not conceal
What thou believ'ſt but madly thus reveal
Thy ſecret thoughts? be more reſerv'd, thereby
Thou'lt life prolong. To whom ſhe did reply,
You know not what you ſay; the heart alone
Believes to righteouſneſs; confeſſion
Unto ſalvation with the tongue is made:
She burn'd, her ſpirit did the heav'ns invade.
George Scherter, a Divine, paſſing along
Tow'rd execution, to the gazing throng

De-

Delivered theſe words; That you may know
I die a Chriſtian, I a ſigne will ſhow:
His head cut off, he turned on his back,
And croſs'd his arms and legs; by which aſpect
Many believe the Goſpel; whom alive
They bury, drown, or into exile drive.
In *Colen*, *Holland Suevia*, *Lovain*,
The godly well-diſpoſed part was ſlain.
Some loſt their heads in *Flanders*, ſome were ſent
Into perpetual impriſonment. *Anno*
Two hundred Saints in *Artois*, *Brabant*, 1543.
Were made away with not a few at *Gaunt*.
At *Delden*, two young Virgins well-deſcended,
For their frequenting Sermons apprehended,
Examin'd and condemn'd muſt both partake
Of Martyrdom, and ſuffer at the ſtake.
But after death the bodies of them both
Remained white, the fire to hurt them loth.
At *Antwerp*, one *Chriſtopher Fabri's* brains
Are beat out with a hammer. Sev'ral pains
Afflict the innocent; theſe bear great loads;
Thoſe are companions to Frogs and Toads.
One *Nicholas* and *Auſtine*, with their wives,
At *Dornick* apprehended loſt their lives.
When *Nicholas* did hear a Captain ſwear,
He ſaid, Hath Chriſt done ought that thus you tear
His name in pices, reading life and limb?
Pray vent your malice upon me, not him:
B'ing ſilenc'd at the ſtake, Thwarting their will,
He cry'd, *O Charles wilt thou be hardned ſtill?*
With that, a ſouldier gave him a great blow:
He thus! Ah miſerable people know,
God's word's too good for you: the Fryars cry'd,
A Devil, a Devil: with *David*, he reply'd,

Depart ye workers of iniquity ;
Depart, depart : my God hath heard the cry
My weeping voice hath made ; his holy name
Be prais'd : ſo ſaid, he vaniſh'd in the flame.
Anno At *Dormick*, *Bert'rand* trod the Cake about ;
1555 For which diſtongu'd, he yet on God call'd out :
A ball is thruſt into the mouth of him ;
He's burnt, and's aſhes in the river ſwim.
At *Lile*, for three years ſpace in woods and caves
God's word was preached : Satan and his ſlaves
Took the advantage of the ſilent night
So finde their meetings : finding none, they light
On *Robert Oquir's* houſe ; his wife, his ſons
And he, rejoyce in tribulations.
Bound at the ſtake, their ſpirits they commend
To God, and make a comfortable end

The Perſecution of the Duke de Alva, *in the Netherlands.*

THe Goſpel ſhining in the Netherlands ;
Philip, that wore the Spaniſh crown, commands
The Duke *de Alva*, with a warlike train,
To ſlay Profeſſors, and with might and main,
Promote the Romiſh Doctrine ; to rebuke
Nobles, and Commons too : the deſp'rate Duke
Scarce breath'd, but on them violently pour'd ;
Matrons he raviſhed, and Maids deflour'd
Before their husbands and their parents eyes,
Or put them unto worſer cruelties.
He on a time (at his own Table ſate)
Boaſted his diligence t'eradicate
Heret'cal weeds : for that beſides the ſlain
During the war in ſix years ſpace, a train

Of

Of more then eighteen thouſand perſons were
By him deliv'red to the hangmans care.
Don Frederick, his ſon kindely receiv'd
By *Zutphen* Bourgers, cruelly bereav'd
The poor inhabitants of all their lives,
Hang'd, drown'd, brain'd very infants, virgins, wives;
Then marched he to *Naerden*; and the town
(All the indwellers kill'd) he batt'red down.
At *Harlem*, he three hundered Walloons
Beheads; five hundred Bourgers and Dragoons
He hangs, or drowns: all th'Engliſh, and the Scots,
To loſe their heads in gen'ral, he alots.
The wounded, and diſeas'd, are killed all
Before the entrance to the Hoſpital
John Herwin ſaid unto the gazing throng,
(As he to execution went along)
See what rewards the wicked world do give
Chriſt his poor ſervants: for whilſt I did live
A drunkard's life, and play'd at Cards and Dice,
A foe to Vertue, and a friend to Vice;
O then I liv'd at eaſe, and was a ſtranger
To bonds, and fetters; nay, was out of danger
Of ſuffering for the Truth; yonder they cry
A Boon Companion goes; who then but I?
No ſooner did I ſeek my God, but lo
This fawning friend, became a frowning foe:
Yet this doth not, (and ſo I hope ſhall never,)
Diſcourage me one jot; I muſt perſever
In what is good, and follow Chriſt the faſter:
The ſervant is not better then his maſter.
His ſoul refreſhed then with *Gileads* Balm,
To ſing he did begin the thirtieth Pſalm
With lift-up heart: but an impatient Frier
Thus interrupted him, Avoid the fire,

Oh *John*, and turn; yet you have time and ſpace.
The diſregarding Martyr turn'd his face
Another way: then ſome that were in ſight,
Retorted this; Turn thou, thou hypocrite.
Herwin ſung on, until his Pſalm was ended:
The Fryer then: Good people ben't offended
To hear the clamour of this Her'ticks ſong.
Her'tick? thou Bala'mite thou, hold thy tongue,
The crow'd reply'd; no living ſoul here bears
Offence: his Muſick much delights our ears.
Four hundred folks encourag'd him to run
His race, and finiſh what he had begun:
To whom he thus; Breth'ren, I undertake
This ſpir'tual Combate, meerly for the ſake
Of my great Lord, and Captain Jeſus Chriſt:
I now am going to be ſacrific'd;
And when God ſhall of his abundant grace
Call you to ſuffer, follow me apace.
He's on the gallowes, and the ladder's turn'd,
And then his body's into aſhes burn'd.
Some Ci'zens in a fi'ry Chariot ſent
From *Antwerp*, to the City *Heaven* went.
One *Scoblant*, as he to his Tryal paſt,
Said thus; Would God that I might be the laſt
That thus might ſuffer death; O that my blood
Might ſatisfy their thirſt, if God ſee good;
That ſo the Church of Chriſt, forlorn, diſtreſt,
Might ever after live, at eaſe, and reſt.
I now put off this Mantle tranſitory,
In hope to wear a robe of laſting glory.
A Popiſh Prieſt, by a religious Dame
Converted to the faith, ſpake thus: I came
To comfort you; but I my ſelf indeed,
Of you to comfort me have greater need.

Chriſtopher

Chriſtopher Gaud'rin ſaid, Mans life on earth
Conſiſts but of two dayes; the firſt his birth;
The next, his dying day: and therefore I
Muſt needs die once: who would refuſe to die
To live for ever? death and I muſt kiſs:
'Tis death conducteth to eternal bliſs.
The ſentence paſt, he did apart repair,
And poured out his ſoul to God in pray'r:
Then from his hands and face he waſh'd the dirt;
And puting on his back a fine white ſhirt,
He thus his fellow-priſoners beſpake:
Breth'ren, this is my wedding-day: I make
To heav'n-ward: being come unto the place,
He found three other ready to embrace
The ſelf-ſame death: theſe four themſelves did chear
With patient ſuff'ring, and rejoyc'd to bear.
Then came a Fryar, under a pretence
To win them: *Chriſtopher* ſaid thus; Hence, hence,
Thou ſoul-ſeducer; from our preſence flee;
We have not any thing to do whith thee.
They muſt be gag'd: May not our tongues have pow-
Said they, to praiſe God at our lateſt hour? (er
Sermons they uſed to frequent: hard ropes
Annex'd their necks, they finiſhed their hopes.
In *Flanders* multitudes of true believers
Were ſent to be eternal life's receivers.
In *Breda*, there a Goldſmith dwelt, his name
Was *Peter Coulogne*; whoſe renowned fame
Had ſpred all o're the town, and ev'ry mouth
Proclam'd him faithful, if they ſpake the truth.
This Pious Deacon quickly was beſet
With popiſh catchpoles; neither would they let
Him once enjoy the company of any
Of his own Church; he over-pows'd by many

Was

Was hurry'd to the Caſtle, while he ſtaid
A priſ'ner there: once every day his maid
Brought him his ſuſtenance, till they perceiv'd
He had much comfort from her lips receiv'd.
She alſo was impriſon'd, where ſhe found
Such inward joys as made her heart rebound.
Now when a little tract of time was ſpent,
Peter was called forth; who underwent
Great pains with admirable patience:
Theſe cruel villains for to recompence
His maid's true zeal, fetch'd *Betkin* to the rack,
Cruelty undeſerv'd! ſhe nothing ſlack,
Went chearfully along; ere ſhe did part
With life, her tongue thus empty'd out her heart:
Since needs I muſt ſuſtain afflictions rod,
Firſt ſuffer me to pray unto my God.
This they conſented to; ſhe ſcap'd a ſcouring
By this; for whilſt ſhe out her pray'rs was pouring,
One of the then-Commiſſioners fell down
Into an irrecoverable ſwown.
This miracle was huſh'd, as though in vain
'Twas ſent: now to their cruelty again;
Examples will not take; they'll not be turn'd,
They are condemned, and they muſt be burn'd.
The people wept; *Peter* and *Betkin* pray'd
To God for ſtrength: the courage of the maid
Did work ſo kindly on the well-affected,
That breaking through (the danger unreſpected)
The throng'd crowd, they the priſ'ners did embrace,
And praiſed God for his ſupporting grace;
Then ſpake to this effect: Fight on, fight on,
The crown prepared you ſhall wear anon.
Theſe words ſpake *Betkin* (with a brow as clear
As day) My Bretheren and ſiſters dear,

See you to Gods word, be obedient ſtill,
And fear not them who can the body kill,
Not hurt the ſoul; but rather fear him, who
Hath power to kill the ſoul and body too,
And fling them into hell. I go to meet
My glorious Spouſe, wrap'd in a fi'ry ſheet.
Then falling on their knees, they ſent their prayers
As welcom gheſts to Gods attentive ears.
Bound to the ſtake, they prais'd the Lord; the flame
Sent up their ſouls to heav'n, from whence they came.
William of *Naſſaw* Prince of *Orange*, by
A bloody villain ſhot, did thus let fly
His lateſt words: O God, my God, condoul
My wounded ſtate, take pity on my ſoul,
On my departing ſoul; O ſpare, O ſpare
The Spaniſh people, though they ſinful are.
Theſe words no ſooner cut, his ſoul forſook
This earthly, and an heavenly Manſion took.

SECT. XXVI.

The Modern Perſecution of the Church in Germany, *ſince the year* 1630.

TH'Imperialiſts, when they by ſtorm had gain'd
Paſwalick town, the Swediſh ſouldiers brain'd:
At the inhabitants their fury laviſh'd,
And in the open ſtreet, they females raviſh'd,
Nay, child-bed women too; they ſlew the men
And fired o're their heads their houſes then.
They maſſacred Divines, and burned down
The Chriſtian Churches, and at laſt the town.

Tilly

An. Chr. 1631. *Tilly* and *Pappenheim* became a ſcourge
Unto the famous City *Magdenburge*:
Her goodly ſtructures and aſpiring Towers
Were burn'd down in the ſpace of twice ſix hours.
Without the leaſt reſpect to old and young,
Were ſix and twenty thouſand ſlain burnt, flung
Into the river *Elve*: by ſev'ral wayes
The torturers abridg'd poor Chriſtians dayes.
Ladies and Gentlewomen yok'd together,
Forc'd into woods, in froſty ſnowy weather,
Were raviſh'd there, ſtrip'd, whip'd, and with a ſcoff
Diſmiſs'd, while others had their ears crop'd off.
An. Chr. 1634. *Hoxter* is taken, and the Popiſh rage
Hew'd all in pieces, either ſex, and age,
All ſerv'd alike: what the fleſh-eating ſword
Had left unſpoil'd, the greedy flame devour'd.
At *Griphenburge* the Senators were ſtarv'd;
The *Heidleburg*-Divines and Bourgers ſerv'd
With onely bread and water. Like dogs not men
Were the *Frankendales* us'd: In *Pomeren*
The poor inhabitants were forc'd to eat
Up their own excrements: unpleaſing meat!
Many ſuſpected to have hidden Gold,
Or ſilver, ſuff'red torments manyfold:
With cords the heads of ſome they wound about,
And twiſted them until the blood did ſprout
Out of their eyes, ears, noſes; nay, unto
Tongues, Cheeks, Breaſts, Legs, and ſecret parts they do
Tie burning matches, yea, the parts of ſhame
Stuff'd with gun-powder, burſt with horrid flame.
With knives and bodkins they do pink the skin
And fleſh of ſome, draw ſtiff cords out and in.
Some roſted were with gentle fires, ſome ſmok'd
Like bacon-hogs; others hot Ovens chok'd;

The

The hands and feet of ſome ſo hard were girted,
That from their fingers ends and toes there ſpirted
Sanguineous drops. They ty'd the arms and legs
Of ſome together backwards, and with rags
Ram'd up their mouths, becauſe they ſhould not pray.
Some hung up by the privy members; they
Hearing their outcries, did with tear-throat tones,
Contend to drown their lamentable mones.
Had any ruptures? they enlarg'd their pain
By firing gunpowder: they faces plain
With chiſels; and deteſticle ſome men
I'th' preſence of their wives and childeren.
Others, ſtark naked through the ſtreets are drag'd,
VVounded with axes, hammers; ſome are gag'd
And ſtinking water, Urine, and the like,
Pour'd down their throats, till ſudden ſickneſs ſtrike
Them well-nigh dead: their bellies beyond meaſure
B'ing fill'd, did ſwell, and ſo they dy'd by leaſure.
Down others throats they knotted clouts conſtrain,
Then with a packthread, pull them up again,
To the diſplacing of their bowels; ſome
VVere by't made deaf, or blinde, or lame, or dum'b.
Some have their legs ſawn off; and others have
Their members diſlocated; thoſe that crave
Gods bleſt aſſiſtance, are enforc'd to call
Unto the Dev'l for help, or none at all.
And if the husband pleaded for his wife,
Or the wife beg'd but for her husbands life,
They take the interceſſor, and likewiſe
Excruciate him before the others eyes.
Of many by their hard frications
They bar'd the legs, unto the very bones:
Others bound backward by the arms, were hung
By thoſe diſtorted parts; both old and young

Ra-

Rather deſired to be ſhot, or ſlain,
And ſo die in an inſtant, then remain
Alive, and be partakers of ſuch woes
As they were like to feel; for Ah! their foes
Took away all their corn; in ſtead of bread,
On roots and water, they were glad to feed.
And other ſome, ſtripp'd to the very skin,
Had not one ſory ragg, to wrap them in.
Hence fruitful ſoils, were utterly deſtroy'd,
Cities, and towns, and villages left voyd,
Or ſack'd; all the woods fell'd; the ground untill'd;
And ev'ry Church with deſolation fill'd.
A Reverend Divine, bound to a table,
Was tortur'd by a cat. VVhat pen is able
To paint their beaſtlineſs? maids, wives, chaſt dames,
They forc'd to proſtrate to their lech'rous flames,
Friends looking on; yea, women great with child,
In child-bed too: the Churches they defil'd;
The Bedlam-houſes, Hoſpitals alſo.
In *Heſſen* land they let the women go,
After they ty'd about their ears their coats.
Dead corpſes violated were. The Croats
Devour'd young infants, and the commons brain'd
On light occaſions; ſcarce a man remain'd
Alive in many places, that might tell
The outrage of thoſe furies born in hell.
God did this land his warning-pieces ſhow,
Before his murth'ring-pieces gave the blow.
A blood-red Comet with a flaming beard
For thirty daies together there appear'd;
God ſent to thoſe, which had ſo long abhor'd
His faithfull Paſtors, and deſpis'd his word,
This ominous Torch, that while aſleep they lie
On the ſoft pillow of ſecurity,

Anno 1618.

They

They might b' awoken and repent reform
Their lives, or otherwise expect a ſtorme,
Foretold by's Miniſters, (ſo ill-befriended,)
And which this formidable ſigne portended.
At *Groningen* a blazing Star hung forth, *Anno*
One Army in the Eaſt, and in the North 1619.
Another were engag'd and did conteſt
Till that was worſted, this obtain'd the beſt.
At *Wien* water turn'd to blood; three Suns *An.Chr.*
Appear'd at once; the thundring of great guns 1619.
Was heard; two Armyes then by clear day-light *An.Chr.*
Deeply engaging in a bloody fight. 1621.
At *Wittemburgh* and *Darmſtad*, blood it rain'd. *An.Chr.*
So much, that houſes and ſtone walls were ſtain'd 1622.
Therewith; trees wept red drops beſmear'd were then
The hands and ſickles of the Harveſt-men.
At *Rat'sbone* a ſtrange tempeſt batt'red down *An.Chr.*
Above four hundred houſes in the town; 1624.
Kill'd onely four; it trees by th' roots up tore,
And all within a quarter of an hour.
Near *Troppaw* a great number of Jack Daws *An.Chr.*
Eagerly fought with their ſharpned claws, 1625.
The battle laſted long and many Jacks
Fall'n down the country-men repleniſh'd ſacks.
In lower *Saxony*, a loaf of bread
Bought by a woman in the cutting bled.
During *Magdenburge* ſiege a captain's wife *An.Chr.*
In child-bed dy'd, her body with a knife 1631.
Was ripped open, and her womb did hold
A boy as big as one of three years old;
Having an Helmet, and a breaſtplate on,
Great boots alſo after the French faſh'on,
And by his ſide there hang'd a bullet-pouch.
At *Altenburge*, if any did but touch *Anno*

A blood-turn'd stinking fish-pond, he not well
Could in three dayes wash off the stinking smell.
An. Chr. Two Armyes of strange birds in *Henssen* fought;
1635. A randevouz of dogs could not be brought
T'a peace; but seeing musqueteers, they joyn,
For all their guns beat them away, kill'd nine.

SECT. XXVII.

The Persecution of the Church in France, *which began* Anno 1524.

AT *Melden*, *Paris*, *Fonstains*, *Lions*, *Rhone*,
Many were put to death, some burn'd, some (thrown
Into the liquid floods; into the fire
Others let down by pulleys, did expire;
Others with Oyl and brimstone were anointed,
Then burnt; many distong'd, disnos'd dis-joynted:
Some slander'd; some impriſon'd were; some rack'd;
And they that would not bow, nor give respect
Unto the Images of molten-lead,
Passing along the streets, were massacred.
John Clark, through zeal, brake all the Idols down
That he could light on: in the *Metzian* town,
Condemn'd he was to die, and first to lose
His right hand, then his arms, and breasts, and nose;
Which quietly he bore, pronouncing then
Their gods are silver, and are made by men:
At last they burnt him. At the Castle *Vik*
Doctor *John Castellane* was burned quick.
James Panare one that educated youth,
At *Paris* dy'd for the professed truth.

John

John de Cadurco, a renown'd Divine,
Degraded was, and burnt at *Limoſine*.
One *John de Beck*, a Miniſter at *Troyes*,
Went through the fire unto eternal joyes.
At *Rutiers*, *Stephen Bruxe* for Chriſt his ſake,
Adjudged was to ſuffer at the ſtake;
The fire was kindled, but the wind ſo drave
The flame from him, that he ſtood up and gave
(A whole hours ſpace) inſtructions to the rude
And eaſily-ſeduced multitude:
They brought Oyl-veſſels, and more faggots too;
The wind continu'd, and all would not do.
With that, the hangman ſtruck him on the head:
To whom he thus: And muſt I then indeed
Be beaten like a dog? as well as I,
You know by fire I am condemn'd to die.
He was thruſt through, and in the fire thrown down,
And his left aſhes in the Air were ſtrown.
At *Bourdeaux*, *Aymond de Lavoy* accus'd,
His friends advis'd his flight, but he refus'd.
Not ſo, ſaid he, I ſhall be thought abſurd
To feed men with vain dreams, not Gods pure word.
Whereas I fear not, as a truths defender,
My ſoul and body too up to ſurrender.
In pains he ſaid, This body once muſt die,
My ſpir't ſhall live, and that eternally.
He ſwowned, but recov'ring, ſaid he,
Oh Lord, Lord, why haſt thou forſaken me?
Nay, ſaid the preſident, thou art miſtook
Curs'd Lutherane, thou haſt thy God forſook:
Alas good maſters, why, why do you ſo
Torment me? Lord, they know not what they do:
Forgive them I beſeech thee. See, ſaid thus
The Pres'dent, how this Caitiff prayes for us.

The Frier drew neer, and he (condemn'd) begins:
To God, not you, will I confess my sins.
O Lord, make haste to help; do not despise
Thine-handy work. My brethren, I advise
You that are Scholars, to improve your youth
In learning of the everlasting truth:
Labour to know what is Jehovahs will,
And fear not them that can the body kill,
Not hurt the soul: my flesh (too weak) withstands
My spir't; which Lord I give into thine hands.
With that he strangled was, his body burn'd,
His soul until the day of Doom adjourn'd.
One *Bribard*, to a Card'nal Secretary,
And *William Husson* an Apothecary
Had, for their scattering good books about,
And cleaving to the truth, their tongues cut out;
Then with a pully pulled up and down
Anno Into the fire, they dy'd, but gain'd a crown.
1544. *James Cobard*, having prov'd the Mass a fable,
Anno Unto the quick nor dead not profitable,
1545. Was at St. *Michael* burnt. *Stephen Polliot*
Anno Suffred at *Paris*. * *Michael Michelet*
1546. Was put unto his choice, either to turn
*1547. And lose his head, or persevere, and burn.
He answer'd, God who caus'd him not to tire,
Would give him patience to abide the fire.
Blondel a Merchant that profess'd Christs name,
Anno Condemn'd at *Paris*, yeilded to the flame.
1548. One *Hubert*, a young man, who did rely on
Anno Christ Jesus merits, suffered at *Dyion*.
1549. *Anne Audebure* drag'd forth, said thus; This rope
My wedding-girdle is, wherewith I hope
To be conjoyn'd to Christ: I was first marri'd
Upon a Saturday, and now have tarri'd

Un-

Until another Saturday, wherein
I ſhall (glad day!) be married agin.'
She in the dung-Cart ſang, and in the fire
Her conſtancy Spectators did admire.
One *Florent Venote*, that had four years lain
In *Paris* priſon, where all kinds of pain
He felt and overcome; for ſeven weeks ſpace
Was cloſe confin'd to ſuch a narrow place,
That he could neither ſtand (with eaſe) nor ly:
At laſt diſtongu'd, he in the fire did die. *Anno*
One *Thomas*, a young man, was rack'd ſo long, 1551.
The hangman grew a weary: one among
Th'Inquiſ'tors wept. They bare him to be burn'd,
And asked him, if he would yet be turn'd.
To whom he ſaid, Friends, I am in my way
To God, O do not hinder me I pray.
One *Mathew Dimonel*, *Simon Laloe*, *An.Chr.*
And *Peter Serre*, did torments undergo. 1553.
Two men at *Nivern*, had their tongues pull'd out; *An.Chr.*
Yet God was pleas'd to bring it ſo about, 1554.
That they ſpake plain, We bid the world, fleſh, ſin,
And devil farewel, never to meet agin;
Of brimſtoue, and gunpowder bring a freſh
Supply; ſalt on, ſalt on this ſtinking fleſh:
And ſo perſiſting conſtant till the laſt,
Their ſouls to heaven, their earth to aſhes paſt. *Anno*
One *Philbert Hamlin* fed the cruel flame; 1557.
One *Nicholas* of *Jeweil* did the ſame. *An.Chr.*
At *Paris* did a Chriſtian congregation 1558.
Run through much ſorrow: by the Mediation
Of the Palat'nate Prince, and Switzers, ſome
Of them (hardly) eſcaped Martyrdome.
In *Dauphin*, *Provence*, multitudes were kill'd;
In many other place blood was ſpill'd:

And yet the Church, the more it was ſuppreſt
Like to a Palm, ſtill more and more encreaſt.

SECT. XXVIII.

The Perſecution in the time of the Civil Warrs, which began Anno 1562.

THe Duke *de Guiſe*, as he upon a day
Tow'rds *Paris* paſt, took *Vaſſy* in his way:
His ears informing him there was a Bell
That rang to ſervice in a Barn, he fell
Thereon with all his troops: his widened throat
Bawl'd out, Kill, death of God, each Huguenote.
Some then with bullets, ſome with ſwords, were ſlain;
Some hang'd; the heads of others cleft in twain:
Some loſt their arms and hands; ſome ſhred for
To feed upon; above twelve hundred ſouls (fowles
Of all degrees, and ranks, were kill'd: ſo don
The Duke to *Paris* march'd, and ſeiz'd upon
The King himſelf, and filled with abuſes
The places ſet apart for pious uſes.
Roan taken by him, was for three dayes ſack'd,
The Citizens thereof diſſliv'd, and rack'd.
Then menacing to ruinate *Orleance*,
A young man ſhot him, to deliver *France*
From his great violence. Peace was procur'd;
A happy Peace, but it not long endur'd:
The Popiſh party baniſhing all pity,
Kil'd all, ſpar'd none in the *Lutetian* City.
At *Amiens*, the ſlain were thrown in brooks;
All Bibles burned and Divin'd Books.

At *Meaux*, *Sens*, *Mans*, they drag'd ſome on the
And daſh'd againſt the walls the little ones: (ſtones,
Some had their houſes level'd with the ground,
Hundreds were maſſacred, ſtarv'd, hang'd, or drown'd.
Many were hal'd to Maſs; and ſome re-wedded,
Babes re-baptized; others were beheaded.
At *Bar* they rip'd up many breſts, and draw'd
Mens hearts thereout, & with their teeth them gnaw'd.
When *Malicorn*, *Montargis* town had got,
He ſlew the towns-men, and with Cannon-ſhot
Threatned the Lady *Rhene* to batter down
Her Caſtle, if ſhe did the Chriſtians own,
Not give them up to him: the Princeſs ſtout,
Bravely reply'd: Look what you go about,
I charge you, for there's no man in this Realm
(The King excepted) that can overwhelm
My pinace, with the waves of a command:
And if your battery go on, I'll ſtand
I'th' breach, to try, whether or no you dare
Thus kill the daughter of a King: I fear
Your threats? not I: I want nor means, nor power
T'avenge me on your boldneſs, and devour
Your murtherous heart, and utterly deface
The infants of your moſt rebellious race.
When *Malicorn* thus heard the Lady ſay,
He pulled in his horn, and ſneak'd away.
At *Angers* into rivers ſome were thrown,
Some executed: a gilt Bible ſhown
Upon an halbard was, and this they ſang,
Behold how well the Hug'nots truth doth hang;
Hark what the everlaſting God, will tell;
Behold the truth of all the devils in hell:
They throw't i'th' river, and renew'd their ſound,
Behold! the truth of all the devils drown'd.

At *Ableuily*, *Angers*, *Foix*, *Auxerre*,
At *Troys*, *Crant*, *Nevers*, *Chaſtillon*, and *Bar*
In *Bloys*, *Tholouſe*, as alſo *Careaſſon*,
Many outragious villainies were don.
At *Sens*, and *Tours*, hundreds were put to ſlaughter;
Some hang'd up by one foot, and in the water
Their heads and breaſts: the bowels are pluck'd out
Their rip'd-up bellies, and are thrown about
The mi'ry ſtreets: they torture ev'ry joynt,
And ſtick their hearts upon their daggers point.
A Counſellor was hang'd, at the requeſt
Of his own father, (O unnat'ral breſt!)
Anno 1562. By the Pariſian Senators decree,
The bells are ſounded, and the Chriſtians be
Deſtroy'd in ev'ry place, all their eſtates
Seiz'd on by Catholicks and runagates.
In *Ligneul* ſome they hang'd. The village *Aze*
They ſet one fire, and joy'd to ſee it blaze.
Auguſtine Marlorate was hang'd at *Rhone*,
Where ſtreets with ſlaughter'd carkaſſes were ſtrown.
In *Gaillac*, from a ſteep precipice
Many were flung down headlong, in a trice (cram'd
Caught break-neck falls. In *Sonraze* ſome were
With lime, and down their throats had Urine
One *Peter Roch*, they buried alive (ram'd.
Within his ſelf-made grave. They did deprive
Many of all they had, others were crown'd
With thorns; and others in a well were drown'd.
One Captain *Durre*, a godly widdow told
Unleſs ſhe would produce her hid-up gold,
He'd roſt her quick, and after throw her down
From the ſublimeſt tower in the town.
Well (ſaid ſhe) though I fall, yet ſhall I ſtand
Supported by the Lord Almightie's hand.

He

He made her drink his piſs; then in her face
Flung the remainder, and withall the glaſs.
He claps her up, more torments to abide:
Her friends redeem'd her, but ſhe ſhortly d.'d.
The Prot'ſtants of *Valougne*, their dear lives loſt,
And ſouldiers in their houſes rul'd the roſt.
In *Maſcon*, *Bonnet Bor*, a rare Divine, (ſhine.
Scoff'd, beaten, drown'd, Lamp-like in heav'n doth
Monſieur *Valongnes* a Miniſter, they kill'd,
And ſpurn'd his naked corps: the Maſs-Prieſts fill'd
His mouth and wounds with Bible-leaves, and ſaid,
Preach thou Gods truth, now invocate his aid.
Monluc at *Reim* brain'd ſucking infants, then
The mothers; hang'd above five hundred men.
They ſprinkled ſalt, upon the bleeding wounds
Of one poor mangled man. *Monluc* confounds
The Proteſtants in fight, the priſoners
He hangs, eſpecially the Miniſters.
Captain *Lamoths*, he ſtabs; that will not do,
He thruſts him with a rapier, through, and thro:
And his blaſphemous mouth theſe words lets fly,
Villain, thou in deſpite of God ſhalt die.
He prov'd a lyar, though the man endur'd
Such mortal wounds, yet was he ſtrangely cur'd.
In *Limoux*, *Grenoble*, *Beaun*, *Ciſteron*,
Normay, and *Aurange*, many undergon (Quills?
Hard uſage, Ah! what hearts? what tongues? what
Can think, can ſpeak, can write, thoſe worſt of ills?
Females were raviſh'd: others drown'd: ſome kill'd.
Their houſes with unruly ſouldiers fill'd.
Hundreds of women, nay, and children too
Like harmleſs ſheep unto the ſlaughter go.
Thoſe to blaſpheme that would not be conſtrain'd,
Were with the butt-end of a muſket brain'd,

Or hewn as small as herbs unto the pot;
Others thrown out at windowes, others shot.
A fair young woman, after much disgrace,
Was ravished before her husbands face;
Then forc'd to hold a rapier wherewith
One made her, her own husband kill. A Smith
Because he would not give the devil his soul,
Bing on his anvil laid, they beat his poul
In pieces with great hammers; some were crush'd
To death with weights, others were harquebush'd.
They dash'd breast-sucking babes against the walls,
And slew the crazy in the hospitals.
No sex, nor age, nor quality they let
So free: all, all was fish that came to net.

The Massacre at PARIS, Anno 1571.

WHen the third Civil War in *France* was ended,
A Massacre at *Paris* was intended,
And put in execution: first of all
They set upon and slew the Admiral;
The watch-word was, the tolling of a bell,
Which rang by break aday: the cut-throats fell
On the attendants of the King of *Navar*,
And Prince of *Conde*; not the least of favour
Was shew'd to any: they knock'd down and brain'd
Ten thousand persons: *Sein's* swift streams were
With the effused blood; the streets were pav'd (stain'd
With mangled bodies, not a man was sav'd

These

Theſe blood-hounds met with; Piſtols, Poiniards,
Curtlaces, Pikes, did make away with lives. (Knives,
The Muskets bouncings! Oh the horrid tones
Of howling murth'rers mix'd with dying grones!
The Lords and Gentlemen were murthered
Some on their houſes roofs, and ſome in bed.
In *France* (this perſecution ſo encreas'd)
Were thirty thouſand Maſſacred at leaſt.
But let's to ſome particulars deſcend;
One Monſieur *de la Place* was brought to his end.
And *Peter Ramus* with his life did part,
(The Kings Profeſſor in that ſubtile Art)
Thrown from the chamber window, trail'd about
The ſtreets, and whip'd, his bowels falling out.
A villain ſnatched up a little child,
Who toy'd, and played with his beard, and ſmil'd,
But he (hard hearted wretch!) not mov'd at all,
Drew out his ſword, and ſtabbed it withall,
And caſt it all gore-blood into the river:
This gnaws an infant's heart, and he the liver.
Such proteſtants, as did through fear revolt,
Muſt in the fore-front, give the firſt aſſault,
Or elſe be kill'd themſelves. Some had their greaſe
Try'd out and ſold. They us'd ſuch blaſphemies:
Where's now your God? are Pſalmes and Prayers
To this? ſure he is either deaf, or dumb. (come
Let him come ſave you, if he can: they cry'd,
Kill, kill them all, and let's the ſpoil divide.
What fearful ſhrikes, and outcries were there then
Caus'd by theſe Devils in the ſhapes of men?
What breaking up of doors? what noiſe of guns
At *Orleance* was there heard? confuſion runs
In ev'ry ſtreet; what trampling of War-Horſes?
Rumbling of Carts, that bore away dead coarſes!

The

The Papists, in this massacre confess'd,
That they slew eighteen thousand at the least.
Some of them boasted in the streets aloud,
Th'had dy'd their doublets in the Hug'nots blood.
At *Tholouse*, they the call'd-out pris'ners slay,
Not suffring them to speake, much less to pray.
VVhen the Parisian massacre was known,
At *Bourdeaux* the like cruelty was shown.
How sad was it to see poor Protestants
VVander now here, now there, and none their wants
Supply! Alas unparalelled woes!
Rejected by their friends, destroy'd by foes!

SECT. XXIX.

The siege of Sancerre, Anno Christi, 1573.

THe Chastrian Lord besieging *Sancerre* town,
His thundring cannons play'd, and batter'd down
Her stony walls; the shiver'd timber flew
Continually about, yet none it slew. (shot,
Some had their hats, breeches, and coats through
Themselves not hurt nor prejudic'd one jot.
The siege endured long; at last, through want,
Horse-flesh was turn'd to food; which growing scant,
The Twons-men fed on dogs, cats, rats, mice, moles,
Hides, parchments, halters, Lantern-horns, roots, coals,
Their bread was made of straw-meal; they did boyl
Them pottage of old Oyntments, grease and Oyl.
And when these fail'd, they pounded nutshels, slates,
Eat mens dung fry'd: ho! these were precious cates!

A lab'rer and his wife were put to th'ſlaughter,
For feeding on their famin-ſtarved daughter.
Some little corn by ſtoldred brought to town,
Each pound was valued at half a crown.
The ſword did but eighty four perſons ſlay.
The famine half a thouſand ſwept away.
Many choſe rather to reſign their breath
At the ſwords point, then famiſh'd be to death.
The parents look'd upon with grief of heart
Their children, but could no relief impart.
A boy of five years old, neer ſpent with hunger,
Did run about the ſtreets; but when no longer
His feeble feet could bear him, down he fell
Before his parents ſight: 'tis ſad to tell
The horrour of their ſouls, and how their eyes
Ran down, when they did feel his with'red thighs.
Then ſaid the child, Father and mother dear,
What mean you ſo to weep? for Gods ſake ſpare
Thoſe needleſs drops, and do'nt my cauſe bemone;
I ask no bread, as knowing you have none:
But ſince it is Gods will, that I ſhould reſt
By ſuch a death as this; his name be bleſt:
Have not I (mother) in my Bible read,
Of *Laz'rus* wants? and that was all he ſaid.
At laſt God ſtirr'd up the Polonians,
To free the poor diſtreſs'd Sancerrians.
They with their arms and goods might go away;
And ſuch as would, might without trouble ſtay.

The siege of Rochel Anno 1573.

ROchel besieg'd, the towns-men salli'd out,
And often put the en'my to the rout.
In one months space the foe lay'd on so hot,
That more then thirteen thousand Cannon-shot
Discharg'd against the Rochellers, which held
Out siege so long, till famine them compell'd
T'unlawful meats, all their provision spent:
But O admired Providence! God sent
Them fishes, and in such abundant store,
The like was never seen nor heard before:
As soon as the edict for Peace came out,
(Which Legates sent from *Poland* brought about)
They went away, and ne're return'd again.
Divers great Lords and Gentlemen were slain
During this siege: commanders full sixscore,
And twenty thousand souldiers or more,
That did from bloody Massacres retire,
Receiv'd at *Rochel* their deserved hire.
Anno 1574. King *Charles* himself fall'a sick, t'his mother cry'd,
Madam, I pray revenge my foes, then dy'd.
Anno 1628. *Rochel* expecting help in time of need
From *England*, *England* prov'd a staff of reed
Which ran into their hands, whilst they depended
Too much thereon; the City (ill befriended)
B'ing close besieged by the King of *France*,
And his adherents, the inhabitants
Shrewdly put to't, for want of better meat,
Did horses, dogs, cats, rats, and leather eat.
The poorer sort of people wanting bread,
Upon the buttocks of the dead did feed.

Young

Young maids did look with ſuch a wrinkled brow,
As though they had a hundred years ran through.
And all the Engliſh, when the French had took
The City, like Anatomies did look.
How ſad was it to ſee, their hollow eyes
And meagre cheeks, lank bellies, withr'ed thighs?
* A ſtrike of wheat at twenty pounds was rated; * *The prices*
A pound of bread, worth one pound eſtimated; *of things.*
A quarter of a ſheep did ſix pounds utter;
And thirty ſhillings bought a pound of butter;
For one poor egge, eight ſhillings was layd down;
An ounce of ſugar, yielded half a crown.
A dry'd fiſh given for a piece in gold;
A pint of French-Wine, for as much was ſold;
A pound of grapes, thrice twelve pence; milk but fil-
A pint-pot full, valu'd at thirty ſhilling, *&c.* (ling

SECT. XXX

The Perſecution of the Church of Chriſt in the Valtoline, Anno Chriſti 1620.

THe bloody Papiſts, in the *Valtoline*
Riſing in arms, did furiouſly combine
To th'extirpation of the Chriſtian train;
Drown'd ſome in *Alba*, others they did brain:
Shot ſome, and ſtrangled others; ſome they bet
With knotty clubs; and many that they met
They inhumanely murth'red; ſome they drew
Out of their naked beds, and did imbrew
Their hands in their effuſed gore; they ſlit
The mouths of ſome up to their ears; and hit

Others

Others with the Strappado; some were hack'd
To pieces; others slash'd; and others rack'd.
Dominico Berte. One was compell'd to ride upon an Asse,
His face turn'd to the tail, and he to pass
The market-place, holding in's hand the tail
As 'twere a bridle; some when food did fail
Were famished; others were ston'd, or drown'd;
Some had their very bones, to powder ground.
Thus having made a quick dispatch at *Tel*,
These profane wretches, marched thence, and fell
Upon the Protestants at Church elsewhere,
Kill'd old and young, and shew'd no mercy there,
To Lords, nor Gentlemen: to death they shot
The Ministers: Ladies and Children, got
Into the Bell-free for security:
The place is fired; and by fire, they die.
The Popish party under a pretence
Of sending for the Protestants defence
At *Sondres* (yet for all they kept a pother)
They one destroyed now, and then another;
As if it had bin done by accident,
Concealing their malevolous intent:
Then did they fall to plunder, and imbrew,
Their hands in blood, all those they met they slew.
There was a Noble Lady which refus'd
The Romish faith: to whom such words they us'd;
Madam, out of the tender love you bear
To your young infant, in your arms, give ear
To us, or else you shall be kill'd together.
But she undaunted, thus; I came not hither
To abnegate my faith, nor left I all
I had behind in *Italy*, to fall
From my first principles; yea, I will rather
Suffer a thousand deaths; my heavenly father

Spar'd

Spar'd not his ſon, but up to death him gave,
Me, and ſuch ſinners as I am to ſave;
How ſhall I then regard this babe of mine?
O foe, ſaid ſhe, into the hands of thine
I give my little child: God which takes care
For the wing'd Cit'zens of the liquid Air,
Is much more able to ſave this poor child,
Though you ſhould leave it on theſe mountains wild.
Unlacing then her gown, ſhe bar'd her breſt,
And ſaid, Here is the body; you may feaſt
Your ſwords therewith: to kill it you have power,
My ſoul is Gods, it can you not devour.
They ſlay the mother, and the infant ſpare,
Committing it t'a Popiſh nurſes care.
Many that did refuſe to go to Maſs,
Were dragged to the mountaines tops (Alas!)
And thrown thence headlong down: for want of food
Others were famiſh'd; into *Adda's* flood
Some flung from bridges; and with corpſes dead
The woods and mountains ev'rywhere were ſpread.
A Noble Virgin, through the ſtreets was led
Diſgracefully; they put upon her head
A paper-mitre, buffeted her cheeks,
And ſo beſmear'd her face with dirt, (that leeks
Might grow thereon) then was ſhe bid to call
Upon the Saints; ſhe ſmiling ſaid, All, all
My hope, my truſt, and my ſalvation
Is in my Saviour Jeſus Chriſt alone.
As for the Virgin *Mary*, 'tis confeſt
She is above all other women bleſt;
Yet is ſhe not omniſcient, and therefore
Knowes not what we requeſt, what we implore:
Yea ſhe her ſelf her own ſon's merits needed,
And had bin damn'd, had he not interceeded.

Chriſt

Chriſt hath deſpis'd the croſs, endur'd the ſhame,
And ſo will I, thrice bleſſed be his name,
His holy name; with that, theſe villains drew her
Into the fields, and barbarouſly ſlew her.
Then came a letter from a Governour,
That theſe blood-ſuckers ſhould with all their power
Deſtroy both in the country and in City
All that were Lutherans, without all pity.
Whereat deſtroying all at *Tyrane*, *Tell*,
Bruſe, *Sondres*, and *Malenco*, they more fell
Then *Hyrcan Tygres*, fell on *Birbenno*,
Caſpano, *Traben*, ſlaying high and low.
They kill'd a man, and's wife. A cradled child
Fair and well-favour'd, in their faces ſmil'd;
They took her by the heels (not mov'd at all)
And daſhed out her brains againſt the wall.
At *Bruſe*, a very aged Matron was
Sollicited by them, to go to Maſs,
And have reſpect unto her age, not die;
To whom ſhe anſwer'd; God forbid that I
Who have one foot already in the grave,
Should now forſake my Lord, my Chriſt, who gave
Me to be conſtant in his truth profeſt,
And upon ſublunary creatures reſt.
Shall mens traditions, or Gods holy word
Take place? ſo ſaid, they ſlew her with the ſword.

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

The Perſecutions of the Church in Scotland, *which began,* Anno Chriſti 1527.

ONE Mr. *Patrick Hamilton* by name,
Sprung from an honourable ſtock, became
An able Miniſter; his holy zeal
Did the deſpiſed Myſteries reveal
To hood-wink'd ſouls, ſo long untill at laſt
Th'enraged Biſhops him in priſon caſt:
And after condemnation, he was brought
To execution; his cap, gown, and coat,
He gave t'his ſervant, and exhorted him
To venture all for Chriſt; yea, life and lim.
Bound to the ſtake, he cry'd, For Chriſt his merit,
O Lord be pleaſed to receive my ſpirit:
How long ſhall clouds of darkneſs overwhelm?
Great God! how long ſhall foes oppreſs this realm?
A Fryar then; *Unto our Lady pray*;
Salve Regina, ſay, &c. Away, away,
Satanick Imps; God hears me in the flame.
His ſoul went up to heav'n to praiſe Gods Name.
Straton converted, ſaid, O Lord I have
Bin wicked, and deſerv'd thy wrath, yet ſave;
O let not me, for fear of corp'ral pain,
Or death, deny thee, or thy truth again:
They his and Mr. *Norman's* perſon bring,
And burn them in the preſence of the King.
Such words the Biſhop of *Dunkelden* us'd
To one Dean *Porret* (whom the Fry'rs accus'd:)

My joy, Dean *Thomas*, I do love thee well,
And therefore take the liberty to tell
Thee of thy faults; I am inform'd you do
Preach the Epiſtle, nay the Goſpel too,
Each Sunday to your people; and refuſe
To take from them (as a reward) your dues;
Which prejudicial to the Church-men is,
My joy, Dean *Thomas*, I adviſe you this;
Take tythes, or elſe it is too much to preach
But once a week: for if thou gratis teach,
May not the people think that we likewiſe
Should do the ſame? *Tom*, be not ſo preciſe;
It is enough for you when you have found
A good Epiſtle and Goſpel, to expound
The liberty of holy Church expreſs'd
Therein, and 'tis no matter for the reſt.
Thomas reply'd: My Lord, if I abſtain
From tythes, will my pariſhioners complain?
I know they will not: and whereas you ſay,
It is too much to preach each Sabbath-day,
I think it is too little, for my part;
And from the very bottom of my heart
Wiſh, that your Lordſhip would be pleas'd to take
Such pains as that. Nay, nay, Dean *Thomas*, ſpake
The Biſhop then, no orders do us reach.
Whereas, ſaid *Thomas*, you do bid me preach
When a good Chapter I do light upon;
I've read them over all, and finde not one
That's bad amongſt them; ſhew me where they lie,
And at your ſhewing I will paſs them by.
I bleſs God, ſaid the Biſhop, I ne're knew
What was the Teſtament nor old nor new:
And I will not know any thing at all,
Saving my Portviſe, and Pontifical.

Go, go your wayes, and ceaſe ſo much to prate,
Leſt you repent you, when it is too late.
I truſt, ſaid *Thomas*, that my cauſe is clear
In Gods eyes; therefore, what need I to fear?
And ſo he went his way. But when time's glaſs
Had run a little more, he burned was.
Though bloody clouds were rais'd, Religion's raies
Shone forth in *Scotland*, in thoſe worſt of daies:
Partly by reading (comfort flowing thence)
And partly by fraternal conference;
Which ſo enrag'd the Papiſts, that they came
And burnt four noted perſons in one flame;
One *Jerom Ruſſet*, that profeſt the truth,
And *Alexander Kennedy*, a youth, (panted
Were brought to Judgement: *Kennedy's* heart
For fear at firſt, and would have fain recanted.
But when no hopes was left, God's Spirit reviv'd
His drooping ſoul; yea inward comforts ſtriv'd
To ſhew themſelves, both in his face and tongue:
Then falling on his knees, theſe words out ſprung:
Great God! What love haſt thou to all expreſs'd,
And unto me vile wretch, above the reſt!
O who hath taſted of thy clemency
In ſuch a high degree (O Lord) as I!
For juſt now when I would deny thy power,
And Jeſus Chriſt, thy Son, my Saviour,
T'have plung'd my ſelf all over head and ears
In everlaſting flames, (unquench'd with tears)
Thy right hand hath not ſuffer'd me to dwell
With the black ſubjects of the Prince of hell:
And I, that was of late with fear oppreſt,
Enjoy by thee a joy-enamel'd breſt.
I fear not death, do with me as you pleaſe;
I praiſe God I am ready, death's an eaſe.

Then railed they on him, and *Jerom*, who
Said alſo unto them, Miſcal us, do;
This is your hour and power to command;
Yee ſit as Judges, we as guilty ſtand:
But know, a day will come ſhall clear our blame,
And yee (curs'd yee) to your eternal ſhame
Shall ſee your blindneſs. Go on forward ſtill,
Till you the Ephah of your ſins up fill.
No ſooner were they both condemn'd to die,
But *Jerom* comforted young *Kennedy*:
Brother (ſaid he) fear not, he that indwels
Our ſouls, him that is in the world excels;
The pain we here indure is light and ſhort,
But we ſhall have unfading glory for't.
O ſtrive we then (though many rubs annoy)
To enter in unto our Maſters joy:
And, with our Saviour, paſs the narrow road
Which few ſhall finde; the way to hell is broad.
We die for Chriſt, and Chriſt hath death ſubdu'd,
Death cannot hurt us: hence me may conclude
We are the members; and if Chriſt our head
Be riſen, can the members long lie dead?
Thus death, and Satan, under-foot they trod,
And in the flame, breath'd up their ſouls to God.

Anno 1543. At *Edenburgh* the cruel Card'nal *Beton*
Hang'd ſome, upon ſuſpicion they had eaten
Gooſe on a Friday; and above the reſt,
A woman with her ſuckling at her breſt,
He drown'd for being ſcrupulous and wary
Of making prayers to the Virgin *Mary*.
He ſent into exile ſome Chriſtian brothers;
And at St. *Johnſtons* he impriſon'd others.
Mr. *George Wiſchard*, a Divine, whoſe worth
Wan him much admiration in the North,

Having

Having drunk deeply of afflictions cup,
Cheerfully in the flames ſurrendred up
His ſoul unto its donour. God fulfill'd
His propheſy, the Cardinal was kill'd.
One *Henry Wallace*, as an Heretick
Condemned to be burnt, was burned quick.
One *Henry Forr'ſt*, betrayed by a Fryar,
Was burnt, and had the end of his deſire.
Said *Ol'phant* to one *Walter Mill*, who pray'd,
Riſe up Sir Walter. Prayers don, he ſaid,
My name is *Walter* if you call me right,
I have bin too too long a Popiſh Knight.
Ben't there ſev'n Sacraments? Give me but two
Said he, and all the reſt I leave to you.
Wilt thou recant? he anſwer'd, I am corn,
Not chaff, and will not be i'th' truth out-born:
Then go to th'ſtake. Said he, I may not kill
My ſelf, but put me in, and bear I will;
This is my reſolution. Having made
His pray'r to God, he to the people ſaid,
Although it be confeſs'd, that I have bin
A friend to Satan, and a ſlave to ſin,
Yet 'tis not that, that doth my ſuff'rings cauſe,
I ſuffer for obſerving God's juſt Laws.
And now God out of his abundant grace
Doth honour me ſo farr, as (in this place)
To make me ſeal (what others not withſtood,)
His truth's profeſſion with my deareſt blood.
Dear friends as you'd eſcape eternal doom,
And live ſtill happy in the life to come,
Let not Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Abbots, Priors,
Seduce you any more, for they are Lyars.
Truſt God alone, O alwayes make his power
Your rock, your bulwark of defence, your tower.

Anno 1546.

Anno 1550.

Anno 1553.

So slep'd he in the Lord: and was the last
In *Scotland* that the fi'ry tryal past.

SECT. XXXII.

The Persecution of the Church in Ireland, Anno Christi 1642.

THe factious Archbishops, Abbots, Pryors,
False Jesuites, Romish Priests, and knavish (Friars,
Stirr'd up rebellion by their instigation,
Against the English in the Irish Nation.
And when they thought their malice had invented
Such thriving plots, as could not be prevented,
They in their publick prayers recommended
The good success of their designes, which tended,
To the advancement of the Cath'lick cause,
And told the people 'twas no time to pause.
Their nation over-run with hereticks;
Call'd Protestants sworn foes to Catholicks;
Who were not to be suffered alive
Amongst them; and for any to deprive
Them of their breaths, the crime was not more great,
Then to destroy a dog: to give them meat,
Or yield to them relief at any time,
'Twas mortal, & unpardonable crime!
Romes Doctrine they pretended to suppress,
And root out those that did the same profess;
They Laws would make, they thought should under-
All Pop'ry, after *Englands* good example. (trample
Observe we how their words and deeds did vary,
Said one thing, but did act the quite contrary.

And

And now they fall to murthi'ous blows ;and glory,
'Twill ſave them from the pains of Purgatory:
None that ſpake Engliſh the leaſt mercy found ;
The Engliſh language was a loathed ſound:
All are reſolv'd to ſcowre the Iriſh borders
From theſe ſuppoſed Authors of diſorders.
Poor Proteſtants! ſome were to exile packt ;
Some kill'd ; 'twas thought a meritorious act
To ſlay thoſe Devils in the ſhapes of men,
(For ſo they called them ;) not one of ten
Eſcap'd their clutches: what a deal of good,
Said they, it does us, thus to bath in blood!
When theſe injurious wretches are deſtroy'd
In *Ireland*, and their habitation voyd,
We'll then for *England* ; have at *England* then,
We will not leave alive one Engliſh man.
Put caſe we ſhould be of our lives bereaven;
Immediately our ſouls would fly to heaven. (fall,
Why ſhould ſuch ſcoundrels breath? to work let's
And take away their lives, eſtates, and all.
Strip, ſtrip, man, woman, child, baſe rogues and whores,
Leave not a rag on, turn them out of doors.
So now they ſhelter them ; but woods and caves
Sha'n't be their dwellings, but ſhall be their graves,
Whom wee'l —— But many by the high-wayes ſide,
For want of ſuſtenance fell down, and dy'd:
And many thouſands that for ſuccour fled
To towns, by that time they came there, were dead;
To tell their horrid Maſſacres, would make
The ear to tingle, and the heart to ake.
In *Armagh*, and *Tyrone*, this barb'rous rage
Spar'd neither rich nor poor, nor ſex, nor age:
And elſewhere many thouſands did expire
By ſword, by water, famine, or by fire.

Some had their guts rip'd out, ſome drag'd thro bogs;
Young children thrown to be devour'd by dogs.
If any chanc'd to beg but leave to pray, (way
And kneeled down, they loſt their heads ſtraight-
Some in dark dungeons lie; others half ſlain,
Earneſtly beg'd to be rid out of pain.
They cover'd ſome alive with dirt, and ſtones,
And laugh'd, to hear their lamentable grones.
Some were from bridges, into rivers flung;
Others, on tenter-hooks by the chin hung:
They hang'd up ſome by th'arms, with their ſwords
How long an Engliſh-man would be a dying. (trying
Young infants rip'd out of their mothers womb,
Were given to the hogs, for to entomb.
Children were forc'd to kill fathers, and mothers;
Parents, their childeren; and brothers, brothers;
Wives their own husbands; husbands their own wives:
And they themſelves in fine muſt loſe their lives.
No mercy's ſhown, man, woman, no nor child;
The dead's dig'd up, th'alive in cauldrons boil'd.
Some had their hands cut off, and eyes pluck'd out;
Many were left alive, their guts about
Their very heels: and of ſome's greaſe and fat
Candles were made; while others roſted at
Slack fires: Nay, boys and women were employ'd
To perpetrate ſuch deeds, and therein joy'd.
The Rebels, in the country *Portendown*,
Did many thouſands in the river drown.
At *Liſgool*, *Tullah*, *Liſſenskeah*, and *Cumber*,
(All Caſtles) a conſiderable number
Were brought unto untimely ends. Man, woman,
And child was kill'd at *Killmore* and *Killoman*.
An ancient dame, which towards *Dublin* went,
Was ſtrip'd in one day ſeven times, and ſent

To

To ſeek her God, and to her God complain,
And bid him, if he could, cloath her again:
All mercy was exil'd; theſe murth'rous *Cains*: (skeins.
Brain'd ſome; ſtab'd others with their ſwords, forks,
Thouſands of Proteſtants in ſnowy weather
Turn'd out ſtark naked, periſh'd all together,
Through cold and hunger; many that were ſick,
Were drag'd out of their beds, and hang'd up quick.
One Goodwife *Lin*, they hanged in the Air,
And then the daughter by the mothers hair.
Upon a day a Cittadel they fir'd
Over the Chriſtians heads therein retir'd;
And thus expreſs'd their joy: Behold, how high
The flames mount, O how ſweetly do they fry!
A Divines mouth up to the ears they ſlit;
So don, they put a Bibles leaf to it,
And bid him preach, and teach ſome pretty ſtuff,
For now he had a mouth was wide enough.
A naked woman, her bare skin to hide,
A wiſp of ſtraw about her middle tide;
They fir'd it, boaſting how it did enhance
Their ſpirits to ſee the Engliſh jade ſo dance:
They ſtab'd *Jane Addis*, and her young child ſtuck
T'her breſt, and ſaid, Suck Engliſh baſtard, ſuck.
If any hid themſelves in cellars, caves,
They all were murther'd by theſe hell-ſent ſlaves;
Who made their boaſt, they pleas'd the devil well
In ſending him ſo many ſouls to hell.
Againſt God, and his holy word, likewiſe,
They belch'd out execrable blaſphemies.
Bibles they burnt, and ſaid, They burnt hell-fire;
Cut ſome, and ſoaked others in the mire,
Then daſh'd them on the owners faces; ſome
They ſtamp'd on, ſaying, Hence all miſchiefs come;

A plague upon them all; in a ſhort time,
We hope to ſee none in our Iriſh clime.
They told th'Apoſtates, that they thought it good
To kill them while they were in a good mood.
Anne Nicholſon ſaid boldly ſhe'd not turne;
And rather then ſhe would her Bible burn,
As they would have her, ſhe the death would die;
And did, as it fell out: for by and by
She and her mate was ſtabb'd; but he that acted
The vill'ny, grew immediately diſtracted.
At *Glaſcow* fifty Engliſh men and Scots
They made recant, and then cut all their throats.
In *Mayo*, and in *Tiperary* too,
Both Counties, not a few did undergo
All ſorts of cruel deaths; theſe bloody ones
Did ſlaſh, hew, hack, and pellet them with ſtones.
They fore'd ſome in the Sea (ſwoln big with waves)
To take poſſeſſion of thoſe watry graves.
In *Sligo*, forty Proteſtants were ſtrip'd,
And lock'd up in a cellar; then there ſlip'd
A butcher in (appointed ſo to do)
And with an axe cleav'd all their heads in two.
Into the Jail belonging to this town,
Poor Proteſtants were ſent, and there knock'd down.
About *Dungannon*, *Tyrone*, *Charlemount*,
Hundreds were ſlain upon the ſame account.
An Iriſh Quean kill'd forty five: *Mac Crew*
No leſs then thirty in one morning ſlew.
There were above twelve thouſand knock'd at head
In the high-wayes, as towards *Down* they fled.
Theſe rogues a Scotch-mans belly did divide,
And having one end of his ſmal guts tide
Unto a tree, they fore'd him round about
The ſame ſo long, till they were all drawn out:

Said

Said they, We'll try which is the longeſt ſize,
A dogs guts, or a Scotchmans; O glad eyes!
In *Antrum* fell nine hundred fifty four
In one morn, afterwards twelve hundred more.
Sir *Phileme O Neal* boaſted he had kill'd
Above ſix hundred at *Gravagh*; and fill'd
Whole houſes with the ſlain; brain'd old and young
Within the Baronry of *Monterlong*.
In *Ulſter* Province, by all ſorts of deaths,
One hundred fifty thouſand loſt their breaths.
One man for ſaying he'd believe the Pope
No ſooner then the devil, ſtretch'd a rope.
In *Munſter*, many eminent Divines
They hanged up. Alas! what woful ſighs
Poor children made for bread; but they muſt faſt
Or feed on graſs, and then be brain'd at laſt.
Dear hearts! in what inextricable woes
Are they involv'd? inexorable foes
On ev'ry ſide to bring them to their ends;
'Tis ſad to hear wives, children, ſervants, friends,
Send to the ayr their ſtormy ſighs, and grones,
Their ſhrieks, their cries and lamentable mones!
Alas! what tongue, is able to relate
The fears, and cares, of their afflicted ſtate?
O was it, was it not enough almoſt
To break a Chriſtians heart, to hear them boaſt
Of knockings down? (ſaid one) my arm's ſo ſore
I cannot lift it up, to brain one more.
Another bragg'd, that he abroad had bin,
And of the Engliſh rogues had kill'd ſixteen:
Others ſo many kill'd, that they believ'd,
That of the very greaſe and fat which cleav'd
Upon their ſwords, a man might undertake
An Iriſh candle (if he liſt) to make.

The

The Engliſh are (ſaid they) fit meat for dogs,
Their children baſtards, drown them in the bogs;
The daye's our own, we'll wound their beaſts there-
Oh 'tis a gallant thing to hear them rore! (fore;
Thus have we had a taſt of what befel
The Proteſtants: now they that did rebel
Have ever ſince by the juſt hand of God
Bin ſoundly ſcourg'd with his ſeverer rod;
He ſo emaſculates their ſpirits in fight,
That handfuls put innum'rous foes to flight;
Anno Thouſands of them have periſh'd by the ſword;
1650. As many, if not more, the plague devour'd:
The Lord ſtill fights for his; and will, no doubt,
Utterly root up that rebellious rout.

A MARTYROLOGIE

Containing

A COLLECTION

Of all the

PERSECUTIONS

Which have befallen

The Church of *England*,

Since the first Plantation of the Gospel,

To the end of

Queen MARIES *Reigne*.

By the same AUTHOR.

Victi sunt { *Gentiles* / *Papistæ* } *& Idololatria eorum non a repugnantibus, sed morientibus Christianis.* Augustin. Ep. 42.

Quo malis presentibus durius deprimor, eo de futuris gaudiis certius presumo. Gregor.

In nothing be terrified by your adversaries, which to them is an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God, *Phil.* 1. 28.

Printed by *J. Cottrel.* 1657.

To the Right Honourable,

WROTH ROGERS

ESQUIRE;

High Sheriff, and Governour of the City and County of *Hereford*:

AND

TO THE REVEREND,

Mr. { *William Voyle*, *William Low*, *Samuel Smith*, *George Primrose* } Miniſters of Chriſts Goſpel in *Hereford*.

Grace and Peace be multiplied, &c.

Honoured and Reverend } Sirs;

AS it is the property of generous ſpirits, not to exact an anſwerable retaliation for

for their afforded favours from the party whom they have engag'd: So neither are they wont to ſlight the petty preſents of a grateful heart, whoſe greateſt ambition is to be thankful. This hath emboldened me to offer you the ſmall fruits of my weak labours, or rather recreations, gathered at ſpare hours, in hope they may ſo relliſh with your palate, as to move you to honour them with a free acceptance: I doubt not then but they will paſs the better, and be entertained with more Approbation. VVhat though the wine of aſtoniſh-

ment

ment (I mean the blood of Martyrs) be not so pleasant, and consequently less desirable, yet my hanging out the signes of your hononrable names (at the Frontispice of my Book) will be very effectual to make it vendible. Humility in your selves, and charity towards me, will cover all faults. I know you are my Honourable and Reverend good Friends, and *Amici omnia, amicè interpretantur*, so will you this my good will. Now if it be your pleasure to make use of me, I am here prest for your small Service, till I am able to per-

form greater. So praying God to fill you with as much happineſs both here and hereafter, as your hearts can hold, I take my leave of you; but ſhall alwayes, while I have a tongue and hand, acknowledge and ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your Honours humbleſt Servant; and to you my Worthy Friends very much obliged,

Nicholas Billingſley.

Etrolog. *The ſeconD of the MoVnth AprIL. MDCLVI.*

To the ingenious Reader.

Kinde Reader,

I *Call thee as I would willingly finde thee; though, I confeſs, my weak performance of this Part alſo in Verſe, which is ſo well done to thy hand in Proſe already, might juſtly occaſion thee to clothe thy brow in an angry frown, and look big upon me, with a* What needs this? *But I perſwade my ſelf, thou knowſt a little better what belongs to humanity, then to judge too inhumanely of me; thy ſelf remembring that thou art alſo born of a woman, and art naturally proclive to ſlip, if need be, as well as another. Manſuetude ſeems firſtly to be attributed to beaſts which were made tame, and cicurated; but was afterwards us'd to expreſs the minde pliable, and pulling in the reins of her paſſion: this vertue if thou haſt, I need not adviſe thee (as* Athenodorus *did* Auguſtus) *from ſpeaking any thing raſhly before thou haſt orderly repeated the Criſs-Croſs-Row. Thus do I hope well of thee. What I have done, I leave*

To the ingenious Reader.

to thy good-liking; which, if I may be so worthy, as to obtain from thee, give God the Glory, and I am abundantly rewarded for my pains.

Yours,

N. B.

The

THE PERSECUTIONS Of the Church of *England*,

From the first planting of the Gospel, to the end of Queen *Maries* Reign.

SECT. I.

The Persecution of the British Church, till the coming in of the Saxons.

TO tell exactly who the persons were
That first preach'd to the Britains, in what (year
The Gospel first took root, is past my skill,
Since Authors cite them with a diff'ring Quill.
Some say * *Zelotes* preach'd here first of all;
Some *Arimatheam Joseph*; others *Paul*:
Fagan, and *Damian*, did the Gospel bring
Into great *Britain*. *Lucius* the King,

* *Simon Zelotes.*

With many of his subjects, did embrace
The proffer'd Gospel, as the means of grace:
Converted, and baptiz'd, they overturn'd
Th'Idol'trous Temples, and the Altars burn'd:
All superstitious rites they laid aside,
Advancing Christ: the Scripture was their guide,
And onely rule; they judged nothing fit
But what had warrant from the Sacred Writ.
Two hundred sixteen years this faith did flame
Amongst them till the Pagan *Saxons* came.
Religious *Lucius* without issue dy'd,
And now the Barons and the Nobles vy'd
For King; and while they for the crown contended,
In step'd the Romans, so the quarrel ended:
For they usurp'd the crown, and did o'rewhelm
With misery and ruine the whole Realm.
Sometimes th'Idol'trous Romans bore the sway;
Sometimes the Christian *Britans* won the day:
By turns they got the best, by turns they got
The worst, as Providence did them allot.
In *Diocletian's* time, and in the Reign
Of *Maximinian*, the Christians slain
In *Britany* and elsewhere, did amount
To sev'nteen thousand. One of great account,
Alban his name, the Proto-Martyr was
Of *Englands* Isle; and many more did pass
That way he went. Religion decaid,
Bibles were burned, and the Churches laid,
Laid level with the ground; disord'red orders
Took place; and Piety forsook our borders.
But the fore-named Tyrants over-tir'd
With bloody butcheries, at last respir'd;
Experience telling them, the more they shed
The Christians blood, the more the faith still spread.

They

They both went down from the Imperial ſeat;
Conſtantius; next *Conſtantine the Great*
Succeeding in the Britiſh government,
The Church was quiet, and enjoy'd content:
Which peace continu'd till the Arrian Sect
The novelty-affectors did infect.
Hereat God raiſed up the Picts and Scots
(Two barb'rous nations) and to them alots
The Victors wreath: poor *England* was oppreſt,
And did for many years enjoy no reſt.
Which made them ſend Embaſſadors to *Rome*
With ſad complaints, entreating them to come
To aid them; ſo a Roman Legion came,
Slew ſome, making the reſt retreat with ſhame,
And quit theſe coaſts; adviſing us withal
To raiſe betwixt us and the Scots, a wall:
A wall being builded by the Engliſh men,
The Roman force returned home agen.
This news was brought unto the Picts and Scots
One this ſide of the wall; they landed boats,
O're-ran the country, laid the corn-fields waſte,
And bare down all before them as they paſt.
The Britans ſend their Legates unto *Rome*
A ſecond time; the ſent for ſouldiers come
And vanquiſh'd them; the reſt put to diſorders,
Enforcedly deſert the Britiſh borders.
Which done, they told the Britans flat and plain,
They ſhould expect no aid from them again;
Beſides, it ſtood not with their eaſe, to take
So long and tedious journeys for their ſake:
Now therefore arm your ſelves, and exerciſe
In Warlike feats (ſaid they) if yee be wiſe:
Go, go and build you firmer walls, that ſo
You may be able to keep out your foe.

The Romans having took their laſt farewel
Of *Britany*, the Picts and Scots ſoon fell
On the re-builded walls, and put to flight
The trembling Britains, no: train'd up to fight.
They that ſtood out were barb'rouſly deſtroy'd;
And all their goods the enemies enjoy'd.
Lo an Aceldama of blood! what ſtore
Of ſlaughtred Carkaſſes, ev'n ſwim in gore!
Rome b'ing again ſolicited to ſend
Relief, refus'd; the Britains in the end
Took heart to graſs, when earthly comforts fail'd
Sought God, and 'gainſt their enemies prevail'd;
Gave them the total rout; the Picts began
To keep their bound, ſave onely now and than
They inroads made into the Land; the Land
At laſt became under her own command.
The ground was now manur'd; the Lord did bleſs
Th'induſtrious Britains with a large encreaſe
Of full-ear'd corn, that ſuch abundant ſtore
Scarce ever in the Land was ſeen before.
But Oh! mans ſinful heart! this Peace, this Quiet,
This Plenty, led them to exceſs, and riot,
To pride, contention, envy, and the like:
God ſent the plague among them, which did ſtrike
So many dead, that the alive were all;
Unable to afford them burial.
Yet could the judgements that abroad were ſent
Not melt their hearts, nor move them to repent;
The death of friends, the danger they were in
Themſelves, but hardened them more in ſin;
Not work'd their Reformation; oftentimes,
Judgements prove Shooing-horns to greater crimes.
They wax ſtill worſe and worſe; the Laity choſe,
And Clergy too, to live like ranc'rous foes,

Gods

Gods thundring vengeance which upon them fell,
My breathing Muſe ſhall in the ſequel tell.

SECT. II.

The Perſecution of the Britiſh Church under the Heathen Saxons and Engliſh, Anno 429, &c.

THE Britains with ill-neighbours re-infeſted,
Inſtead of turning to the Lord, requeſted
The Pagan Saxons aid, for to oppoſe
The raging fury of theſe Northern foes;
They came, and coming, conquer'd them; at length,
The Saxons knowing their ſufficient ſtrength
To over-pow'r the weaker Britains, they
Fell foul on them, exacting greater pay,
And more proviſion, or elſe they would
Side with the Picts, and do the beſt they could
To ſpoil their country. This their reſolution
No ſooner ſaid, was put in execution:
All goodly edifices they deſtroy'd:
The Miniſters, the while they were employ'd
In Divine ſervice, were of lives depriv'd,
And rev'rend Biſhops with their flocks diſliv'd.
Some left their country and beyond Seas fled;
Some on the mountaines tops were murthered.
Some pin'd with hunger, creeping from their caves,
Were ſoon diſpatch'd, or made perpetual ſlaves.
The Engliſh Nobles ſummoned to treat
Concerning peace, did on a fix'd time meet
At *Almſbury*; but by the faithleſs train
Of Saxons, were moſt treacherouſly ſlain

At *Stonehenge*; and, that they were bury'd there,
The yet-remaining monuments declare.
Now when the Britans found no other way
Lay open to redreſs, they fell to pray.
A faſt was call'd, and all, with one accord
Humbled their ſouls, before th'Almighty Lord.
Ambroſius Aurelian, being choſe
To be their King, did profligate their foes;
And from that day, Gods hand appearing glorious,
They went out proſp'rous, and return'd Victorious.
At laſt *Aurelian* with poyſon dead,
Uter Pendragon reigned in his ſtead:
He bidding battail to the enemy,
Two of their Chieftains took; who ſcaping, fly
To *Belgia* for more aid; and in the mean
The Saxons flock'd in; conflicts paſt between
Th'Engliſh and them: now theſe, and ſometimes they,
(As Providence ſaw good) did win the day,
Octa, and *Coſa*, with a force renew'd
Came o're again; the Britans are ſubdu'd;
Their paſtors ſlain, Churches demoliſhed,
No mercy's ſhown; King *Uter* ſick in bed,
Seeing his Subjects fall, would needs be brought
Into his camp: ſo reſolutely fought
His ſouldiers then, they (under God) obtain
The Victors wreath: *Octa* and *Coſa* ſlain.
Soon ever this great Victory was won,
Uter of poyſon dy'd; *Arthur* his ſon
Was crowned King, who twice ſix Victories
Obtain'd againſt the Saxon enemies.
His ſtranger acts, and unbeliev'd ſucceſs,
As fabulous, I leave; but queſtionleſs
Much peace and ſafety to the Britiſh Iſle
Was in his happy reign enjoy'd; yet while

They

They were at Peace with others, they agin
Returning to their loathed wayes of sin,
Fell to intestine broils, embracing evil
In stead of good, and worshipped the Devil,
Under the notion of an Angel bright.
The Priests withheld the Gospels purer light
From deviating souls; which soon procur'd
The wrath of God (too great to be endur'd)
Driv'n out of house and home, no ease, no rest
They found; the Saxons had the Land possest,
And turn'd out all the Christian Divines.
So done, they did in the usurp'd confines,
The Heptarchy erect: These Kings did smother
All peace, fell out and warr'd with one another:
Till disempowr'd, they could not well defend
Themselves, much less with enemies contend.
King *Lucius* was the first that did receive *Anno*
The Gospel, and in Jesus Christ believe: 180.
From which time (as't in Chronicles appears)
It staid in *Britain* full four hundred years:
One hundred fourty and three years Gods word *Anno*
Grew cold; but *Austins* comming it restor'd. 598.
Some English children bring brought to *Rome*,
There to be sold, *Gregory* chanc'd to come
Into the market-place: when his fix'd sight
Saw in their lovely cheeks pure red and white
Contend for Mastership, he much admir'd
At their so sweet complexions, and enquir'd
What country they were of; then being told
That they were English heathens, to be sold
For slaves: here's choice enough, if any wants,
Said he, 'tis pity such inhabitants,
So fair, and so Angelical, should dwell
As subjects to the sowry Prince of hell.

In

Inform'd their Province *Deira* was; ſaid he, I
Could wiſh them Manu-miſs'd *De ira Dei*.
And further, being given to underſtand,
That one nam'd *Alle* rul'd the Britiſh land;
There, there, ſaith he, ought Praiſes to be given
And *Allelujah's* to the King of heaven.
He alſo had a great deſire to go
To *England*, and there preach: but *Rome* ſaid, no.
Pelagius dy'd: he in his room aſſign'd
Romes Biſhop, calling his intent to minde:
Anno *Auſtin*, and forty more Divines, he ſent
590. To undertake this work: they land in *Kent*,
At *Thanets* fertile Iſle: King *Ethelbert*,
Anno In *Canterbury* City, they convert,
586. And did baptize: by whoſe example, many
Dayly came in, the King enforc'd not any,
But much reſpected, and affected thoſe
Who willingly with Chriſt would make a cloſe.
Auſtin ſends *Greg'ry* word, how God did bleſs,
And crown their labours with deſir'd ſucceſs.
The joyful Biſhop ſendeth more Divines
Over, for to effect thoſe great deſigns
Were now on foot: a letter of adviſe
He writes to *Auſtin*, not to be too wiſe
In his own eyes, nor be puft up at all
By thoſe great miracles, which did befall
The Engliſh Church: For why? for this intent,
God onely us'd him, as an inſtrument.
Aſcribe all, *Auſtin*, to God's pow'r Divine;
His be the glory, and the praiſe, not thine:
And when thy heart t'ebullulate begins,
O think upon thy God-offending ſins,
And that will humble thee: all Gods elect
Have of themſelves no power to effect

A miracle like this; and yet heav'ns book
Contains their names. O do not, do not look
So much on thine own works; be this thy ſtrife,
To have thy name writ in the book of life.
What ever miracle the Lord hath brought
To paſs by thee, know this, it was not wrought
For thy ſake; no, 'twas wrought for the ſalvation
Of the ſeduc'd, miſguided Engliſh nation.
If I might be ſo worthy to adviſe,
The Temples built for heath'niſh ſacrifice
I would not have demoliſh'd, but th'abuſe
Remov'd, converted to another uſe.
God go along with you, and leſt you ſtumble
Through pride, and glory, keep you alwayes humble, &c.
He an Epiſtle alſo did direct
Unto the King, which was to this effect:
He firſt prais'd God, then did the King commend,
Wiſhing he might prove conſtant to the end
In his profeſſed faith; and to his power,
Convert his Subjects to a Saviour,
Who holds forth life to thoſe that will receive
It freely, and in's promiſes believe.
And laſtly, he intreats his gifts may finde
Acceptance, coming from a willing minde.
Miletus, by his preaching did convert
Th'eaſt Angles and the then-King *Sigebert*;
Who with his Uncle *Ethelbert* did found
St. *Paul* his Church and built it from the ground.
Auſtin a Synod gath'red in this nation
Of Biſhops, to conſult of Reformation;
But nothing's done therein: King *Ethelbert*
Having a mighty force, went to evert
The *Cheſtrian* City, where the Monks of *Bangor*
Aſſembling, pray'd God to divert his anger,

From

From their friends heads, and turn it on their foes,
To ſhield the Engliſh from approaching woes.
When the king ſaw them ſo intent in pray'r,
Demand he did, what ſort of men they were:
And being credibly inform'd, they pray'd
For thoſe that were his enemies; he ſaid,
Although unarm'd, they fight againſt us do,
And with their prayers perſecute us too;
My hearts, fall bluntly on them; upon pain
Of our diſpleaſure, let them all be ſlain.
Eleven hundred Monks had their blood ſpill'd;
Which God reveng'd: the bloody Tyrant's kill'd
In fight by Chriſtian *Edwin*, who obtain'd
The crown, and the Chriſt-builded faith maintain'd.
The Idols, and the Altars he deſtroy'd,
Making all ancient ceremonies voyd.
He cauſed brazen diſhes to be tide
By ev'ry fountain in the High-wayes ſide,
That ſo each paſſenger without controul,
Might be refreſhed with a liberal boul:
He alwayes carried himſelf propitious
Unto the good, but rig'rous to the vitious:
So that a woman charg'd with gold might paſs
From Sea to Sea, unqueſtion'd who ſhe was.
At laſt, by *Penda*, and *Cadwalla's* might,
Subdu'd, *Joſiah*-like, he dy'd in fight:
His Chriſtian Subjects felt the worſt of woes,
Nay, cruelſt deaths, by thoſe inſulting foes.
* *Edelburg.* The * Queen, her * daughter, and *Paulinus* went,
* *Eafled.* To ſave their lives, by water into *Kent*:
Oſwald was crowned next; whoſe pray'rs did gain
A glorious Victory, *Cadwalla* ſlain.
His love to piety, his fervent zeal
To ſpread the Goſpel in his common-weal,

Was known to all. From *Scotland* he procur'd
Aidanus Biſhop; and the King inur'd
To Scoth, himſelf interpreted the words
Aidanus preach'd, unto his noble Lords
And Subjects in their mother tongue, more known
To them then the exotique Scotiſh tone.
He to the poor was ſo compaſſionate,
That when on Eaſter-day at meat they ſate
And ſerv'd in ſilver, he was told the poor
Stood flocking thick and threefold at the door
He cauſed them for to be ſerv'd in ſtate
With his own food, taking a ſilver plate,
And ſtraight-way breaking it in pieces ſmall,
Diſtribute it he did amongſt them all.
Aidanus ſeeing this, admir'd, and got
Him by the hand, O may this never rot
That to the poor ſo beneficial was
(Said he:) as Authors ſay, it came to paſs.
This *Oſwald* alſo was a means to bring
Kinigilſus of the Weſt-Saxons King,
And *Quicelinus* King of *Dorſetſhire*,
With many of their Subjects, to the clear
Knowledge of Chriſt; under the Miniſt'ry
Of *Berinus* famous for piety.
Thus *Oſwald* having reigned nine years ſpace,
Mercian Penda did his life uncaſe.
Oſwic ſucceeded him; *Oſwic* as glorious
A Prince, as pious, and no leſs Victorious:
He rais'd an army, fought, and overthrew
A greater force, and impious *Penda* ſlew.
And now the Biſhops and the Miniſters,
Sequeſter'd from the World, and its affairs,
Preach'd freely to the people, until they
About the celebrating Eaſter-day

(Which

(Which bone amongſt them Satan caſt) contended,
A Synod's call'd, nor was the diff'rence ended,
Wolferus now a licenſe having gain'd,
Converted the ſouth-Saxons; then there rain'd
Abundant ſhowrs which fertiliz'd the land
Laine barren for three years: thus Gods good hand
Appeared in a plenteous increaſe;
He ſent his Goſpel, with his Goſpel-peace.
Thus the South-Saxons, with the Iſle of *Wight*,
Did laſt of all embrace the Goſpels light.
About this time the Roman Church diſown'd
Her priſtine beauty; Antichriſt enthron'd,
The Pope did Lord it over all; he ſent
Italian *Theodorus* into *Kent*
With many Monks, there Maſſes muſt be ſung,
And in the Latin, not the mother-tongue:
Biſhops, and Miniſters he did diſplace
At's pleaſure, ſo that in a little ſpace
Truth turn'd to errour, Piety to vainneſs,
Zeal to contempt, Religion to profaneſs.
Becauſe their iterated crimes did urge
Gods wrath, the Pagan-Danes became their ſcourge.

SECT.

SECT. III.

Of the Heptarchy united by Egbert; *and of the invaſion by the Danes, and of the Perſecution of the Engliſh Church under them.*

KIng *Egbert* after many battails fought,
United firſt the Heptarchy, and brought
In Monarchy, into the Britiſh land;
The whole Realm his, he gave a ſtrict command
That Britain ſhould be *England* nam'd, and all
The Saxons anſwer to the Engliſh call.
The Pagan-Danes invaded ſeveral times
(To plague her for her execrable crimes)
This Britiſh Iſle, not ſtriving to enjoy
And conquer it, but t'utterly deſtroy.
They whoſoe're they met, man, woman, child,
Kill'd or enſlaved, and the Churches ſpoil'd.
They ſacked *Canterbury*, in which place
Above nine thouſand ſouls they did uncaſe.
Throughout the Land their cruelty was ſuch,
Of blood they thought they could not ſhed too much.
This Iſle was ſubject to a forreign power, *Above 255 years.*
Till freed by *William the Conqueror.*
Who liſt to know the intercourſe of things.
The Acts and the Succeſſions of Kings,
May if he pleaſe, (for brevity's my mark)
Read them at large in famous Mr. *Clarke.*

SECT. IV.

The Perſecution of the Engliſh Church under the Papacy.

ALthough Religion from the time this Iſle
Embrac'd grace firſt, retain'd not all this while
Its Prim'tive ſplendour, but grew more obſcure,
More ſuperſtitious, and no leſs impure;
Yet in thoſe Priſtine dayes, the peoples crimes
Were not equivalent to after-times.
The Church now being in the deſarts hid,
Affraid to ſhew her face, th'Almighty did
Raiſe *Bernard* up, and many more beſide,
T'unmask and check the Antichriſtian pride;
And ſuperſtitious diſordred orders
Too too luxuriant in the Britiſh borders.
At which the Pope and his adherents urg'd, (ſcourg'd
They were impriſon'd, hang'd, and burnt, and
About the ſtreets, or branded in the forehead,
With an Heret'cal character: O horrid!
Yet many did moſt readily embrace
Their Doctrine, as the onely meanes of grace:
That man of ſin, that offspring of perdition
Renounc'd, and all the wayes of ſuperſtition.
God ſtill preſerv'd a Church unto his name,
From Chriſts time, till the time that *Luther* came.
Anno 1518. *John Patrick Engina*, when *Alfred* reign'd,
Anno 884. The firſt Reader in *Oxford* was ordein'd:
He wrote a book about the Sacrament,
For which a Martyrs death he underwent.

They

They branded in the face, and baniſh'd ſome
Divines at *Oxford*, who declam'd 'gainſt *Rome*.
One *Arnold* there they butcher'd, who decry'd
Againſt the Prieſts lewd lives, and Prelates pride.
In *Henry's* reign the ſecond of that name,
Thirty *Waldenſes* into *England* came,
Gerard their Paſtor ; and without all pity,
Were whipped publickly through *Oxford* City ;
They ſinging all the while, *Bleſſed are yee,*
When you ſhall hated, and miſuſed be, &c.
With want and cold, they dy'd ; none might afford
Them any comfort, nor at bed nor board.
Gualdo who 'gainſt the prieſts invectives wrote,
And alſo Doctor *Gilbert Foliot*,
Who oft blam'd * *Thomas Becket* to his face,
Were perſecuted much : to them a grace.
Sylveſter Gyrald by his writings rears
Such Hornets up, as fall about his ears.
One *Alexander*, for his bitter ſtile
Baniſh'd by † *Langton*, died in exile.
Aſhton fellow of *Merton* colledge went
Into perpetual impriſonment.
One *William Sawtre*, *Thorp*, and *Swinderby*,
With ſundry more Divines condemn'd, did die
Under the Chriſtian Banner, and their ſpirits
Paſs'd into glory through Chriſt Jeſus merits.
And now becauſe my Muſe finds nothing new
But onely Martyrs names, ſhe dids adieu
At preſent, Reader, but intends to meet
Thy ſerious eye within another ſheet.

Anno 960.

Anno 1126.

Anno 1160.

Anno 1170.

* *Archbiſhop of Canterbury.*

Anno 1200.

Anno 1207.

† *Archbiſhop of Canterbury.*

Anno 1382.

SECT. V.

The Persecution of the English Church after the rising of Martin Luther.

THE Christian world appear'd not very clear
Until the fifteen hundred eighteenth year,
Wherein God pleased to unbosome night,
Anno The Art of Printing being brought to light;
1518. Which furnished the Church with useful books,
And made them to discerne Religions looks
From superstition, (as in a mirrour;)
Substantial Truth, from counterfeited errour.
God also rais'd up sundry men of parts;
Who by their learning and ingenious Arts,
Most strenuously opposed Barbarism,
Truths Sunshine breaking from the clouds of Schism.
Picus, and *Franciscus Mirandula*,
Laurentius Valla, *Francis Petrarcha*,
Erasmus, Doctor *Collet*, *Wesalinus*
Rhenanus Grocinus, *and Revelinus*, &c.
Were in Gods vineyard faithful labourers;
Then *Martin Luther*, and his followers,
By Gods appointment came into this nation,
To work his Church t'a fuller Reformation.
Anno Six persons suff'red death at *Coventry*,
1519. Onely for teaching of their family
The Lords pray'r, ten commandments, and the creed,
Anno I'th' English tongue. Severity indeed!
1523. One *Thomas Harding*, on an Easter day,
When others worship'd Idols, went to pray

Within

Within a ſilent grove; where apprehended,
Condemn'd, and burnt, his ſoul to heaven aſcended.
At *London* one *John Raimond* was abjur'd; *Anno*
Who fifteen hundred Teſtaments procur'd 1528.
Of *Antwerp* Print, and brought five hundred over
Into this Iſle, the darkneſs to diſcover.
One *Sigar Nicholſon* was hung up by
The privy members; and the reaſon why, *Anno*
Was this: in *Cambridge* he (a Stationer) 1529.
Kep'd in his houſe ſome works, that *Luther's* were.
One *Thomas Hitten*, a Divine in *Kent*,
After a tedious impriſonment, *Anno*
Was over to the ſec'lar power turn'd, 1530.
And by them in the Town of *Maidſtone* burn'd.
Cardinal *Woolſy* perſecuted ſore *Anno*
Bilny, *Lome*, *Garret*, *Barnes*, and many more. 1531.
One *Richard Bayfield*, was from *Lollards* tower *Anno*
Deliver'd over to the ſec'lar power, 1532.
And after bound at ſtake; when with the flame
His left arm burned was, he rubb'd the ſame
With his right hand ſo hard, that down it fell:
He pray'd until he went in heaven to dwell.
Edward Freeſe, *Johnſtone*, *Wylie*, Father *Bates*,
All ſhut up with their wives in *Fulham* grates,
During their hard impriſonment, were fed,
O miſery indeed! with ſaw-duſt bread.
After a tedious lying in the ſtocks,
Thay let them go, but clog'd their legs with locks.
James Bainham, when half burned at the ſtake,
To this effect unto the Papiſts ſpake:
Behold, ye look for miracles; and here
A miracle indeed, doth now appear:
For I am as inſenſible of pain,
As if I on a bed of down were lain;

All's one to me, both equally do pleaſe:
O tis a Roſy bed, a bed of eaſe!
A. 1530. An Idol nam'd *The Rood of Dover Court*,
Was burnt, and ſome in chains were hanged for't.
Now ſuffer'd *Andrew Hewet*, and *John Frith*.
One *Thomas Bennet*, who was curſed with
Bell, Book, and Candle, faſtned to the ſtake,
And fir'd, a comfortable end did make.
The Papiſts to their power the truth ſuppreſt,
And Perſecuted thoſe that it profeſt:
But God was pleas'd deliverance to bring
To his afflicted Saints; for now the King
Divorc'd the Lady *Katharine* of *Spain*,
And took to wife Lady *Anne Bullen*. Vain
Were all the Popes projects; none in this nation
Might now enforced be to abjuration.
Eliz'beth Barton, th'holy maid of *Kent*,
A Nun both ſubdolous and fraudulent,
By the ſtrange alt'ring of her countenance
Gull'd ſilly people, lying in a trance
(As Quakers do) and then, as if ſh'had been
Inſpir'd by God, would in reproof of ſin
Speak much, and raile againſt the Goſpels light,
Calling it Hereſy; her ranc'ous ſpight
She vented to the King and Queens diſhonour.
By Satan back'd, ſhe alſo took upon her
T'advance *Rome's* Doctrine, praiſing conſtitutions
Idol'try, Pilgrimages, Abſolutions, *&c.*
Anno But Doctor *Cranmer*, with the Lord *Cromwel*,
1533. And Mr. *Latimer*, did wiſely ſmell
Anno Out all the knavery; ſo that the Nun
1534. And her aſſociates hang'd, their dayes were don.
Anno Though *England* did the Popiſh pow'r diſown,
1536. Yet Popery ſtill hover'd up and down:

And

And *William Tindal* was betraid, arrain'd,
Condemn'd and burned for the Truth maintain'd.
Anne Bullen also, that Religious Queen,
(Who now about three yeers had married been)
By false reports and sinister suggestions,
Had lost the Kings affection; he questions
Her dearest love; which he intends to smother,
By marrying himself unto another.
Queen *Anne* was to the Tower carried;
And, e're three weeks were over, lost her head.
The Vertuous Lady, standing up erect
Upon the Scaffold, spake to this effect:
Good Christian people, if you wonder why
I am come hither, know, it is to die;
Having already heard my sentence strict:
Nor lies it in my pow'r to contradict.
I come not hither for this end, to clear
My self, nor tell who my accusers are:
I pray God save the King, his life maintain,
And make you flourish in his happy reign, *&c.*
And if among you, there be any shall
Presume to question my untimely fall;
Anne Bullen begs, *Anne Bullen* does implore,
That they would judge the right, and judge no more.
Thus, thus vain world, I take my leave of you:
Dear Christian friends, I bid you all adieu:
I pray be fellow-feelers of my case,
And put up prayers to the Throne of grace
In my behalf. Oh Lord in mercy shine
Upon me, take my soul, for it is thine:
Sweet Jesu, it is thine. This oft she said
On her bent knees, until she lost her head.
The King, (no longer time then three dayes tarried,
But) to the Lady *Jane Seymor* was married.

About this time, (which God to paſs did bring)
Lord *Cromwel* grew in favour with the King:
By whoſe adviſe, and ſage deliberation,
The Church was brought unto a reformation.
Anno The Kings injunctions all abroad made known,
1538. Idol'trous Images were overthrown:
Our Ladies at *Walſingham*, *Worceſter*,
Ipſwich, and *Thomas Becket's* image, were
Caſt down; with others, which had long deceiv'd
The ſilly people, who indeed believ'd
They liv'd; for they (by ſecret Engines found)
Could open, ſhut their eyes, and roll them round.
The ſame year (as Lord *Cromwel* did adviſe)
Abbeys were ruin'd and Monaſteries.
A little after, for oppoſing *Rome*,
Mr. *John Lambert* ſuff'red Martyrdome.
Packington Collins, *Leiton*, *Puttedew*,
Peck, Doctor *Barnes*, *Garret*, and *Heirom* too,
Two eminent Divines, the Lord *Cromwel*,
Great *Eſſex* Earl, all for the truths ſake fell.
Yea all the priſons, within *London* walls
Were fill'd, and many were enclos'd in Halls,
By vertue of an Act for prohibition
Of truth, and countenancing ſuperſtition.
Anno *John Porter*, unto *New-gate* Dungeon ſent
1541. For reading in the Bible; underwent
Hard uſage: bolts and Iron chains did check
The freedom of his legs, his hands, and neck:
At laſt, into the loweſt dungeon caſt,
Not many dayes expir'd, he breath'd his laſt.
At *Lincoln* Biſhop *Longland* took away
James Morton, *Thomas Bernard*, in one day.
One Mr. *Barber*, who the truth deny'd,
With ſorrow wore away until he dy'd.

One *Teſtwood*, *Perſon*, *Filmore*, toſt and turn'd *Anno*
Under afflictions hand, at laſt were burn'd 1544.
Neer *Windſore Caſtle*: with a cheerful face,
Anthony Perſon did the ſtake embrace,
Kiſſing it, ſaid, Welcom mine own ſweet Bride,
For this bleſt day ſhalt thou and I be ty'd
As man and wife together, in the love
And Matrimonial peace of God above,
Of God above; I long for to be there, *&c.*
When all of them unto the ſtake bound were,
Said *Filmer* then, My bretheren rejoyce
In God, unto him make a joyful noiſe:
For after this ſharp breakfaſt, we a boon
Dinner ſhall have with Chriſt in heaven at noon.
Teſtwood with hands and eyes to heaven up heav'd,
Deſir'd God that his ſpir't might be receiv'd.
Perſon (ſaid thus) tricking with ſtraw his head,
This is Gods hat, now I am dreſs'd indeed,
Like a true ſouldier of Chriſt, by whom
This day into his joy I truſt to come.
And ſo they ſuffer'd with ſuch conſtancy,
That many with them could afford to die. (*Hare*,
The Lord *Liſle*, *Thomas Brooks*, *James Cook*, *Ralph*
James Barber, Mr. *Smith*, *John Butler*, bare
The croſs of Chriſt. Said *Rockwood*, Bad's my ſtate
I can't repent, All too late, all too late.
The under-Marſhal fell upon the floor,
I'th' Councel-room, and never ſpake word more.
One *Richard Mekins*, that had ſcarce out-worn *Anno*
The fifteenth year, they did in *Smithfield* burn. 1541.
Two labouring men, there was at *Calice* Martyr'd;
And Mr. *Damſlip* was hang'd, drawn and quarter'd.
Button, was perſecuted; Mr. *Dod*
Reſign'd up in the flame his ſoul to God.

One

Anno 1546.

One Mr. *Saxie*, to his end was brought,
By *Gardiner's* appointment, as 'twas thought.
Korby at *Ipſwich*, *Roger Clarke* at *Bury*
Fry'd Faggots, to appeaſe their foemens fury.
Anne Askew being toſt from poſt to pillar,
And cruelly miſus'd, an evil-willer
Led her into a dungeon; where he rack'd
Her body till her very bowels crack'd:
Nay, when her bones and joynts were pluck'd aſun-
She praiſed God and pray'd; (to all a wonder) (der,
Then the Lord Chanc'ller ſent her word that burn'd
She ſhould be, if ſhe chang'd not: ſhe return'd
An anſwer back, that ſhe would rather die,
Then once recant, and her true faith deny.
To *New-gate* being ſent, ſhe penned there
Her faith's confeſſion, ending with this prayer:
O Lord, the hairs which on my head do grow,
Are not ſo num'rous as my foes, I know:
Yet Lord, take not thy grace and comfort from me;
So ſhall they not with flatt'ring words o'recome me:
Do thou fight for me; ſo my ſoul ſhall fear
No danger, for on thee I caſt my care.
With all the miſchief that they can invent
They fall upon me, and have even ſpent
Me thy poor creature. Sweet Lord let me ſlight
My foes, for thou alone art my delight.
And Lord, I pray thee, when thy wrath begins
To burn them, quench it: O forgive their ſins:
Lord open thou their hearts, reſtore the blind,
That they may pleaſe thee; give them grace to minde
The things that do belong unto their peace
In this their day, leſt when they would, they ceaſe.
Let not the fancies vain of ſinful men
Deſtain thy truth: Amen, O Lord, Amen.

She brought to *Smithfield* in a chair, was bound
To th'stake, and with the flames besieged round.
So slep'd she in the Lord, and in Gods eyes *Anno*
Became an acceptable sacrifice. 1546.
At that time *Nicholas Belerrian*,
A *Shropshire* Min'ster; and a Gentleman,
John Lacels, servant to the King; with one
John Adams Tailour, burning undergon.
The same year, Bishop *Gardiner* did bring
Malicious accusations to the King
Against Queen *Kath'rin Parre* (supposing all
The boughs would wither, if the stock did fall)
In that she gave her minde (which was unfit)
To read and meditate on Sacred Writ.
And Chaplains kept seditions to rear,
None b'ing deny'd the priviledge to hear:
As also, that her heart was fully bent
To spurn against the present government:
Her life was dangerous: nor could he rest,
That nourish'd such a Viper in his brest.
The Kings love turn'd to hate; and now the Queen
Must die the death: but Prov'dence stept between;
The plot's found out; she wisely did behave her:
The King receiv'd her to his wonted favour.
Now also Sir *George Blake* condemned was,
For casting out some words against the Mass.
A pardon's granted him; after which thing,
He being in the presence of the King;
The King said to him, Ah my Pig, (for so
He us'd to call him:) yea, said he, I know,
Had not your Majesty been more enclin'd
To save my life, (such was your Royal minde)
Then were your Bishops to reak out their teen;
Your Pig, I'm sure, e're this had rosted been.

Streight

Streight after, *Winchester*, and his complices
(Sworn foes to Vertues, and faſt friends to Vices)
Set forth in the Kings name, a Proclamation
That all the Engliſh Bibles in the Nation,
And other Books which yielded any light
Unto the truth, ſhould be aboliſh'd quite.
This done, ſaid they, So, now the Goſpels lain
So low that it ſhall never riſe again;
And for the greater terrour, ſtrict inqueſt
They made for thoſe that verity profeſt:
Of many pricked down the names; of whom,
They ſome expelled, and impriſon'd ſome:
So that theſe varlots did in no wiſe doubt
The bringing of their wicked ends about.
But God, who careth for his truth, and thoſe
That countenanc'd the ſame, diſpers'd their foes:
Amidſt their vain projects the King was dead,
And with him all their hopes were buried.

SECT. VI.

The Perſecution of the Duke of Somerſet *in the Reign of King* Edward *the ſixth*

NOW when King *Henery* the eighth was dead,
His ſon Prince *Edward* reigned in his ſtead;
During whoſe happy reign Religion flouriſh'd,
Pop'ry decai'd, the Church of God was nouriſh'd
With the full breaſts of Peace, the Goſpel ſpred
And ſuperſtition was aboliſhed:
Onely the Godly Duke of *Somerſet*
With Perſecutions, and great troubles met;

Some

Some of the Nobles lab'ring moſt of all
To raiſe themſelves upon his ſuddain fall.
Edward, and *Thomas Seymer* were ally'd
Unto King *Edward*, by his mothers ſide;
Edward the eldeſt (fit to guide the Helm)
Was made Protector of the King, and Realm:
Thomas the ſecond, of this Britiſh Iſle
Was choſen Lord high Admiral; the while
Theſe brethren joyned in fraternal love,
Nothing fell out amiſs; but when they ſtrove,
(Spur'd on by make-bates) unto one another
They prov'd deſtructive; and the younger brother
Attainted, was condemn'd, and loſt his head
On Tower-hill: hence inſurrections bred. *Anno*
The Lords, at *London* privily conjur'd 1549.
Againſt the Lord Protector, and immur'd
Him once, nay twice, yea thrice, in a ſhort ſeaſon,
Then charged him with Felony, and Treaſon.
He's to the *Tow'r*-hill brought, where he commended
His ſoul to God; his prayers being ended,
He roſe from off his knees, and like a man
Couragiouſly bold, he thus began:
Dearly beloved friends, Lo, I am here
To ſuffer death, though (God knows) I am clear
From thinking, ſpeaking, or from acting ought
Againſt the King, in word, in deed, or thought;
But alwayes to this Realm have born a breſt
As faithful, and as loyal as the beſt.
Yet in obedience to the Laws command,
I here as a condemned perſon ſtand;
And praiſe my God, for his abundant grace
In giving unto me both time and ſpace,
Who might have juſtly took away my breath,
Had he ſo pleaſed, by a ſudden death,

Now

Now as for the Religion which I
During the time of my Authority
Maintain'd to my power, nor do I now
Repent of what I did, but both to you
And me agnize it as a favour great;
And do you all moſt heartily entreat
To joyfully receiv't, and ſet it forth
In your lives, as a thing of unknown worth;
Which ſtudiouſly to do, if you neglect,
Great miſery I fear you may expect.
Theſe words no ſooner out, a ſudden ſound
As terrible as thunder, did confound
The people ſo, that ſome fell down through fear,
Some this, ſome that way run, but none knew where.
Anthony Brown Knight came; that he did bring,
The crowd ſuppos'd, a pardon from the King;
With that a ſhout aroſe: but the good Duke
Did gravely with his beck'ning hand rebuke
The clam'rous throng. And ſilence being gain'd,
He ſaid, Dear friends, Pardon is not obtain'd
As you conceive; God otherwiſe is bent;
His will be done, and we muſt be content.
Let's joyn in prayer, that ſafety may purſue
The King, t'whom loyal I have bin. 'Tis true,
The people cryed out. O heaven bleſs
His Highneſs with all health and happineſs:
I wiſh his Counc'llours grace to rule, and then
You all obedient hearts: all ſaid, Amen
I ask forgiveneſs if I wronged any;
O Lord remit my ſins, for they are many.
As for my foes, I freely them forgive,
For Chriſt I die, in whom I hope to live, *&c.*
Farewel, farewel, he lay him down, and ſpoke
A. 1552. Chriſt ſave me, thrice: the hangman gave the ſtroke.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

The Perſecution of the Engliſh Church under the Reign of Queen Mary.

EDWARD the ſixth (*Englands Joſiah*) dead,
Lady *Jane Grey* was crowned in his ſtead;
The Lady *Mary*, having heard the news;
Sent to the Lordly Councel for to chuſe
Her to be Queen: and if they did withſtand
The execution of her juſt command,
By force of arms ſhe threatned to regain
Her wronged right, and her defrauded reign.
The Lords return'd this anſwer, There was none
Had ſuch juſt right and title to the Crown
As Lady *Jane*: the ancient Laws allow
It hers, and place it on her Princely brow;
'Twas hers by Letters patent from the King,
And made Authentick with his Royal Ring
Before his death; and ſince ſhe was inveſted
As an apparent heireſs, all proteſted
Adherence to her and no Queen beſide.
The Lady *Mary* to reſt ſatisfy'd,
Requeſt they did, entreating her to ceaſe
By new pretences to moleſt the peace
The quiet Realm enjoy'd; promiſing her
They would be nothing wanting to preſer
Her next the Queen: if poſſibly they could
Serve her in any other thing, they would,
Provided that ſhe did her ſelf ſo carry,
As fits a dutious Subject, Lady *Mary*

Having receiv'd this anſwer, heavy hearted,
From out the City's circuit ſtreight departed.
Hereat the Councel did ſet out a band
Of armed ſouldiers under the command
Of the Northumbrian Duke: *Mary* withdrew her
Self into *Suffolk*, many flocking to her:
And while ſhe in *Fermingham* Caſtle ſtaid,
All *Suffolk* freely proff'red her their aid
And beſt aſſiſtance to procure her Reign,
With this Proviſoe, that ſhe would maintain
Religion eſtabliſhed of late
By her good brother, and not broach debate
Amongſt her Subjects, nor foment the ſeed
Of war: to this ſhe eaſily agreed,
And did to God ſo ſolemnly proteſt,
That no man could ſuſpect her in the leaſt:
Now with this power, of thoſe Godly men,
She vanquiſhed her foes; yet after when
The ſelf-ſame party ſpplication made
Unto her Grace, to do, as ſhe had ſaid:
She anſwer'd, Foraſmuch as you that are
But members arrogantly ſeek to bear
Rule o're your head, I fear me to your coſt
You'l once know what it was to rule the roſt;
By ſad experience you ſhall find one day,
That Subjects may not rule, but muſt obey.
Then in the Pill'ry famous Mr. *Dobbe*,
Expoſed was to many a bitter bobbe;
Some others for preſenting that requeſt
Were laid up faſt to terrifie the reſt.
The Marches of the Duke not over-long,
The Lady by his ling'ring grew more ſtrong.
So that the *London* Councel having heard
How much the Commons for her aid appear'd,

And

And that ſome of the Nobles too, did lean
That way, they preſently proclaim'd her Queen.
The Gen'ral by his ſouldiers forſook,
At *Cambridge* left almoſt alone, was took.
And brought to *London-Tower*; in a ſhort ſeaſon
On *Tower-hill* he loſt his head for treaſon.
After his condemnation he was
Promis'd his life, if he would go to Maſs,
Which he aſſented to, his words regreſt
The truth he had ſo formerly profeſs'd.
He to the Cath'lick cauſe the people led
To th'papiſts great joy; yet did he loſe his head.
Queen *Mary* thus poſſeſſed of the crown,
Began the pure Religion to diſown;
As ſoon appear'd, by her diſplacing all
The godly Biſhops; *Ridly*, *Coverdale*,
Poinet, *Hooper*, and *Scory*. *Gardiner*
Set free, was made Biſhop of *Wincheſter*,
Alſo Lord Chancellour of *England*. *Bonner*
Too undeſervedly attain'd the honour
Of being *London's* Biſhop. To the Fleet
Was Mr. *Hooper* manded (O unmeet!)
To ſee the Queen good Doctor *Ridly* went,
But on a lame Jade to the *Tow'r* was ſent.
A Parliament was call'd, a Proclamation
Forthwith the Queen ſet forth throughout the nation;
Wherein ſhe ſhew'd, She could by no means brook
To ſmother that Religion which ſhe took
In with her Infant-milk, and to her power
Meant to obſerve until her lateſt hour,
Wiſhing that all her Subjects (which would ſleep
Secure in their whole skin) the ſame might keep:
She alſo did declare, whereas there were
Evil-diſpoſed perſons, who did dare

To preach God's word misled by their own brain;
She therefore did by strict command ordain
Such should not henceforth preach (as held unfit)
Read or interpret any Sacred Writ,
Or other points Religion concern'd,
Or Print Books by the which it might be learn'd,
Without a special licence from the Queen
On pain of stirring up her Highness spleen;
Requiring all her Officers to see
Her will and pleasure executed be:
If herein any wilfully offend,
She authoriz'd them, them to apprehend
And send them forthwith to the neighb'ring gaol,
Without admitting Mani-prize, or bail;
Till for their punishment, and the example
Of others, Orders be procur'd more ample.
Also the *London*-Aldermen were will'd
To send for all the Ministers which fill'd
The streight'ned Wards, and silence them on pain
Of death, commanding them that none explain,
Or preach, or read the Scripture in their stead,
Anno But such as by the Queen were licensed.
1553. One *William Rutler*, *Humphry Palden*, too,
He must to prison, this to th'Counter go,
For speaking but against what was express'd
At *Paul's*-Cross by one *Bourn*, a Popish Priest.
Good Mr. *Rogers* was t'his house confin'd;
Bradford, *Vernon*, and *Beacon*, were assign'd
Close pris'ners in the *Tower*. Then did they send
For *Coverdale*, and *Hooper* to attend
The Councel; and for *Newgate* they allot
John Melvine a Divine, by birth a Scot.
Mr. *Hugh Latimer* was sent to th'*Tower*;
And so was Dr. *Cranmer* by this power.

Mr.

Mr. *Simonds*, *Sanders*, *Horn*, *Durhams* Dean,
Were ſummon'd to appear before the Queen.
Soon after this, the Parliament began;
Where Mr. *Harly*, a judicious man,
Biſhop of *Hereford*, degraded was,
For marrying a wife, and ſhunning Maſs.
Sir *James Hales* Juſtice of the Common-Plea,
In charge againſt the Popes ſupremacie
Producing Statutes, *&c.* into priſon caſt
Was there ſo roughly dealt with, that at laſt
Recant he did; but (O dire conſequence!)
He felt the terrours of his conſcience,
And his own executioner had been,
Had not God's ſpecial goodneſs ſtep'd between
The knife and him. From priſon he releas'd,
(His ſelf-made wounds recur'd) no inward reſt
Enjoy'd at home: ſo having made his will,
He drown'd himſelf, and's end began his ill.
At the ſame time, for their diſ-approbation
Of a preſented Bill, the Convocation
By *Bonner* was diſſolv'd: From *Coventry*,
(For their oppugning of Idolatry)
Baldwin, *Clark*, *Careleſs*, *Willcocks*, all in haſt
Sent up to *London* by the Mayor, lay faſt.
Biſhops impriſon'd were, Archdeacons, Deans,
All Beneficed men, put by their means,
Who cloſely to the truth reveal'd adher'd;
And Popiſh Parſons, in their roomes prefer'd,
(Too bad ſupplies,) within a little ſeaſon,
Archbiſhop *Cranmer*, for no leſs then Treaſon
At *Guild*-Hall was araing'd; clear'd of that charge,
For's hereſy he might not live at large.
One Mr. *Thomas Wotton* an Eſquire, *Anno* 1554.
And Doctor *Crome* did in the Fleet retire.

Now *Hymen* went to joyn with Nuptial bands,
Iberian *Philip's*, and Queen *Maries* hands:
Some of the Nobles, and the vulgar ſort,
Not very well reſented this report;
The Duke of *Suffolk*, labour'd to prevent
The match: Sir *Thomas Wyat* rais'd in *Kent*
Some forces to oppoſe it; for he fear'd
The Realm would be enſlav'd, and Popery rear'd.
Wyat for *London* march'd: Queen *Mary* then
At *Guild*-Hall ſtirred up the City-men.
Wyat came into *Southwark*; having found
Entrance block'd up, he went by *Kingſtone* round,
And faced *Lud-gate*, which to entertain
Such gueſts refuſing, he return'd again;
And having got the worſt at *Temple-Bar*,
Became Sir *Clement Parſon's* priſoner,
Who ſent him to the *Tow'r*: on *Tower*-Hill
Anno He, and the Lady *Jane*, their dayes fulfill.
1554. *Bonner* did in his Dioceſs diſperſe
Injunctions to all the Miniſters,
Wherein they were required to give in
The names of all whoever were agin
Auricular confeſſion, the next Lent
Encroaching on. Queen *Mary* alſo ſent
To *Bonner*, Articles, commanding ſtreight
The Church-Laws made by *Henery* the eight
Should be in force; that hereſy abhor'd
Should fall, the Popes ſupremacy reſtor'd;
That Miniſters which did lead marri'd lives
Should be divorced from (themſelves) their wives;
And that proceſſions ſhould be ſaid, or ſung,
From that time forward, in the Latin tongue, *&c.*
John a Laſco, *Peter Martyr*, and more
Proteſtant forr'ners, were exil'd this ſhore:

And

And many godly-minded Engliſh fly
To *Friez land*, *Cleav-land*, *Baſil*, *Germany*;
Where through God's mercy they were kept from
And all found favor in the eyes of ſtrangers. (dangers,
The number of theſe Peregrines encreas'd
Unto eight hundred perſons, at the leaſt.
Then to the *Tower* Lady *Elizabeth*
Was ſent, and bore affl ctions worſe then death.
Latimer, *Cranmer*, *Ridly*, B ſhops, ſpent
Much time at *Oxford* in impriſonment.
One Mr. *Sanders* crying down the Maſs,
Became cloſe pris'ner. Doctor *Tailour* was
To *London* ſent for up. *Henry* Lord *Gray*
Of *Suffolk* Duke, condemn'd, was brought to pay
His ſought-for life; where having open broke
His ſealed lips, he to the people ſpoke;
I have diſpleas'd the Queen, contrair'd her Laws,
Take notice Chriſtians, that's the onely cauſe
I ſuffer ſo: and ſeeing they are bent
T'abridge my fleeting dayes, I am content,
And do beſeech you all, bear me record,
I die in the true faith of Chriſt, my Lord;
And for ſalvation on his merits rely,
Not on ineffi acious trumpery.
For me, and all true penitents beſide,
Who in him ſteadfaſtly believe, Chriſt dy'd.
Repent I do, and do deſire you all
To pray for me, that when my body ſhall
Reſigne its breath, God will be pleas'd to take
My ſoul unto himſelf, for Chriſt his ſake.
Forgive me yee, whom I offended have.
Saies Dr. *Weſton* then, As he doth crave
The Queen hath done: him thus the throng rebuke,
God ſend thee ſuch forgiveneſs. So the Duke

Kneel'd down and prai'd, concluding, I reſigne
My ſoul (O Lord) into thoſe hands of thine:
Then made he preparation to embrace
The bloody blow; and having veil'd his face
With his own handkerchief, he kneeling ſaid
The Lords pray'r over, down his head he laid
Venting theſe lateſt words, Chriſt look upon me,
Have mercy, Jeſus, O have mercy on me.
And now the ſtroke was fetch'd, he being caſt
At the black bar of death, breath'd out his laſt.
Divers of all degrees, who bought or ſold
Some good religious books, were kep'd in hold.
As *Bonner* paſt his Viſitation,
He charg'd all Sacred ſentences upon
The Church-walls painted ſhould be waſhed out.
And Viſitors he alſo ſent about
The Univerſities, to bring therein
All Popiſh traſh: to turn out they begin
The ableſt men: ſome of themſelves forſook
Their fellowſhips, while worth-leſs perſons took
Their places up, to the great hinderance
Of learning, and religions advance.
By this 'twas bruited over all the land,
The Queen went quick with child: upon command,
Thanks were returned to Almighty God
In ev'ry Church, and after, all abroad
Prayers were made, that ſhe might have e're long
A male child, fair, wiſe, valiant, and ſtrong.
The Godly Min'ſters before *Wincheſter*
In and about the City muſt appear;
Who ask'd them, If they would recant, and ſo
Have pardon from the Queen? All anſwer'd, *No*,
Yea, all of them unan'mouſly agreed
To ſtand to what they taught: the Biſhop's ſpeed

Made

Made them close prisoners, and did divorce
Their friends from interchangable discourse.
Mr *James George*, one of them, there did yield
His spirit up, whom they bury'd in the field;
Then Mr. *Hooper*, *Rogers*, *Bradford*, (hated)
And *Sanders* too, were excommunicated:
And Pious Dr. *Tailour*, *Ferrar*, *Crome*,
Did all of them, with them receive their doom.
Commissions and inquisitors were sent
Throughout the Realm; great multitudes from *Kent*,
From *Essex*, *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and elsewhere,
VVere brought to *London*, and encloystred there.
Part of them dead in prison, out were turn'd
To dunghills, and the flames a many burn'd:
Also *Hanks*, *Hunter*, *Pigot*, *Lawrence*, brought
Before the Bishops were, for no just fault.
When *Stephen Gardiner* saw that what he assail'd
By threats, hard usage, not at all prevail'd
To make men shake off truth; he did begin
(As utterly discouraged therein)
The business in hand, for to renounce,
Meddling no more with condemnations;
But unto Bishop *Bonner*, them referr'd,
Who in that trust imposed, so bestirr'd
Himself, that sending for all in great hast
Th'above nam'd parties, he upon them past
Death's final sentence: Dr. *Ferrar*, quick
He sent down to St. *Davids* Bishoprick
Within the Cambrian country, there to be
Condemn'd and executed (cruelty!)
To th'Queen in Mr. *Coverdale's* behalf
Twice wrote the King of *Denmark* for his safe
Release from prison; but with much ado
To him, the Queen permitted him to go,

One *Thomas Tomkins*, Weaver by his trade,
An humble man, and one that conſcience made
Of what he did, who would begin his labour
With fervent prayers; and to his needy neighbour
So charitable was, that he'd diſburſe
Unto them, all the mony in his purſe
If any came to borrow of him: when
His creditors would bring it home agen,
He u'sd to bid them keep it longer yet,
Till they more able were to pay the deb'.
This man was kept in pris'n a half years ſpace,
By *Bonner's* means, who beat him on the face
With livid blows, and plucked off a piece
Of his faſt beard; yet this did but increaſe
His patience more: the Biſhop then aſſail'd
(When other tearms nothing at all prevail'd)
With gentle words to win him; but the trial
Succeſſeſs prov'd: *Tomkins* return'd denial.
The Biſhop, having by, a flaming Torch,
Took *Tomkins* by the fingers and did ſcorch
His hand therewith; afterwards *Tomkins* told
A friend of his, that whilſt *Bonner* did hold
His hand to burn, he felt no pain at all,
Such conſolation from God's ſpirit did fall;
Nor ſhrunk he in the leaſt, until his veines
The fire contracted (fire you know conſtreines)
And ſinewes crack'd again, and water ſpurt
On Dr. *Harpsfield's* face (as from a ſquirt.)
Who was ſo pityful compaſſionate,
As to beſeech the Biſhop to abate
His cruel minde: O be not ſo, ſo rough,
(Said he) have you not tryed him enough?
Into the Biſhops conſiſtory brought,
Examined he was, whether he thought

Chriſts

Chriſts real body in the Sacrament
Was preſent yea, or no? to which he ſent
This anſwer, that he verily believ'd,
The Sacrament by a true faith receiv'd,
Was onely its remembrance; with the High'ſt
The very body, and the blood of Chriſt,
In heaven is, and nowhere elſe: being ask'd
If he'd recant? God hath (ſaid he) unmask'd
His truth to me in ſuch coruſcancy,
That in it I reſolve to live and die.
The Biſhop then, death's ſentence on him paſt,
And to the Sheriffs deliv'red him, who caſt
Him into *Newgate* priſon; in *Smithfield*
The truth (in fine) with his dear blood he ſeal'd, *Anno*
And in the Lord ſlep'd ſweetly. —— —— 1555.

Then *William Hunter*, that had ſcarce out-worn
The nineteenth year of Godly Parents born,
VVho him inſtructed in Religion's truth,
And plac'd him out in *London*; this good youth
VVas charg'd by ſpecial command to go
To Maſs, break bread; which he refus'd to do.
Hunter when threatened that this ſhould come
Unto the Biſhop's ear, leave got, went home
To *Burnt-wood*, and did with his Parents ſtay
About ſix weeks. And going on a day
Into the Chappel there, (which pleas'd him well)
He found a Bible, and to reading fell:
In came a Sommoner, who thus did ſay,
VVhat doſt thou meddling with the Bible? Ha?
Know'ſt thou well, what thou read'ſt? canſt thou un-
The Sacred VVrit? I dare not be ſo bold. (fold
Said *Hunter* then, Nor Scriptures to expound
Take I upon me now; but having found

The

The Bible here, that joy might me betide
I read in it. The Sommoner reply'd,
Twas never merry world, ſince in our tongue
The Bible firſt came forth; would it were hung.
Said *Hunter*, Oh! for Godſake ſay not ſo;
'Tis Gods Book, by it ev'ry ſoul may know,
That hath one ſparke of grace, the way which leads
To laſting bliſs: 'tis this true comfort breeds.
God grant that we may ſtill amongſt us have
The bleſſed Bible, as a means to ſave.

Sommoner. O now I know your minde, y'are one of them
That ſlight the Queen, and her decrees contemn;
But you and others, muſt a new leaf turn,
Or elſe I fear me, you'l go neer to burn.

Hunter. Pray God I build my faith on his word ſtill,
And his great name confeſs, come what come will.

Sommoner. Confeſs his name? No, no, you'l in a meſs
All to the Devil go, and him confeſs.
Then ſtep't the Somm'ner forth, and fetch'd a Prieſt,
The Vicar of that place, a drunken beaſt,
VVho finding *William Hunter* at his Book,
Rebuk'd him for't, and ask'd if he could brook
The Doctrine well of Tranſubſtantiation:
Hunter made anſwer it had no relation
Unto the truth reveal'd: he underſtood
Thoſe words of Chriſt touching his fleſh and blood
Carnal Capernait-like, who thought to feed
On Chriſt his fleſh, and drink his blood indeed.
VVherefore to them he ſaid, The words I ſpeak
Are ſpirit, and life, and not as fleſh ſo weak.
Ah! quoth the Vicar, have I found you out?
Thou art an Her'tick now, without all doubt, *&c.*

Hunter. VVhereas you of my faith do queſtion make,
I would we two were faſtned to the ſtake,

To

To prove whether of us ſhould cloſeſt ſtick
Unto our faith, and which was Heretick, *&c.*
The Vicar to complain of him did threat,
Flung out of doors, departing in a heat.
Hunter went home, and having farewel took
Of his dear friends, his fathers houſe forſook.
Brown, call'd old *Hunter*, ask'd if he could tell
VVhere his ſon was; who ſaid, He knew not well.
Brown told him, Either your miſs'd-ſon produce,
Or go to priſon; bring me no excuſe.
The old man ſtrides his horſe, and rides to look him,
And after two dayes journey overtook him;
Telling him all what happ'ned; yet ſaid he,
Go on, I'll ſay I cannot light on thee.
No, no, ſaid *William*, home with you I will,
And ſave you harmleſs; me they can but kill.
At his return, a Conſtable him caught,
And brought before this Mr. *Brown*, who thought
VVith arguments to win him; and enrag'd
At his judicious anſwers, he engag'd
No more to hold on the diſpute, but ſtreight
Sent him to *Bonner*. *Bonner* to the Grate;
VVhere he for two dayes lay, allowed juſt
A diſh of water and a brown-bread cruſt.
At two dayes end, the Biſhop coming found
The ſlender fare, he bids he be unbound,
And break his faſt with them, but he's revil'd,
Call'd Heretick, worthy to be exil'd
Their company: ſaid *Hunter*, I decline
Their company, as much as they do mine:
The Biſhop ſent for him, and thus did rant;
And wilt thou not, thou Heretick, recant?
Recant (ſaid he) the faith I have profeſt
So publikely? I will not, I proteſt:

No,

No, no, I will not; what? ſhall I be whirl'd
By errours wheels? I would not for a world.
Then take him Jailor, mand him to the ſtocks;
Be ſure you load him well with bolts and locks
Till I ſhall burn him. VVhereupon he ſaid,
Great God! O let thy all-ſufficient aid
Corroborate my ſoul. He's born away;
The Biſhop to a half-penny a day
Stinted his lively-hood; thus nine months ſpace
Impriſon'd, he before the Biſhop's face
Was ſix times brought, to th'queſtion ſtill propounded
Hunter a pertinacious *No*, rebounded.
The Biſhop read his charge, and him return'd
To *Newgate*, ſo to *Burnt-wood* to be burn'd.
His parents ſee him, and petitions ſend
To God, to make him conſtant till the end:
His mother added this, that ſhe was bleſt
In bearing ſuch a child, as could deveſt
His life for Chriſt's ſweet ſake. *William* reply'd,
For the ſmall pain, which I ſhall here abide
But a ſhort time, my Chriſt a joyful crown
Hath promis'd me. His mother kneeling down
Said thus, I pray God ſtrengthen thee my ſon
To run the race thou haſt ſo well begun;
I think thee now as well beſtow'd (my dear)
As any child that ever I did bear.
VVhilſt he remain'd at *Burnt-wood*, many friends
Came to him, to whom he the truth commends:
Three dayes expir'd, all things were ready made;
The Sheriffs ſon hugg'd him in his arms, and ſaid
William, don't fear theſe men with Bills Bowes,
That bring you to the place; death as he ſhowes
Is not ſo grim. I've caſt up mine accounts
(Said he) and know t'how much the coſt amounts.

With

With that the young man, while he went about
To ſpeak, could not, his tears ſo faſt burſt out.
So *Hunter* his way cheerfully went on,
His father meeting with him, ſaid, My ſon
God be with thee. God be with you likewiſe
Good father, anſwer'd *William*. Let your eyes
Smile on your ſon; O be not ſo, ſo ſad;
For we ſhall meet, and have our hearts made glad.
Come neer the ſtake, he kneeled down, and read
The one and fiftieth Pſalm. The Sheriff ſaid,
Here is a pardon: if thou wilt be turn'd,
Thou ſhalt live, otherwiſe thou muſt be burn'd.
No, I'il not turn (quoth *William*) and did go
To th'ſtake, and ſo was faſt'ned thereunto.
Then ſpake he to the throng, Good people ſtrive
By pray'r for me while I remain alive,
And I'll for you. Not I, I'il make my boon
Said ſurly *Brown*, (there ſtanding by,) aſſoon
For a cur-dog as thee. * Sir you have got * *Hunter.*
What you deſir'd; I pray God it be not
Laid to your charge, but I forgiv'n you have.
Said *Brown*, That's more then at your hands I crave. *Brown.*
If God forgive you not, I tell you true, *Hunter.*
This blood of mine ſhall be requir'd of you.
O Son of God ſhine on me; from a cloud
The Sun brake out (till then thick ſhades did ſhroud
The face of day) his eyes he turn'd aſide,
Too weak ſuch radiant glory to abide.
A Prieſt brought him a book to look upon:
To whom he thus, Falſe Prophet thou, be gon:
Good folk beware of them, for Jeſus ſake;
Who of their ſins, ſhall of their plagues partake.
Marke what I ſay, as thou burn'ſt in this fire, *Brown.*
So ſhalt thou burn in hell. *Hu.* Thou art a lyar.

Falſe

Falſe Prophet hence, from me away be gon :
Fire made, he pray'd, and breath'd his laſt. Anon
Higbid, and *Cauſton*, Gentlemen as good
As great, in *Eſſex*, with their own hearts blood
Sealed their faith unto Gods glory then,
And the rejoycing of all Godly men.
At *Braintree*, *William Pigot*, for Chriſts name
Endur'd the fury of the ardent flame ;
At *Maulden*, *Stephen Knight*, before the ſtake
Kneel'd down and pray'd; Sweet Jeſu, for whoſe ſake
I freely leave this life, and rather chooſe
Thy croſs, and irrecoverably looſe
All worldly goods, then to give audience
To men in breaking thy commandements :
Thou ſeeſt (O Lord) that whereas I but now
VVas proffer'd great preferments, if I'd bow
To a falſe helpleſs God ; I was content
My body ſhould be burnt, and my life ſpent,
Counting all things below, but dung and droſs,
For thee ; happy ſuch gain which comes by loſs !
Thouſands of ſilver, and as much of gold,
Then death I do of leſſer value hold.
Juſt as the wounded Deer deſires the ſoil,
So longs my ſoul for thee : pour down the Oil
Of conſolation on a crumbling clod
So helpleſs of it ſelf : Thou know'ſt O God,
That I, who am but ſinfull fleſh, and blood,
Can of my ſelf act nothing that is good ;
And therefore, as of thine abundant love
And goodneſs ſtill deflowing from above
On me, (me that am leſſer then the leaſt
Of mercies,) thou haſt bid me to this feaſt,
And judg'd me worthy to drinke of this cup
With thine elect : even ſo, O bear me up

Great

Great God! againſt this Element of fire
So formidable, to the ſence ſo dire;
Sweeten it by thy ſpirit, ſo aſſwage
The heat, that I may overcome its rage,
And paſs into thy boſome. Holy father
Forgive thou me, as I do all men; gather
My ſoul, ſweet Son of God, my Saviour,
Beneath thy ſhady wings, a Balmy Bower;
O bleſſed Holy-Ghoſt, whoſe ſtrength deſtroies
Fleſhly corruptions, haſten thou my joyes,
Eternal joyes. Lord I commend, take then
My parting ſpirit, Amen, Amen, Amen.
John Laurence legs, with bolts and irons lame,
His body with hard uſage out of frame,
Was to the ſtake tranſported in a chair,
And ſuff'red for the faith at *Colcheſter*:
Young children while he burn'd, cry'd out, O Lord
Strengthen thy ſervant, and make good thy word,
Stand up, ſtand up, for thy poor ſervant's aid,
As thou art juſt, O do as thou haſt ſaid.
Ferrar (ſet o're St. *Davids* Biſhoprick)
Was apprehended for an Heretick:
Him *Winchester* miſus'd, call'd him baſe ſlave,
Falſe-hearted fellow, and a croſs-grain'd knave:
Morgan (a fraudulent ſupplanter) turn'd him
Out of his place, and at *Carmarthen* burn'd him:
Not long before his death, one *Richard Jones*
A Knights ſon comming, his ſad pains bemones;
T'whom *Ferrar* thus: Sir if you ſee me move
My hand or foot during the flames, do prove
What mettle I am of, believe not then
My Doctrine oft inculcated to men.
And as he ſaid, he did: with the fire hot
Beſieged round, he ſtirred not a jot,

Held

Held his ſtumps bolt upright; then with a pole
Knock'd down i'th' fire. he breathed out his ſoul.
One *Rawlins White*, a Fiſher-man in *Wales*,
Of *Cardiffe* town, when ſuperſtitions ſcales
Drop'd from his eyes, the Truth he underſtood,
And in his country did a deal of good;
He dayly now expects to be ſurpriz'd
By truths oppugners: his dear friends adviſ'd
Him to retire elſewhere, and be excus'd:
For their good will he thank'd them, but refus'd.
He's apprehended, and in priſon laid
In *Cardiffe* Caſtle, where a year he ſtaid;
His friends reſorting to him, he would ſpend
The time in pray'r, exhorting them to mend:
At laſt the Biſhop of *Landaffe* commands
That he be brought: he threats him now, then ſtands
On fairer terms; but all this would not ſtir
His unmov'd breſt, a day's appointed for
His condemnation; which being come
The Biſhop call'd him forth, and told him ſome
Heretical opinions he did hold,
And had ſeduced others; *Rawlins* bold
Reply'd; My Lord, a Chriſtian man I am
I praiſe God for't, my tenents are the ſame
With Sacred Writ: if from God's word I ſtray
I would be gladly brought in the right way.
The Biſhop ſaid, Speak, if you will be won,
Elſe I'll proceed to condemnation.
Proceed, ſaid *Rawlins*; but you never ſhall
Condemn me for an Heretick. Let's fall
To pray'r (ſaid *Landaffe*) that the Lord ſome ſpark
Of grace would ſend thee, to diſcloſe the dark;
Now (ſaid he) you deal well; and if your pray'r
Do with God's will agree, he'll doubtleſs hear.

Pray

Pray to your God, and I to mine will pray;
I know my God will hear, and not say nay.
The Biſhop and his Chaplains pray'd anon:
Rawlins pray'd by himſelf alone: pray'r don,
The Biſhop ſaid, How is it with thee now?
Thine errours (what?) wilt thou revoke, and bow
To our true God? no, ſurely no ſaid he,
Rawlins you left, and *Rawlins* you finde me;
Rawlins I was, and am, and *Rawlins* will
Through God continue to be *Rawlins* ſtill.
God would have heard you, had your ſute bin juſt,
But he hath heard me, and on him I truſt.
The Biſhop being wroth, him ſoundly ſhent,
So went to Maſs. *Rawlins* his minde then bent
Shot forth theſe words: Good people if there be
Amongſt you any breth'ren, two, or three,
Or if but one, bear witneſs at the day
Of judgement, that I to no Idols pray. *Anno*
Maſs don, he was condemn'd, and after thrown 1554.
Into a darke and loathſome dungeon.
There *Rawlins* paſs'd his time in drowning wrongs
With ſpir'tual prayers and religious ſongs.
The night before his death t'his wife he ſent
To ſend his wedding weed (a ſhirt he meant)
Which he rejoycingly next morn put on;
And being led to execution,
Guarded he was with bills, and Pike-ſtaves too,
Alas! ſaid he, what need all this ado?
By God's grace, I will nothing ſtart aſide;
VVho is't that gives me power to abide
All this affliction for his own names ſake
But God? his be the glory. At the ſtake
He his dear wife and children having found
Pickled in briny tears, or rather drown'd;

His eyes let fall a tear; but having made
A recollection of himſelf, he ſaid,
Ah fleſh! ſaieſt thou me ſo? would'ſt thou obtain
The Victor's Palm? I tell thee 'tis in vain
To ſtrive; thy pow'r is like the morning miſt:
Then falling on the ground, the ground he kiſt,
And ſpake, Earth unto earth, and duſt to duſt,
Thou art my mother, and return I muſt
To thee. With an exhilarated brow,
Then going to be bound to th'ſtake, I now
(Said he t'a friend of his,) finde great conteſt
Betwixt the fleſh and ſpirit, for the beſt.
I pray you therefore, when you ſee me ſhrink,
Hold up your finger, that I may bethink
My too oblivious ſelf. B'ing bound he rais'd
Theſe words up to the height; *The Lord be Prais'd.*
Unto the Smith then ſpake he, Pray good friend
Anno Knock it in faſt, the fleſh may much contend;
1554. But God, ſupport me, let thy grace refreſh
My fainting ſpirits, and my trembling fleſh.
About him pulled he the reeds and ſtraw,
With ſuch a merry look, that all that ſaw
Much wondred at it. Now a Prieſt appear'd
And preached to the people: *Rawlins* heard
Until he ſpake of Tranſubſtantiation,
Alledging Scripture for its confirmation;
This is my Body; Come you here good folk
(Said *Rawlins*) don't hear that falſe Prophet's talk.
Ah! naughty Hypocrite dar'ſt thou produce
A Scripture-proof for ſo profane a uſe?
I have heard your already-quoted text;
But look immediately what follows next;
Do this for my Remembrance: then ſtreight-way
The Prieſt ſtood ſtill, not knowing what to ſay.

The

The fire was kindled, *Rawlins* in the flame
Bathed his aged hands, till in the ſame
The ſinews ſhrunk, the fat drop'd out, and all
That while he cried out; Lord, let my fall
Mount me to thee; Receive this ſoul of mine,
O Lord receiv't; his ſpirit he did reſign.
It was obſerv'd of him, that whereas through
Infirmity of age he round did go,
And with dejected countenance, he now
Went bolt upright t'his death, his ſmoother brow
As clear as day; his ſpeeches and behaviour,
Of courage, vigour very well did ſavour.
And now the Queen reſtor'd the Abbey-lands
She late poſſeſs'd. A Pope-ſent Bull commands
All do the like; but none therein was ſeen
T'obey the Pope, or imitate the Queen.
A Popiſh Prieſt at * *Crondale* (impious fool!)
Boaſted that he had bin with Card'nal *Pool*,
Who cleans'd him from his ſins; the Bull ſent o're
He prais'd, fell down, and never ſpake word more.
Some burn'd, becauſe they on their necks did tie
This Motto, *Fear God, fly Idolatry.*
George Marſh, one *William Flower*, *John Card-maker*
John Simpſon, and *John Warne*, were each partaker
Of life, by ſuff'ring death, climb'd heavens ſtory:
Death is the ladder to immortal glory.
Bonner for many things *John Ardly* accus'd,
To whom *John Ardly* ſuch expreſſions us'd;
My Lord, not you, nor any of your breed
Are of the true Catholick Church indeed;
Your faith is falſe, and when you moſt depend
Upon it, it will fail you in the end.
You have ſhed much, too much innocuous blood,
And are not weary yet: Can this be good?

* *in* Kent *near* Canterbury.

Deum tim Idolum fug

Were ev'ry hair upon my head a man,
So many lives I'd part with, rather than
Loſe the opinion I am in; ſo ſaid,
In *Eſſex* burnt a joyful end he made.
One *Thomas Hauks*, a Courtier comly tall,
VVas greatly admired and belov'd of all
For his rare qualities, in *Edward's* dayes;
But in Queen *Maries* Reign Religion's rayes
Waxing more dull, he left the Court, home went
And practis'd Godlineſs, t'his great content.
While thus he ſtaid at home, a ſon he got,
But in the Popiſh way baptiz'd it not.
By uſing oil, cream, ſpittle, ſalt, (abſurd!)
Nowhere enjoyned in the holy Word:
Told *Bonner* ſo: the Biſhop left him than
A while; and Mr. *Darbiſher* began:
You are too curious, and on none will look,
Unleſs your little pretty God's good book.

Hauks. Sir, is not that ſufficient to ſave?
Biſhop. Yes but not to inſtruct: that I may have
H. Salvation to my God, I humbly ſue,
As for inſtruction, that I leave to you.
B. Shall your child be baptiz'd, you not look o're?
H. I had ſuch councel given me before.
B. Why we can have it done, if we be bent,
H. True, but you never ſhall, with my conſent.
B. I'd Gladly do thee good, ſave thee from hell;
I am thy paſture, and would teach thee well.
H. I'll ſtand to what I ſaid, you ſhall not finde
My reſolutions waver like the winde.
B. I am the bread of life, the Scripture ſaith,
And this bread is my fleſh; is this thy faith?
H. 'Tis ſo, I will believe what Scriptures ſay.
B. Well, let's to Evenſong. *H.* There I'll not pray,

I'm

I'm beſt when furtheſt off from ſuch reſort:
And ſo he walked forth into the Court.
What thinke you of the Altar's Sacrament? *B.*
Excuſe me, for I nere knew what it meant. *H.*
But we will make you know't, when we begin, *B.*
Faggots ſhall make you do't. *H.* Faggots? a pin
For all your faggots, you no more can do
Then God permits you, and no further go.
Much more was ſaid; in priſon he at laſt
Was for his bold judicious anſwers caſt;
Nor could that move him in the leaſt to doubt:
What's bred in the bone, will not eas'ly out.
Being (his ſentence read) to *Coxſhal* ſent,
In *Eſſex*, he exhorted as he went
His friends: and at the ſtake (as he had ſpoken
That he would do) he gave to them a token
By lifting up his hands all in a flame,
Above his head, and clapping of the ſame,
To let them underſtand, that he was able
To 'bide the pain not too intolerable.
Then gave the people an unuſual ſhout,
And ſo this bleſſed Lamp (all burnt) went out. *An. Chr.*
One *Thomas Watts* in *Eſſex*, who defended 1555.
The truth ſo much oppos'd, was apprehended,
Condemn'd, and after ſent to *Chilm'ford*, where
The little time he had, he ſpent in pray'r.
Come to his wife and his ſix child'ren ſmall,
He ſaid; Wife, and my hopeful branches all,
I now muſt leave you all; henceforth therefore
Alas! I cannot know you any more:
As unto me at firſt, the Lord did ſend you,
So I unto the Lord, do recommend you;
Him I command you to obey, and fear
As long as life ſhall laſt: ſee you beware

Of this loath'd papiſtry, which I withſtood,
And ſhall againſt it give my deareſt blood
By God's grace by and by. Let not the number
Of bleeding Saints diſcourage or incumber
Your active faith, and move you to relent,
But thereby take occaſion to be bent
For greater ſervice in Jehovah's ſight:
'Tis happy dying for a cauſe that's right.
I do not doubt, nor have you cauſe to fear
But he which ſtrikes, will give you ſtrength to bear
He'll be unto the widdow, in diſtreſs
Husband, and father to the fatherleſs.
Farewel, (ſaid he) farewel, gave each a kiſs,
So paſt he through the fi'ry blaze to bliſs.
One *Bainford*, *Oſmund*, *Oſborne*, overturn'd
Unto the Sec'lar power, in *Eſſex* burn'd.
Mr. *John Bradford* and *John Leafe* did climbe
Up fiery ſtairs to heaven about this time.
The next day after at *Maidſtone* in *Kent*
One Mr. *Minge* dy'd in imſpriſonment.
Mr. *John Bland*, God's faithful Miniſter,
Was for the truth a conſtant ſufferer.
John Frankiſh, *Humphry Middleton*, two men
Of admirable worth, were martyr'd then.
John Fettie's child, ſuch cruel whippings feels,
That the gore blood ran down about its heels;
The father put in the tormenting ſtocks,
Muſt ſee his Lamb miſus'd (O hearts of rocks!)
One *Nicholas Sheterden* being brought,
Him Doctor *Harpsfield* asked what he thought
That paſſage, *This my Body is*, ſhould mean;
Said *Sheterden*, This cannot well be ſeen
By carnal eyes: thus much I gather thence,
It muſt be taken in a ſpirituall ſence;

Elſe

Elſe when, *This Cup's my blood's* ſo underſtood,
The ſubſtance of the Cup muſt needs be blood.
Nicholas Hall, Chriſtopher Waide, Joan Beach,
John Harpool, Marg'ry Boley, who did reach
At the deſpiſed truth, and Popery ſpurn'd,
Condemn'd at *Rocheſter* in *Kent*, were burn'd.
Dirick Carver, a *Surrey* Gentleman
Call'd to the ſtake, unto his God began
His fervent pray'r, which having done he ſtrip'd
Himſelf, and ſo into the barrel skip'd;
They threw his book in alſo but in vain;
For to the throng he flung it out again:
I charge you, ſaid the Shrieffe, in the Queen's name
To fling that Vip'rous book into the flame.
Then ſpake he with a cheerful voice, and ſaid,
Dear friends, bear witneſs I am not affraid
To ſeal Chriſt's Goſpel with my deareſt blood,
Knowing 'tis true, and was of late your food,
Though now ſurrepted from you; and becauſe
I'll not deny it, to obey mans laws,
Condemn'd I be to dy; ſee that you walk
In anſwer to the truth, of which you talk.
And as for thoſe that do the Pope believe,
Hell's theirs, without Gods merciful reprieve.
Except (ſaid then the Sheriffe) believe thou do
The Pope, th'art damn'd both ſoul and body too:
Pray to thy God that he may ſet thee free,
Or ſtrike me down. The Lord forgive, ſaid he,
Your temerarious words. Dear Lord, thou knowſt
How I left all, to come to thee; thou doſt
Draw with Magnetick-love; to thee I fly
For ſhelter, Ah! but when my ſerious eye
Darts on thy power, and on my ſelf looks down,
I fear the wrath of a condemning frown.

What, ſhall I ſhrink? no; now the flames ſurround me,
I'll truſt my God, although my God confound me.
Chriſt Jeſus help, Chriſt Jeſus look upon me;
He cry'd, and dy'd, with Lord have mercy on me.
Iveſon ſaid, All the treaſure in the nation
Should never draw him to a recantation:
I to the mercy of my God appeal,
And would be none of your Church for a deal:
Yea though an heaven-ſent Angel came t'expound
Unto me other Doctrine, I'm not bound
For to receive it: hereupon condemn'd
And put into the fire, he death contemn'd.
James Abbes, a Godly man did ſhift about
From place to place for ſafeties ſake: found out
At laſt, they carri'd him to *Norwich* town,
VVhere, by the Biſhop's threats he did diſown
VVhat he profeſs'd; the Biſhop ſeeing ſo,
Gave him ſome money, and diſmiſs'd him too:
But conſcience bringing him upon the rack,
The Biſhops money he returned back,
Repenting e're he took it: then again
The Biſhop ſtrove to gain him, but in vain;
Though *Peter*-like he fail'd now to perſever
Reſolve he did, and ſtood more faſt then ever,
Even to his laſt-drawn breath; the Biſhop's fury
Condemn'd him to be burn'd, he burn'd at *Bury*.
John Denly, *Newman*, *Partrick*, *Packingham*,
Dy'd conſtant Martyrs for their Saviours name,
Wright, *Coker*, *Collier*, *Hooper*, *Stere*, and more
Beſides in *Canterbury*, faggots bore.
Robert Smith, *Stephen Harwood*, *Thomas Fuſt*,
And *William Hale*, dy'd for the truth their truſt.
Eliz'beth Warne, condemned to be burn'd
By *Bonner*, unto *Bonner* ſoon return'd

Theſe words, Do what you will with me; for why,
If Chriſt was in an errour, ſo am I;
Otherwiſe not: but Chriſt ſpake true I know
Therefore then was ſhe burn'd at *Stratford-Bow.*
About this very time *George Tankerfield*
Di'd at St. *Albanes* to their rancour yield.
George King, *John Wade*, and *Tho. Leyes*, with ſore
Uſage fell ſick, and dy'd in *Lollards* tower.
In *Suffolk* Mr. *Robert Samuel*
Of *Barfold* Min'ſter, who inſtructed well
The flock committed to his charge, was toſt
To *Norwich* goal, there chained to a poſt,
And ſo erect that's body did command
For ſome ſmall eaſe induc'd his tip-toes ſtand.
Hunger and thirſt (bad helpers) are procur'd;
VVhat tongue can tell what he poor man endur'd!
At laſt brought to be burn'd (an eaſie pain
To what he felt before) he did detain
Some friends in telling them, a moſt ſtrange ſtory
Of what fell out, while he was us'd ſo ſory:
VVhen I much want (ſaid he) had undergon,
I ſlept, and then me thought appeared one
Cloath'd all in white, who whiſp'red in mine ear,
Samuel, Samuel, be of good cheer;
Take heart to graſs man, thou haſt paſt the worſt,
Henceforth thou ſhalt nor hunger feel, nor thirſt:
VVhich came to paſs, ſuch conſolation did
Sweeten his woes, that modeſty forbid
Him tell the ſame. So as he went along
To execution, amidſt the throng
A maid there was, (who after ſcap'd) did fall
About his neck, and kiſſed him withall.
The while his body burn'd, it ſhin'd as bright
As new-try'd Silver, or as Cynthia's light.

Next day *Anne Potten* and *Joan Trunchfield*, come
From *Ipſwich* priſon unto Martyrdome.
Thomas Cob, *William Allen*, *Roger Coo*
Death for the ſake of Chriſt did undergo.
In *Coventry* and *Litchfield*-Dioceſs,
One Mr. *Robert Glover*, did profeſs
The Goſpel; he ſurprized, had his doom
To be confined to a narrow room,
And dark withall, next to the dungeon,
Scarce having ſtraw enough to lie upon.
No chair nor ſtool to ſit on; none might look
To him though ſick; pen, paper ink nor book,
Was not allow'd him; yet a Teſtament
And Prayer-book, by ſtealth he getting, ſpent
Moſt of his time in pray'r, and meditation
On Gods great love in working mans ſalvation.
Yea, ſaid he, health began to come; my peace
Of conſcience did more and more encreaſe:
God's ſpir't reviv'd me; I had ſometimes ſome
Glimm'ring reflections of the life to come.
All for his own Son's ſake: to him alwayes
Be Glory, Honour, and Obedience, Praiſe.
Two dayes before his death, he found his heart
Leſs lightſome then it was, and fear'd the ſmart
Would too much try his patience, for his pray'rs
God heard not; he unboſomed his fears
Unto a Godly Miniſter his friend,
Who wiſh'd him to be conſtant to the end:
O play the man, your cauſe is juſt and true,
God will appear anon, I'll warrant you.
The ſtake in ſight, he ſaid, I ſee him whom
I call'd for, *Auſtin*, Oh he's come, he's come:
And look'd ſo cheerful e'en as though new breath
He ſhould receive, and not a painful death.

Cornelius

Cornelius Bongey. *Capper* alſo came
With him, and burned in the ſelf-ſame flame.
Mr. *John Glover* now was troubled ſore,
Seeing his brother took for him; therefore
He would have ſuff'red in his brother's ſtead,
But by his friends importunings he fled
Into the neighbouring Woods, did there abide
Till he with cares and cold ſickned and dy'd.
His body privately was buri'd in
The Church-yard: they his bones dig'd up agin
A twelvemonth after, threw them out (O pains!)
For to be trampled on by Horſes, Wains.
And thus though in his life, he ſcaped from
Their rage, yet after's death, on him they come.
William the third brother, in *Shropſhire* dead,
Might not (by their conſent) be buried.
Wolſey, and *Pigot*, ſuff'red in the Iſle
Of *Ely*. And within a little while
Biſhop *Ridly*, and alſo *Latimer*
Burned at *Oxford*. *Stephen Gardiner*
That day to dine till almoſt night deferr'd;
(Th'old *Norfolk* Duke then with him) having heard
Word of their deaths, he with a ſmiling brow
Said to the Duke, let us to dinner now.
The Table fill'd, as merry as a Buck
The Biſhop was, but on a ſudden ſtruck:
(Two bits ſcarce eaten) carry'd from the table
To bed he was, his pains intolerable;
Nature he could not eaſe, for fifteen dayes,
His tongue was ſwoln, and black, his mouth's affaies
Could giv't no houſe-room; his pin'd body all
Sadly enflam'd, he gaſp'd and gave a ſprawl.
And now *John Webbe*, *George Roper*, *Greg'ry Parke*,
At *Canterbury* burn'd, not miſs'd their mark. *An. Chr.*
One 1556.

One *Thomas Whittle* Miniſter, accus'd
By *Bonner*, was moſt wickedly miſus'd;
Who fell upon him, beat him with his fiſts,
And him enclos'd within a cloſe rooms liſts:
There (ſaid he) though I did on the bare ground lie
Two nights I (prais'd be God) ſlep'd very ſoundly.
He, *Joan Warne*, *Iſbel Foſter*, *Thomas Brown*,
John Went Iohn Tudſon, *Bartlet Green*, lay down
Their lives together did at *Smithfield* ſtake,
Of heaven-prepared joys for to partake:
The laſt of which going to bear the yoke,
Cheerfully this repeated Dyſtich ſpoke;

Chriſte Deus, ſine te ſpes eſt mihi nulla ſalutis;
Te duce vera ſequor, te duce falſa nego.

In Engliſh thus:

O Chriſt who art my God
In thee for mine abode,
With thee, I onely hope:
Under thy conduct I
Seek the truth, and deny
The falſi-loquious Pope.

He was a man exceeding charitable
Unto the poor, ſo far as he was able.
Nor did he love (his modeſty was ſuch)
Pop'lar applauſe, though he deſerved much.
His beatings he conceal'd, till neer his end,
When he declar'd it to a boſome-friend.
Anne Albright, *Agnes Snoth*, *Joan Catmer*, *Sole*,
At *Canterbury* were burnt to a coal.
Good Doctor *Cranmer*, then of *Canterbury*
Archbiſhop, alſo paſt the fi'ry fury.

At *Salſbury*, on *William Coberly*,
John Spicer, and *John Mandrel*, ſo did die.
Richard and *Thomas Spurge*, *Tims*, *Cavel*, *Drake*,
Ambroſe, all *Eſſex*-men, fell at the ſtake.
Maſter *Tims* many Godly letters ſent
T'his friends, not long before his life was ſpent:
In one he us'd theſe paſſages; I praiſe
The Lord for helping you to minde his wayes.
Conſider I beſeech you, what of late
Fell from my lips, ſo ſhall we meet in ſtate:
I'm going to the Biſhops coal-houſe now,
And hope to go to heaven e're long; do you
Hie after me: I have a great while tarri'd
For you; but ſeeing y'are not yet prepared,
I'll ſtay no longer; you ſhall finde me bleſt
And ſinging, *Holy, Holy Lord of Reſt*,
At my race end; now therefore my dear hearts
Make haſt and loyter not, leſt light departs,
And yee (who with the fooliſh Virgins ſtay)
Be with the fooliſh Virgins turn'd away:
And now in witneſs that I have not taught
Contrary to the truth revealed, ought,
My blood-writ name I ſend you, for a Teſt
That I will ſeal my Doctrine with the reſt.
So fare you well, and God defend you then
From Antichriſt, and his falſe Prieſts, Amen.
Uſe conſtancy in pray'r, with faith require;
And gain the fulneſs of your choice deſire.
John Hullier (formerly an *Eaton* Sholar)
At *Ely*, by his patience, conqu'red dolour.
Hugh Lavrock, *John Ap-Rice*, this blind, that lame,
Told Biſhop *Bonner*, that he laws did frame
To take mens lives away, making the Queen
His hangman: *Bonner* burn'd them out of ſpleen,

At

At *Stratford-Bow*. In *Litchfield*, *Colcheſter*,
Gloſter, and *Leiſter*, many burned were.
One Mr. *Julines Palmer*, and ſome more
At *Newb'ry* dy'd. One *Sharp* at *Briſtol* bore
The flames with joy. In *Darby* town *Joan Waſte*.
(Born blind) did in the fire breath out her laſt.
Sir *John Cheek* for the truths ſake underwent
In *London-Tow'r* a ſore impriſonment.
A new Commiſſion from the King and Queen
Anno (Like *Dracoes* laws) came forth, that they which lean
1557. T'nis Holineſs the Pope, ſhould raiſe the fire
Of Perſecution yet a little higher: (ters
By means whereof, throughout the Kingdoms quar-
Priſons were ſtuff'd with Saints, fires grac'd with
Firſt to begin with *Colcheſter*, where they (Martyrs.
Apprended three and twenty in one day,
And burnt the major part. *Margaret Hyde*,
With *Agnes Standly*, ſtak'd at *Smithfield* dy'd.
They *Stephen Gratwick William Moraunt*, *King*,
Into St. *Georges* field, in *Southwark* bring,
And burn together. In the Dioceſs
Of *Canterbury*, many did profeſs
The truth and ſuffered. In *Lewis* town
Ten faithful ſervants in one fire laid down
Their lives for Chriſt; one of them *Richard Woodman*
Betraid was b'his father and brother, (good man!)
Eliz'beth Cooper, *Simon Millar* too,
At *Norwich* fir'd; *Eliz'beth* cry'd *Ho, ho*,
And ſhrunk a little: *Simon Millar* ſaid,
Reaching his hand out to her, What? affraid?
Raiſe up your ſpirits, in the Lord be ſtrong
And cheerful; for theſe pains are of no long
Continuance (Good ſiſter) by and by
We'll take our ſupper with alacrity:

This

This ſo becalm'd her heart, ſhe through-ſtitch run
The work ſhe had ſo happily begun,
And ſo committing their bleſt ſouls to God,
They clim'd to heaven, death being under trod
Mrs. *Joyce Lewis* a gentlewoman born,
Accuſed, and condemn'd, contemn'd with ſcorn
Death's rigid brow: my Chriſt is fair, when him
I ſee (ſaid ſhe) death looks not half ſo grim.
Urg'd to confeſs before her end begins,
She ſaid, to God ſhe had confeſs'd her ſins,
And he had pardon'd them: the Prieſt befool'd
Told her e're long her courage would be cool'd.
At ſtake the Maſs ſhe pray'd againſt, cry'd then
The crowd, and Sheriffe himſelf aloud, Amen.
Taking a cup of drink, Here here's to all
That love the truth, and wiſh proud *Babel's* fall;
Her friends do pledge her, and ſome others too;
For which fact penance many undergo.
Bound at the ſtake, her ſmiling ruddy face
Made all ſpectators (pitying her caſe)
Go with wet eyes, much grieving for her woes
Inflicted on her by tyran'cal foes:
She ſtriv'd nor ſtrugled when the fire rag'd moſt,
But with her lift-up hands, gave up the ghoſt.
Ralph Allerton, and *Richard Roth*, with *James Aſtoo*, and his wife, dyed in the flames
At *Iſlington*; as did at *Colcheſter*
Margaret Thurſtone, and *Agnes Bongier*.
John Noyes a godly Shoo-maker, who liv'd
At *Laxfield* in *Suffolk*, ſentence receiv'd
There to burn'd: the people in the town
Put out their fiers, and no houſe but one
(And that diſcov'red by the Chimnies ſmoak)
Had ſome: the Sheriffe and's Officers in broke,

So

So got a coal. *John Noys* fell down and pray'd,
And being bound unto the ſtake, he ſaid,
Fear not the bodies killer, but him, who
Can kill thee, damne thee, ſoul and body too.
Seeing his ſiſter weep, he thus begins,
Weep not for me, but weep you for your ſins.
He took a faggot up, gave it a kiſs,
And ſaid, Did I e're think to come to this ?
Bleſſed be God that ever I was born ;
Then ſpake he to the people, Of bread-corn
They tell you they can make God, but beleive
Them not at all, nor their falſe truths receive :
Pray bear me witneſs I expect ſalvation
Not by mine own good works, but Chriſt his paſſion.
The fire was kindled, and his laſt-ſpoke word
Was Chriſt have mercy, O have mercy Lord.
Within the Dioceſs of *Chicheſter*,
Many accus'd, condemn'd and burned were.
Hillingdal, *Sparrow*, and one *Gibſon* dy'd
In *Smithfield* flames. *John Rough* Miniſter try'd
With *Marg'ret Mearing*, neer about this time,
Were alſo burned for the ſelf-ſame crime.
One *Cuthbert Sympſon*, Deacon, in one day
Though rack'd no leſs then thrice, would not betray
The Congregation, lying in the ſtocks,
At midnight one (whom he well heard) unlocks
The coal-houſe doors, and though no candles light
Nor fire's he ſaw, yet his amazed ſight
Splendour beheld ; he that came in ſaid *Ha !*
And after that, ſoon vaniſhed away :
This much rejoyc'd his ſoul ; upon the morrow
He, *Hugh Fox*, and one *Devniſh*, fire went thorough.
One *Thomas Hudſon*, *Thomas Carman* too,
And *William Seaman*, *Norfolk*-men, did go

Through

Thrcugh tribulation to heavenly bliſs,
To have the crown their own, the croſs they kiſs.
There was one mother *Bennet* of the town
Wetherſet, who was driven up and down
For Jeſus ſake; returning home, ſhe dy'd,
Her corps b'ing buri'd by the high-wayes ſide.
She was exceeding lib'ral to the poor;
Her mate once told her merrily, their ſtore
If ſhe had bin but ſparing, had bin much
To what it was: ſaid ſhe, I cannot grutch
The poor: Alas! good husband, be content,
Let us be thankful, God enough hath ſent;
Wee ſtill (ſweet heart) have good competent fare:
"Content's a feaſt, although the feaſt be bare:
I cannot ſee the needie's wants, and hoard,
Leaſt in ſo doing I diſpleaſe the Lord:
But husband let's be rich in good works ſtill,
So pleaſing God, we ſhall have all at will.
One *Cicely Orms* b'ing ask'd, over his head
What 'twas the Prieſt held up? ſhe anſw'red, Bread,
Bread at the beſt; and if you do endeavour
To make it better, 'twill be worſe then ever.
Brought to the ſtake, ſhe kiſs'd it, and reſpir'd
Welcome Chriſts croſs, his ſweet croſs ſo deſir'd!
My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, my ſpirit
In God rejoyceth, and my Saviours merit.
So caſting up her head, on heaven ſhe fix'd
Her eyes, and in the flames her hands commix'd
She yielded up the ghoſt. *Thomas Spurdance*
Of *Norwich* ſuff'red for the truths advance.
George Eagles, Tailour, travell'd up and down
In ſev'ral countries, went from town to town
Confirming weaker Saints: in a ſhort ſeaſon
At *Chelmsford* he condemned was for treaſon,

And hang'd up with two theevs, the one whereof
With tears ſought Chriſt, the orher with this ſcoffe
Put off *George Eagle's* exhortation,
Our Captain leads, we ſhall to heaven anon.
The Pen'tent thieſe did call upon the Lord.
The mockers flatt'ring tongue ſpake not one word
Upon the ladder. *Eagles* was cut down
Half dead, his heart pull'd out, his members ſtrown.
George Eagles ſiſter, and a man call'd *Fryer*,
At *Rocheſter* did in the fire expire.

An. Chr. A Proclamation was ſent about,
1558. That all good books within this Realm ſet out,
Or from beyond ſeas brought, ſhould all be turn'd
To aſhes; if not ſo, their owners burn'd.
Soon after this dire Proclamation,
Twice twenty perſons met neer *Iſlington*
Were caught, ſome ſcap'd, ſome burn'd with faggot-ſticks
In *Smithfield* thirteen, and in *Brainford* ſix.
Amongſt theſe Godly perſons there was one
Nam'd *Roger Holland*, (who had boldly done
His duty in reproving bloody *Bonner*)
Spake thus: at laſt, God will redeem his honour
With your deſtruction, and will ſoon aſſwage
(His ſpir't ſo tells me) your unbridled rage
Againſt his Church; he heareth the complaints
His ſervants make, for the afflicted Saints,
Whom you ſo dayly perſecuted have
As us you do now: Chriſt will ſhortly ſave
His ſpotleſs Spouſe; in God I dare be bold
To tell you that you are too fierce to hold.
And my dear breth'ren, know that in this place
After this day, not any ſhall embrace
The fire and faggot by this means procur'd:
Mark what I ſay, and be thereof aſſur'd.

Which

Which came to paſs; for, for the Lord Chriſt's ſake
None after them ſuff'red at *Smithfield* ſtake.
Said *Bonner* then, What? *Roger* I perceive here
Thou art as bad an Heretick as ever;
And in thine anger thou wouldſt now become
A railing Proph't, but th'hadſt as good be dumbe:
Though thou, and all like thee, would ſee me turn'd
Over the ladder, yet to ſee thee burn'd
I ſhall live; yea, and (before God I vow)
I'll make you rue it, ev'ry one of you
That comes within my clutches; ſo he went.
Roger call'd on the people to repent,
And to think well of all the Saints, that paſt
The fiery tryal, which not long ſhould laſt,
For God intended to abridge ſtraightwayes
For his elect's ſake, thoſe ſanguineous dayes.
Roger embrac'd the ſtake, and ſaid, O Lord
I praiſe thee for affording me thy word,
And fellowſhip with Saints, which in heavens coaſts
Sing, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hoſts*:
O God receive my ſoul, preſerve thy flock,
Save them from Idols, O be thou their Rock.
So with his fellowes praiſing God above,
They all repoſed in the arms of love
There was one *William Pikes* amongſt the ſix
(VVnich dy'd at *Brainford*) falſe-nam'd Hereticks:
VVho (while that he his liberty enjoy'd)
I'th' Summer, at noon-day, (of cares devoyd)
His Bible with him in t'his garden took,
Sate down to read upon it; on his book
Four drops of blood fell ſuddenly, he knows
Not whence it came; t'his call'd-wife it he ſhowes,
Saying, I well perceive God will have blood;
It cannot, no, it muſt not be withſtood:

His will be done; God help me to abide
The trial, for without him I ſhall ſlide.
And ſo they went to pray'r, and in ſhort ſpace
Burned he was, in the aforenam'd place.
One *Thomas Hinſhaw*, like a dog was us'd
By *Harpsfield* firſt, by *Bonner* next abus'd,
Who in an arbour pulled down his breeches,
VVhip'd him with willow-rods, and with ſharp (ſpeeches
Returned him to priſon: there was one
John Willis the like uſage undergone;
T'whom *Bonner* thus, Me bloody *Bonner* call
Ye do, a plague of God upon you all:
I'd fain be rid of you, but you delight
In burning ſure I think; but if I might
Have my deſires, O then I'faith I'd ſtitch
Your mouths up, ſack you, throw you in a ditch
Or down the ſtream, this would I do with ſpeed;
My fingers itch to do this pious deed.
Upon a time *Bonner* came to the ſtocks
VVhere this *John Willis* lay, and ſpake with mocks,
How like you (*John*) your lodging and your fare?
Willis ſaid, VVell, had I a ſtraw-pad here.
VVhile thus they commun'd, in the good man's wife
Came (great with child) to beg her husbands life;
Told *Bonner* ſhe within his houſe would ſtay,
And there (her count neer out:) her belly lay,
Unleſs her (loving) husband might be freed,
And pack along with her. Indeed, indeed,
Said *Bonner* then, that were a handſom trick:
How ſay'ſt thou *John*, thou damned Heretick;
Suppoſe thy wife ſhould with her brat miſcarry,
And periſh man, art thou not acceſſary
To both their deaths? what think'ſt thou? To be ſhort,
The woman would not go ('twas pretty ſport

To

To hear theſe parly) *Bonner* left in's houſe
She ſhould cry out, did let her husband looſe
On eaſie tearms. A Godly Miniſter
Nam'd Mr. *Richard Yeomans*, much did bear:
At laſt (he finding how his foes were bent
To take away his life) went down to *Kent*,
Selling pins, needles, points, thred, white and black,
And ſome odd trifles, to ſupply the lack
Of himſelf, his poor wife and childeren:
He was impriſon'd but releas'd agen:
He went to *Hadly* to his wife, and there
Hiring a chamber, they abode a year;
Carding of Wool he ſets himſelf about,
She ſpins; thus pick they a poor living out.
At length the Parſon having underſtood
How this good old man liv'd, he took a brood
Of Officers with him, at night, rebound
He made the doors, ſearch'd diligently, found
Old father *Yeomans* and his family laid
In bed together; whereupon he ſaid,
Ne're truſt me if I did not think a knave
I with a whore ſhould finde, and ſo I have;
And would have pull'd the bed-cloaths off withall:
But father *Yeomans* held them faſt: Call, call
Us what you pleaſe, here's neither knave nor whore,
But a conjugal pair in God (though poor)
I bleſs God for it; you in darkneſs grope,
And I defie (with all his traſh) the Pope.
Then in the cage they carri'd him away;
There to the ſtocks with one *John Dale* he lay,
(VVho ſhortly after dy'd) he told's faith, for which
Degraded and condemn'd he burnt at *Norwich*.
John Alcock a young man, by trade a Shear-man
In *Hadly*-Pariſh ſaid, I do not fear man,

But God if for my God I ſuffer may,
'Twill be a happy and a joyful day:
As for the Pope, I will not be forgiven
By him, forgive me thou great God of heaven.
He was a *Newgate* pris'ner hereupon,
And thruſt into the lower dungeon,
Where he with cruel handling, and beſide
Ill keeping, ſuddenly fell ſick and dy'd.
One Mr. *Thomas Benbridge* though eſtate
Enough he had, yet through the narrow gate
Of perſecution did he chuſe to enter
Into heaven's Kingdom; manfully adventure
His life and limb for Chriſt, Truth he defended
Againſt the Pope till he was apprehended,
Condemn'd therefore; at the place unappal'd,
His rich apparel he put off, and call'd
Upon his God; then faſtned to the ſtake,
Said Dr. *Seaton* to him, Do but make
A recantation, and thou ſhalt be freed;
Said Mr. *Benbridge*, Shall I ſo, indeed?
I thank you, but I will not, Chriſt's my Guerdon;
I don't regard you man, no, nor your pardon.
The Doctor ſaid, In troth it is a ſin
Good folk, to pray for ſuch a dog; begin
Benbridge, begin a new leaf, wilt thou? ſay?
Away thou Babylonian, away,
Benbridge reply'd; they kindled then the wood
Which burnt his beard, yet he unmoved ſtood:
Fire ſeiz'd on's legs; unable to abide
So grievous pains, *I do Recant* he cry'd:
The fire's removed, and his life is granted;
But he his recantation recanted,
(It pleaſing God his conſcience to awake)
And ſix dayes after ſuff'red at the ſtake.

John Cook, James Ashly, Alexander Lane,
And *Robert Miles*, becauſe they did abſtain
From going to the Church, did paſs the Fury
Of corm'rant *Vulcan* at St. *Edmunds Bury.*
One *Philip Humphry*, *John* and *Henry David*,
Two brothers, were deſtroy'd, and yet were ſaved.
Green, *Wilmot*, *Williams*, *Cotton*, *Collingborow*,
And *Harris*, whip'd, run through a deal of ſorrow.
One *Alexander Gouge*, and *Alice Driver*,
By Mr. *Noon* a *Suffolk*-Juſtice were
So hunted after, that a while they lay,
For ſafety ſake, hid in a mow of hay:
The Juſtice with his men ſearching about,
Thruſt Pitch-forks in the mow, and found them out,
Sent them to *Melton* goal, where being prov'd
A certain time, they were to *Bury* mov'd;
At the Aſſizes, they Chriſt crucifi'd
Boldly confeſſed, and the Pope defi'd.
Alce Driver did compare (exceeding well)
Queen *Mary*, in her rage, to *Jeſabel*;
Her ears to be cut off the Judge procur'd,
Hereat, which ſhe rejoycingly endur'd.
Both are to *Ipſwich* ſent, examin'd there
By Dr. *Spencer*, *Norwich* Chanceller,
And others; the main matter was intent
About Chriſts preſence in the Sacrament.
Alce Driver did ſo baffle them herein,
That they had nothing to reply agin:
Thus ſhe concluded then, the Lord be bleſt
You are (though learn'd) not able in the leaſt
T'oppoſe God's ſpirit in me a ſilly woman
Of low degree, and tutoured by no man;
I am no Academick, nor was I
E're brought up in the Univerſity,

As ye have been; yet in the truths defence,
And in the cauſe of Chriſt my Maſter, whence
I power derive, I will ſet foot to foot
To any of you, if you put me to't,
For to maintain the ſame; and if I had
A thouſand lives to loſe, I ſhould be glad
To let all go for it. The Chancellour
Condemn'd, and ſent her to the Sec'lar power.
Gouge alſo was condemn'd for Chriſt his name,
And ſo both ſweetly dy'd in *Ipſwich* flame.
Alce Driver's neck being chain'd, O ſaid ſhe (heed)
Here is a goodly handkerchief indeed!
VVell, God be praiſed for it. As they ſtand
At ſtake, ſome came to take them by the hand:
The Sheriffe bids they be caught: the crowd forbid:
The Sheriffe bids let alone, and ſo they did.
There liv'd in *Cornwall* a religious Dame,
Her husband a recuſant, often came
To hear Maſs read, nor would he ever lin
Till his forc'd-wife did joyn with him therein,
VVhich was no little trouble to her ſoul;
She thereupon did ſeek the Lord, and roul
Her ſelf upon him, and by earneſt prayer
Crav'd his direction; God was pleas'd to hear,
And one night fill'd her with ſuch ſpir'tual mirth,
That ſhe enjoy'd a little heaven on earth;
From husband, children, and from all ſhe run
For conſcience ſake, and for her living ſpun;
Yet to her husband ſhe return'd at laſt,
VVhere (but a very little time being paſt)
Her neighbours apprehending, carry'd her
To th'Biſhop of the town of *Exeter*;
She was condemned, and the reaſon why,
VVas that ſhe ſpake againſt Idolatry.

The

The Biſhop ſaid to her, VVoman do y'hear?
Minde your good husband, and your children dear.
She anſwered, Remembred and forgot
They're ſoon; I have them and I have them not:
While I enjoy'd my eaſe, I them enjoy'd,
But now (all ſuch relations are voyd)
Standing here, as I do, in Chriſt his cauſe,
Where I muſt either frangifie the Laws
Of Grace, or Nature; either Chriſt forſake,
Or elſe my Husband; I'm content to take
Chriſt as my heavenly Spouſe, and to renounce
The other with my children all at once.
The Biſhop after much Argumentation,
Gave her a months time for conſideration.
Seeing a Dutch-man who new Noſes made
For images defac'd when *Edward* ſwaid;
She ſaid, Mad-man, what meanſt thou to compoſe
New Noſes for ſuch images as thoſe,
Which will ſo ſhortly looſe their heads? For this
She was cloſe pris'ner kep't, nor did ſhe miſs
Threatnings, taunts ſcoffes, call'd Anabaptiſt, whore,
Mad-woman, drunkard, vagabond, and more.
Then many ſpecious promiſes were us'd,
Of liberty, of wealth; which ſhe refus'd.
With husband, goods, and children they aſſail
To win her, but yet nothing would prevail,
Her heart was fixed truſting in the Lord;
She had caſt anchor, and renounc'd, abhor'd
The ſin-involved world, with all the wiles
Which Satan uſes when he ſouls beguiles.
She was devoyd of learning, yet ſo vers'd
I'th'Scriptures, that not onely ſhe rehers'd
Appoſite proofs, Quotations, but could tell
The Book and Chapter alſo very well.

Condemn'd and given to the ſec'lar power,
The country Gentlemen came flocking to her
Bidding her, yet to call on God for grace,
And ceaſe her fond opinions to embrace,
So go t'her husband, and her children dear;
Thou art a woman ignorant (we fear)
And theſe things are too far above thy reach
(Said they) the ſhrub is lower then the Beach.
I am, ſaid ſhe, indeed, and yet my breath
I'll give in witneſs of my Saviours death.
O do not put me off with longer ſtay,
For Ah! I am impatient of delay;
My love hath wings, it hovers up and down,
Nor can it reſt, till glory is her own.
My heart is fixed, I will never go
From what I ſaid, nor do as others do.
Then ſaid the Biſhop, There's no hopes to win her,
The devil leadeth her, the devil is in her.
Not ſo my Lord (quoth ſhe) Chriſt is my guide,
His Spirit upholds me, that I cannot ſlide.
She, when ſhe heard deaths ſentence paſt upon her,
Advanc'd her voice, and ſaid, Unmated honour!
The Proverb's true. *Long look'd for, comes at laſt*;
My Lord, my God, I thank thee, that thou haſt
Granted to me this day, my hearts deſire,
In liſting me with thy celeſtial Quire.
Woman, ſaid one, be thou a happy wife
By thy recanting; O the ſweets of life!
No, ſaid ſhe, by no means; my life is hid
With Chriſt in God, now the good Lord forbid
That for this life, at beſt but tranſitory,
I ſhould loſe heaven and eternal glory:
I have two husbands, but will onely cleave
Unto my heavenly, and my earthly leave;

The

The fellowſhip of Saints in heaven I trow
Exceeds the having children here below:
And if my husband and my children prove
Faithful, then am I theirs, they have my love;
God my good father is, God is my mother,
God is my ſiſter, and God is my brother,
God is my kinſman, God's my faithful friend
Who will ſtick cloſe unto me, till the end.
To execution then led along,
She was attended with a num'rous throng.
Bound to the ſtake, ſhe by the Popiſh Prieſts
Was ſet upon again (unwelcom gueſts!)
To whom ſhe thus: for God's ſake now give o'ie
Your bibble babble, trouble me no more
With empty ſounds, fain would I, Oh! divorce
My ſelf from your impertinent diſcourſe.
O God be merciful to ſinful me,
For Ah! I onely do depend on thee.
She ſtood with admirable patience
Amidſt the flames, and ſo her ſoul flew hence.
Sh'had ſuch a cheerful look, that one would ſay
It was her wedding, not her burning day.
She had been alwayes ſober in her diet,
Neat in apparel, peaceable and quiet;
Alwayes a doing, never ſitting ſtill,
During her health and limbs, by her good will;
Chain'd to her houſe; ſhe ever would refuſe
To gad abroad, as moſt ill-houſwives uſe.
To all that came to her, her gracious heart
Would ſtreams of conſolation impart.
Gods word was her delight, ſhe gave good heed
T'her husband in the Lord, a wife indeed!
According to her power, ſhe at her door,
And at their ſev'ral homes, reliev'd the poor;

And

And in the time of her calamity
Would take no preſſ'red coyne; for, ſaid ſhe, I
Am going now to (Heaven) a City, where
No mony any Maſtery doth bear;
And whilſt I here remain, the Lord will feed
My craving ſtomack, and ſupply my need;
It is his promiſe, and full ſure I be,
That he which feeds the Ravens, will feed me.
One *Richard Sharp*, a Weaver by his trade
In *Briſtol* City apprehended, made
A large confeſſion of his faith before
One Dr. *Dalby* the there-Chancellour,
Who by perſwaſive Arguments ſo wrought
Upon his weakneſs, that he ſoon was brought
To make a promiſe, That he would appear
And publickely recant, and when, and where.
But after this Apoſtacy, *Sharp* felt
His conſcience gall'd, hell's horrour ſo indwelt
His ſoul, that he his calling could not minde,
His colour went away, his body pin'd:
Next Sabbath day going to Church, he made
To the Quire-door, and with a loud voice ſaid,
That Altar, neighbours, pray bear me record,
Is the Great Idol: I deny'd my Lord,
But from the bottom of my heart am ſorry
For what I don, in hazarding my Glory.
He caught, condemn'd, and burn'd, with *Thomas*
Climb'd up to heaven from this tearful vale. (*Hale*
One *Thomas Benſon* of the ſame town went
To priſon, for ſaying, That the Sacrament
Was as they us'd it, nothing elſe but bread,
And not the body of the Lord indeed;
As for the Sacraments, which you call ſeven,
Five were ordain'd by men, but two by heaven:

Give

Give me the two, which I acknowledge true,
And all the other five I'll leave to you.
Soon after this he did receive death's ſentence;
And executed, to his God he ſent hence
His bleſſed ſoul, which left its bodie's jail
For Paradiſe, death having put in bail.
Now to conclude, The laſt that did maintain
The Goſpel with their hearts-blood in the Raign
Of *Mary* Queen, that hell-begotten fury,
Were theſe five Citizens of *Canterbury*,
John Hurſt, *John Cornford*, (Captains in the fight)
Chriſtopher Brown, *Alice Snoth*, and *Kath'rine*
The things imputed to their charge were, that (*Knight*
Chriſts real preſence they denyed flat,
Affirming onely thoſe that do believe,
Not wicked men, Chriſts body do receive.
The Pope they ſaid was Antichriſt, the Maſs
Abominable; that a ſin it was
To pray to Saints; that cringing to a croſs
Was meer Idol'try and an errour groſs, *&c.*
Sentence of condemnation being heard,
Forthwith *John Cornford*, was in ſpirit ſtirr'd,
And with an ardent zeal for God, expreſs'd
In the name of himſelf, and all the reſt
This doom: I'th' name of Chriſt our Saviour,
The Son of God, the High'ſt, and by the power
Of his moſt Holy-Ghoſt, as alſo by
The Holy and Divine authority
Of the Apoſtolick and Cath'lick Church
(Never yet totally left in the lurch)
We here turn over to the Prince of hell
As ſlaves eternally to howle and yell
In ſulph'ry flames, the bodies of all thoſe
Blaſphemers, Hereticks, who do oppoſe

The living God, and bolſter up their errours
Againſt the Truth, hence to the King of Terrours;
So that by this thy righteous judgement ſhown
Againſt thy foes, great God, thou mayſt make known
Thy true religion to thy greater glory
And our ſouls comfort when we read the ſtory
Of thy great power, and to th'edification
Of all our well-nigh ruinated Nation.
Good Lord, ſo be it, be it ſo, Amen.
And this his excommunication then
Took great effect againſt truth's enemies.
Queen *Mary* within ſix dayes after dies,
And Tyrannie with her; there is no hope
Of any longer footing for the Pope;
In *England* now great joy betides to all
The faith-ey'd Saints, who wiſh'd proud *Babels* fall:
Yet the Archdeacon, and's aſſociates quick
(Knowing the Queen was dangerouſly ſick)
Condemn'd thoſe pious perſons to the flame,
And hurri'd them away. When there they came,
In Chriſt his name they offer'd up their prayers,
As holocauſts to the Almighties ears.
To God they pray'd, to God for ever bleſt,
Preferring this requeſt amongſt the reſt;
That if it were his will, their blood might be
The laſt that ſhould be ſhed, ſo Lord pray we.
No ſooner had they pray'd, but heaven return'd
A gracious anſwer, they the laſt that burn'd.
Great God (ſaid they) we cheerfully reſign
Our ſouls into thoſe bleſſed hands of thine
Amidſt theſe flames; their ſpirits did aſcend
To glory, which ſhall never have AN END.

Gloria Deo in Excelſis.

SECT. *Ult.*

God's Judgements upon the Perſecutors of his Church and children.

SInce firſt the Goſpel in the Ears did ring,
Of *England* under *Lucius* the King;
Never did King or Queen the Land ſo ſtain
With Chriſtian blood, as in her four years reign
Queen *Mary* did: ſhe burned in her fury
An Arch-Biſhop, (and he of *Canterbury*)
Four Biſhops, twenty one Divines or more,
Eight Gentlemen, Artiſ'cers eighty foure,
Husbandmen, Servants, and poor Labouring men
Five ſcore; Wives twenty ſix, Widdowes twice ten;
Nine Maids, two Boyes, and two young Babes (to
VVere ſent) in all two hundred ſeventy ſeven. (heaven
Sixty four more for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake
VVere perſecuted ſore; which could not ſhake
Their heaven-built faith; ſeven whereof were ſtrip'd
Stark naked, and moſt mercileſly whip'd.
Sixteen in priſon periſhing, had dung
(After the Nabathæan cuſtom) flung
Upon their outcaſt bodies: Some did lie
In captivated chains, condemn'd to die,
But were deliv'red from approaching death
By th' happy entrance of *Elizabeth*,
" Our glorious Queen, our Pallas and Aſtræa,
" Of Grace and Virtue the divine Idea,
Many did ſpend, by reaſon of exile,
Their dayes in trouble, and their years in toile.

But

But as Queen *Mary* laviſhed the blood
Of her beſt ſubjects, and the truth withſtood
Unto the utmoſt of her power; ſo God
Scourged her ſoundly with his flaming rod,
Both in her life and death; for whilſt ſhe liv'd,
What did ſhe proſper in which ſhe atchiev'd?
To inſtance in a few particulars,
And firſt, her fair'ſt and greateſt man of War (ry
Unmatch'd i'th'Chriſtian world, cal'd the great *Har-*
Was burnt by heavenly flames. Then would ſhe mar-
Spaniſh King *Philip*, ſo expoſe to dangers (ry
Poor *England* under barb'rous foes and ſtrangers.
She labour'd much, but never could attain
To joyn the Engliſh to the Spaniſh Raign.
Then did ſhe ſet about the reſtauration
Of Abbey-lands throughout the Britiſh nation:
Her ſelf began according to the Popes
Directions, yet fruſtrate were all her hopes.
God o're her land then ſuch a famine ſpred,
That her poor ſubjects upon Acorns fed,
Then *Calice* where the Engliſh did remain
During eleven Kings reigns from her was ta'in;
Which loſs ſo griev'd her, as ſhe did impart,
That *Calice* was engraven in her heart.
Again in child-birth never woman had
S'unfortunate ſucceſs as ſhe, ſo bad:
For if ſhe was with child, and had e're been
In travel, why? why was it never ſeen?
If not, why was the Kingdom ſo beguild?
Some in the Pulpit for her new-born child
Returning thanks: thus her deſires b'ing croſt,
She then th'affections of her husband loſt:
She could not him enjoy, nor might ſhe ſmother
This her firſt love, by marrying another,

Al-

Although ſhe did ſo many Judgements feel,
Yet would ſhe not her bloody Laws repeal:
She had no minde to ſtop the opened vain,
Or cloſe the bleeding Orifice again
Of dying Saints. At laſt the Lord did pleaſe
To ſtrike her with a languiſhing diſeaſe,
VVhereof ſhe dy'd; and having held the crown
Five years, and five months onely, laid it down.
Horrible tempeſts, mortal ſickneſſes,
Plagues, famines, burning fevers, did perpeſs
The grieved land, (the fourth year ſhe did ſway)
And ſwept a multitude of folks away:
So that in ſix weeks ſpace in *London* there
Dy'd ſeven Aldermen. VVheat that ſame year
Yielded four marks the Quarter; Maulc a Peck
Fourty four ſhillings; as much Peaſe did make
Two pound ſix ſhillings eight pence: to a crown
The following year a Peck of VVheat came down;
Four ſhillings eight pence Maulc; of Ry a Strike
Take for a groat you may, if it you like.
In her fifth year, a thundring tempeſt came
And batt'red down two towns neer *Notingham*,
Flung ſheets of lead abroad, bells from the ſteeple,
Tore trees up by the roots, ſlew divers people, *&c.*
Alſo a great mortality was known
In Autumn then; Corn ſtood unreap'd, unmown,
And rotted in the fields; hence did enſue
Great ſcarcity, the lab'rours being few.
So much of her; nor muſt my Muſe paſs by
Her chiefeſt Inſtruments of cruelty,
Firſt to begin with *Stephen Gard'ner* then
Biſhop of *Winchester*, whoſe end my pen
Diſdains to mention twice: I will therefore
Add onely this, That lying at the door

Of merc'leſs death, and being put in minde
Of *Peter* his denying Chriſt, he whin'd
This anſwer out, VVith *Peter* I deny'd
The Lord, but there is ſomewhat elſe beſide
VVanting in me: Alas! I never ſpent
A tear, nor can (as *Peter* did) repent.
Morgan St. *Davids* Biſhop, who (high baſe)
Condemned *Ferrar*, and uſurp'd his place,
Did vomit up his meat through mouth and noſe
(O horrible) until his life did cloſe.
Then Mr. *Leyſon* high Sheriffe, fet away
This Martyrs Cattel int'his own ground: they
No meat would eat, nor touch a blade of graſs,
But bellowed and roar'd till death (Alas!)
One Juſtice *Morgan* who condemned had
Lady *Jane Grey*, within a while fell mad:
Nothing but Lady *Jane*, his voice did ſound;
The Lady *Jane*, (Oh! how her name did wound!)
The Lady *Jane*, the Lady *Jane*; O take
The Lady *Jane* away; no more he ſpake.
Dunnings the *Norwich* Chancellour for's hate
To the truth, dy'd as in his chair he ſate.
Berry of *Norfolk* Commiſſary, one
Burn'd harmleſs Saints, fell with an heavy groan
Down to the ground, and never did recover.
One Biſhop *Thornton* Suffragan of *Dover*,
A cruel man, while on a Sabbath-day
He looked o're his men, to ſee them play
At Bowles, on him did the dead palſey fall;
Carry'd to bed, he was deſir'd to call
The Lord to minde; Yea, ſaid he, ſo I do,
Not onely ſo, but my Lord Card'nal too:
So deſperately dy'd. Another tool
Of Hell at *Greenwich* went to Card'nal *Pool*

To get his bleſſing; but returning faſt,
He fell down ſtairs, and brake his neck for haſt.
Grimwood a wretch, who had himſelf forſworn,
Being in Harveſt ſtacking of his corn,
His bowels ſuddenly fell out. Theſe two
Capon and *Jeff'ry*, Doctors, undergo
At *Salſbury* ſudden deaths. Mr. *Woodroffe*
Sheriffe of *London* dyed ſoon enough.
One *Clerk* who did the Godly Saints devour,
Hanged himſelf, at laſt in *London-Tower*.
Cox a Promoter, going well t'his bed,
When the next morn aroſe, was found ſtone dead.
Dale dy'd of lice. One *Troling Smith*, a great
Foe to the truth, dy'd ſuddenly i'th' ſtreet.
Paul, *London* Town-Clerk, an accurſed wretch
Did voluntarily an halter ſtretch.
A lightning ſtroke did *Robert Baldwin* kill.
Cardinal *Pool* of an Italian Pill
Dy'd as 'twas thought. Dr. *Foxford*, *Blomefield*,
And *Leland* too, to ſudden deaths did yield.
One Dr. *Williams* Chanc'llour of *Gloceſter*,
Died the death before he was aware.
One *Lever* ſaid he had at *Oxford* been,
And that ill-favour'd knave, *Latimer* ſeen,
Tooth'd like an horſe: but mark we what did follow,
His ſon ſoon hang'd himſelf. One *William Swallow*
Loſt all his hair; off all his nails did pill;
And's wife was taken with the falling ill.
Brown, *Lardin*, *Potto*, en'mies of *George Eagles*,
D'yd a dogs ſhameful death (three pretty Beagles!)
A Sheriffes man, who cruelty had acted
Againſt *James Abbes*, deſpair'd & dy'd diſtracted.
In *Lincolnſhire*, *Burton* who Bayliffe was
Of *Crowland*, labour'd to ſet up the Maſs;

But the Pariſhioners with wiſe delay
Still put him off; upon a Sabbath-day
This *Burton* went to Church, (when all men fail'd)
And on the Service-reading Curate rail'd:
Sirrah (ſaid he,) a Maſs, (what?) may'nt we have?
Buckle your ſelf to it, you whorſon knave,
Or by Gods-Blood I'll ſheath, I that I will,
My dagger in your ſhoulder; vex me ſtill,
Do? you had beſt. Th'affrighted Curate made
No more ado, but Maſs in Latin ſaid.
Soon after this, as *Burton* with one more,
Rode on the road, a croaking Crow flew o're
His head, and dung'd; which falling on his noſe,
Ran down his ſlab'ring beard; but in the cloſe
Burton was ſo perfum'd, that one would think
No Jakes could yield ſo horrible a ſtink
As he good man! Sweet *Burton* go thy way
Contented, th'haſt enough; ſuch luck they ſay
As thine is good: if the beſt luck betide
To fools, thou art not on the wiſer ſide.
Haſt *Burton*, haſt what need I bid thee haſt
Whom miſchance drives? Oh, Oh, cries he, at laſt,
My very bowels up ſuch reachings make,
My head even breaks, ough, ough, and heart-ſtrings ake:
A plague upon, a vengance take the crow
That poyſon'd him, and made him vomit ſo:
And ſo he dy'd. The black-ey'd night inters
Bonners corps amongſt thieves and murtherers.

Job 31 3. *Is not deſtruction to the wicked, and ſtrange Judgements to the Workers of iniquity?*

2 Theſſ. 1. 6, 7. *It's a Righteous thing with God, to recompence tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you that are troubled, reſt with us.*

Roma

Roma diu titubans, varijs erroribus acta,
Corruet, & mundi deſinet eſſe Caput.

Rome *tot'ring long laden with Errours ſtore,*
At laſt ſhall fall, and Head the World no more.

AMEN.

FINIS.